

EXCLUSIVE!! DR. DAFOE REVEALS HOW RADIO MAY SAVE YOUR BABY AS IT DID THE QUINTUPLETS!

Radio Stars

NOVEMBER



ENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
RADIO MAGAZINE

*Street
art*



FRED
ASTAIRE

*Sam
Christy*

WHAT CAROLE LOMBARD WOULD DO AS RULER OF RADIO!

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Fascinating Lady

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades all close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

IT'S ONLY human nature to wait breathlessly for such a lovely girl to turn her proud head—to reward your admiration with the glory of her smile!

And it's only human nature to resent it, like a physical blow, when she *does* turn, when she *does* smile—and all her loveliness turns to ashes! For when a smile betrays dull and dingy teeth—tender and ailing gums—no glory of eyes or hair can save loveliness.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Too many *soft* foods... too little work and resistance for the natural health of our

teeth and gums—there are the reasons why that dental warning "pink tooth brush" is so often in evidence.

And for the sake of *your own* loveliness and *your own* health—if you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, *see your dentist*. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to explain the menace of our "modern menus"—to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more exercise. And he may tell you—he often does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Play safe—get Ipana today. Rub a lit-

tle extra Ipana into your gums every time

you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better. And they'll certainly be far safer from the threat and danger of serious gum troubles.

The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.



IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

RADIO STARS

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

27 STORIES, FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

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(Does radio capture the persuasive charm of Marlene Dietrich?)..... Leo Townsend 20

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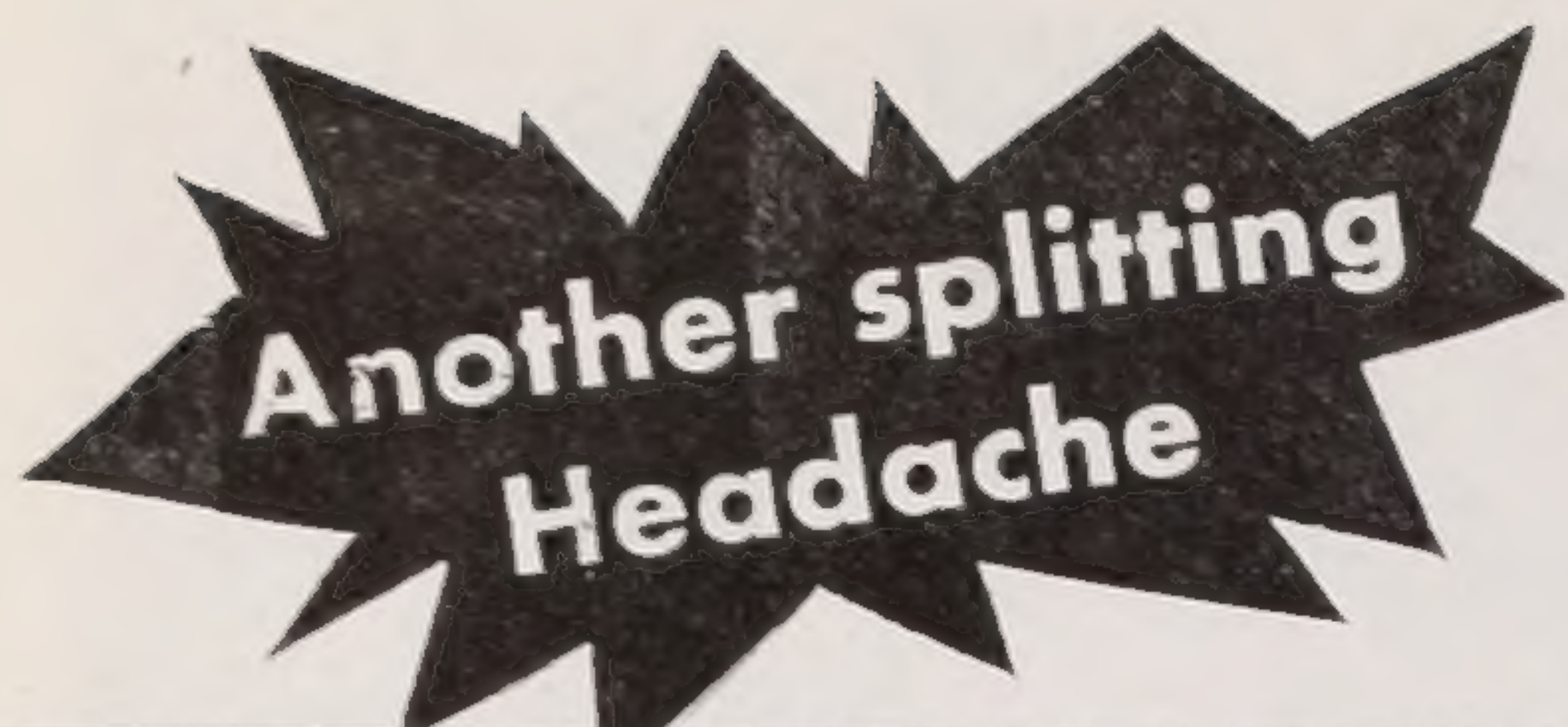
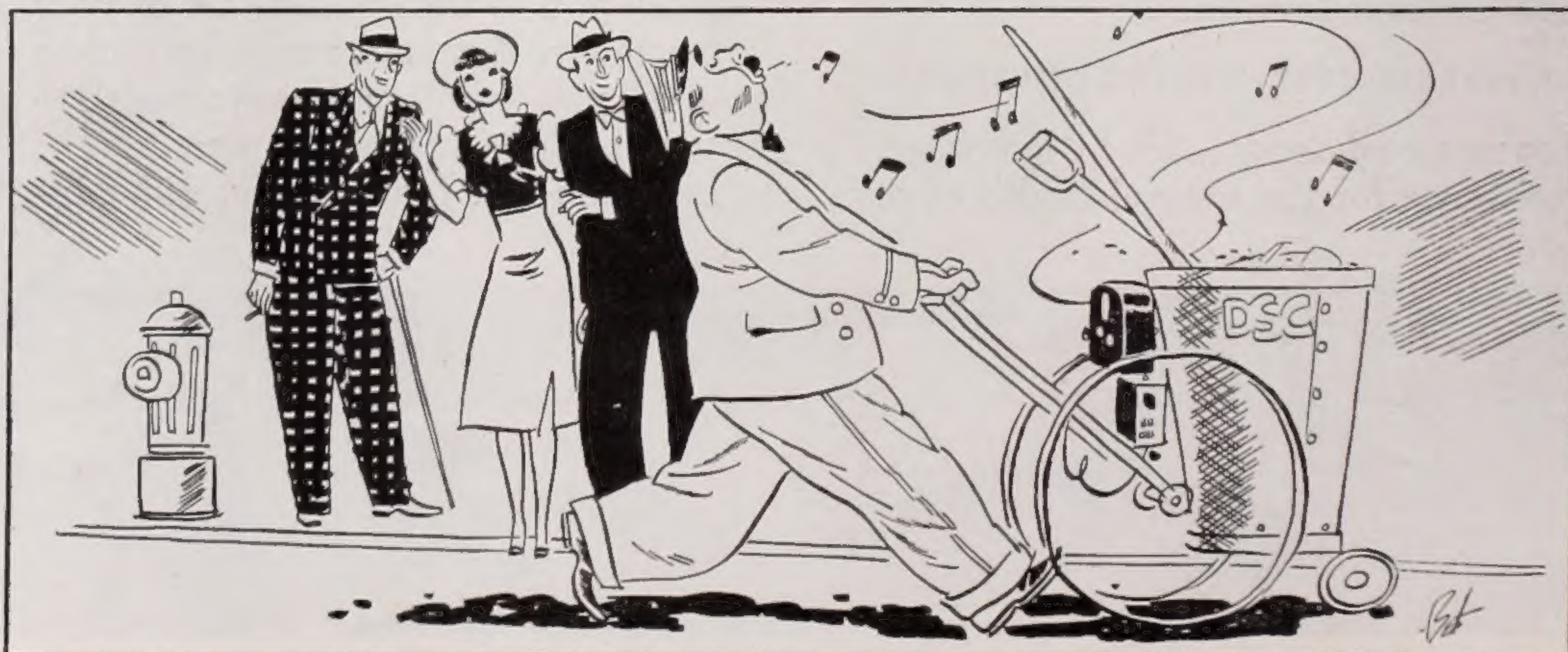
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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

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● Feel dizzy, headachy? Skin sallow and inclined to break out? These may be signs that the system needs clearing out. Millions now enjoy freedom from the misery of constipation. For an ideal laxative has been found—a dainty white mint-flavored tablet. Its name is FEEN-A-MINT.



THE 3
MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes
of chewing
make the
difference

● Just chew FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative that comes in delicious chewing gum. Chew it for 3 minutes—longer if you like. The chewing makes the difference! FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed r-e-l-i-e-f. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Non-habit-forming. Convenient. Economical.



● Again able to enjoy life! All accomplished without griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No upset stomach due to faulty elimination. No splitting constipation headache. No medicine taste. So try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—the cool, mint-flavored chewing-gum laxative that is winning thousands of new users daily.



Family-
sized boxes
only
15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.



Jean
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IN
LIBELED LADY

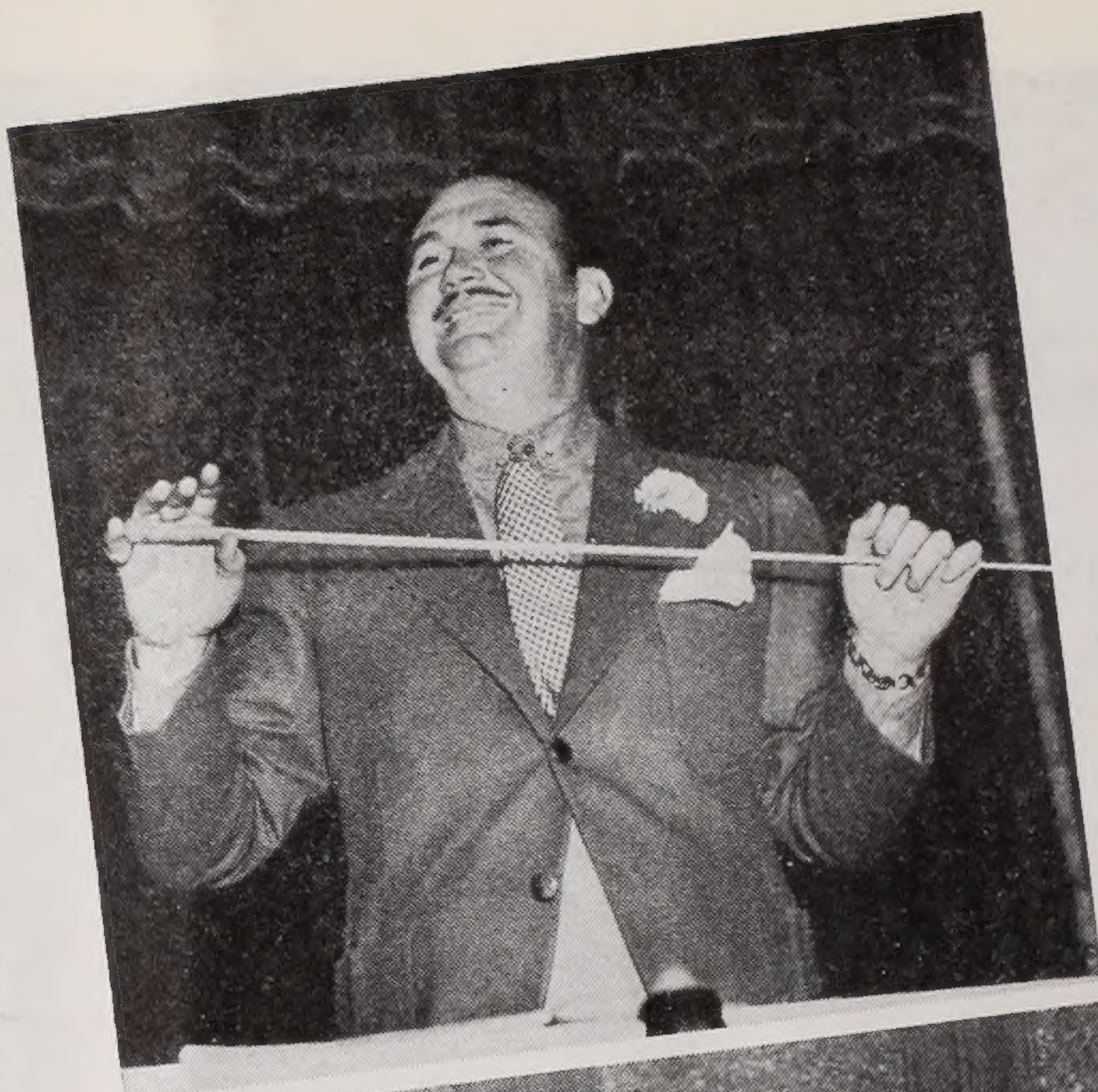
with WALTER CONNOLLY
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Production

This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



Paul Whiteman; some advice for the talented youngsters who appear on his program.



If all programs were of as high a quality as that of Paul Whiteman and his Woodbury Musical Varieties, the listening audience would triple itself and radio set factories would work overtime to supply the mounting demand. But, unfortunately, all programs are not as carefully planned, directed and presented. Nor do they have the guiding genius of Paul Whiteman, master musical showman.

In the entertainment world, no one has done more than he to encourage, train and exploit new and worthy talent. He literally has crowded himself off many of his broadcasts to make room for promising youngsters he knew you would enjoy. Ordinarily, a star refuses to

give ground or time to anyone, including the sponsor, himself.

Paul is contributing unsparingly to the advancement of modern music. His search for talented youngsters is a tireless one. And when he finds them their futures are assured.

Radio Stars Magazine long has admired the unselfishness with which Paul Whiteman has achieved fame. It believes that his Woodbury Musical Varieties program bespeaks the uncanny brilliance and genius of the man. To him and to his program Radio Stars presents its Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Estel C. Grady

—EDITOR.

Sue, I'm nuts about you—

Here's "Lucky Sue" who knows the Screen Stars' secret



LIKE MOST GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT NEVER DO I RISK COSMETIC SKIN, THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP**



"YOU can use cosmetics all you wish," says Loretta Young, "yet keep your complexion exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap."

This simple beauty secret is making thousands of girls lovelier. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

We are so sure you will be delighted with the results of this care, we want you to try it free. Just send a clipping of this paragraph with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 005 Cambridge, Mass. By return mail you will receive two full-sized cakes of Lux Toilet Soap.

(This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.)

LORETTA YOUNG

STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION, "LADIES IN LOVE"

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San Francisco, Cal.

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Dayton Daily News, Dayton, Ohio

1. **YOUR HIT PARADE**.....80.7
NBC 10:00 P.M. EST Wed.; CBS 10:00 P.M. EST Sat.
2. **FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS**.....79.9
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Fri.; NBC 9:00 P.M. PST; CBS 9:00 P.M. EST Tues.
3. **MARCH OF TIME**.....79.3
CBS 10:30 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
4. **CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—JESSICA DRAGONETTE**.....78.8
NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Fri.
5. **FLEISCHMANN'S VARIETY HOUR—RUDY VALLEE**.....78.6
NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Thur.
6. **TOWN HALL TONIGHT—STOOP-NAGLE AND BUDD, VAN STEEDEN ORCHESTRA**.....77.9
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Wed.; NBC 9:00 P.M. PST Wed.
7. **THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA**.....77.7
NBC 2:00 P.M. EST Sun.
8. **ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA**.....77.5
CBS 9:00 P.M. EST Wed.; CBS 10:00 P.M. EST Fri.
9. **LUX RADIO THEATRE**.....77.2
CBS 9:00 P.M. EST Mon.
10. **THE JERGENS PROGRAM—CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER**.....76.4
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Sun.; NBC 8:15 P.M. PST Sun.
11. **KRAFT MUSIC HALL—BING CROSBY, DORSEY ORCHESTRA**.....74.4
NBC 10:00 P.M. EST Thur.
12. **BURNS AND ALLEN, DUCHIN ORCH.**.....71.6
CBS 8:30 P.M. EST Wed.; CBS 9:30 P.M. PST Wed.
13. **AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC**.....71.6
NBC 9:30 P.M. EST Sun.
14. **BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS**.....71.3
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Tues.
15. **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL WOOD-WIND ENSEMBLE**.....71.1
NBC 12:30 P.M. EST Sun.
16. **CAMEL CARAVAN—RUPERT HUGHES, GOODMAN BAND, SHILKRET ORCH.**.....71.0
CBS 9:30 P.M. EST Tues.
17. **STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—RICHARD HIMBER**.....70.8
NBC 9:30 P.M. EST Mon.; NBC 9:30 P.M. PST Mon.; NBC 10:00 P.M. PST Fri.
18. **HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS—EDWIN C. HILL**.....70.8
NBC 7:30 P.M. EST M-W-T
19. **LOWELL THOMAS**.....70.5
NBC 6:45 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
20. **AMOS 'N' ANDY**.....70.5
NBC 7:00 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F; NBC 8:00 P.M. PST M-T-W-T-F
21. **ALEMITE HALF-HOUR WITH HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS**.....70.4
CBS 8:00 P.M. EST Mon.
22. **GABRIEL HEATTER**.....70.3
MBS 9:00 P.M. EST M-W-T
23. **PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES**.....70.2
NBC 9:15 P.M. EST Sun.; NBC 8:30 P.M. PST Sun.
24. **EVERYBODY'S MUSIC—HOWARD BARLOW**.....69.5
CBS 3:00 P.M. EST Sun.
25. **A. & P. GYPSIES—HARRY HORLICK**.....69.2
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Mon.
26. **VOX POP—THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE**.....68.6
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Tues.
27. **LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA**.....68.5
NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Tues.; NBC 8:30 P.M. PST Tues.
28. **THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE**.....68.3
NBC 8:30 P.M. EST Mon.; NBC 8:30 P.M. PST Mon.
29. **HOLLYWOOD HOTEL**.....67.3
CBS 9:00 P.M. EST Fri.
30. **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**.....66.3
NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Wed.; NBC 9:30 P.M. PST Sun.
31. **CONTENTED PROGRAM**.....66.0
NBC 10:00 P.M. EST Mon.
32. **WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, BERNICE CLAIRE, LYMAN ORCHESTRA**.....65.6
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Fri.
33. **RACING—BRYAN FIELD**.....65.0
MBS 10:15 P.M. EST Fri.
34. **GANG BUSTERS**.....64.6
CBS 10:00 P.M. EST Wed.
35. **BOAKE CARTER**.....64.3
CBS 7:45 P.M. EST M-T-W-T
36. **MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY**.....64.1
NBC 11:30 A.M. EST Sun.
37. **CRUMIT AND SANDERSON-HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA**.....64.0
CBS 7:30 P.M. EST Sun.
38. **MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT**.....63.9
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Thurs.; NBC 8:15 P.M. PST Thur.
39. **MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR**.....63.9
NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Sun.
40. **TIM RYAN AND IRENE NOBLETTE, VOORHEES ORCHESTRA**.....63.7
NBC 7:00 P.M. EST Sun.; NBC 8:30 P.M. PST Sun.
41. **LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY**.....63.0
CBS 8:30 P.M. EST Tues.; CBS 8:30 P.M. PST Tues.
42. **WAYNE'S KING'S ORCHESTRA**.....62.7
NBC 8:30 P.M. EST T-W
43. **MARTHA DEANE**.....62.6
MBS 2:00 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F; MBS 11:45 A.M. EST Sat.
44. **THE SINGING LADY**.....62.6
NBC 5:30 P.M. M-T-W-T-F
45. **MELODIANA**.....62.0
NBC 8:30 P.M. EST Mon.
46. **VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA**.....62.0
NBC 7:45 P.M. EST Tues.; NBC 10:30 P.M. EST Fri.
47. **SHERLOCK HOLMES**.....61.8
MBS 8:30 P.M. EST Sat.
48. **HUSBANDS AND WIVES**.....61.6
NBC 7:30 P.M. EST Sun.
49. **TED MALONE'S BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS**.....61.6
CBS 12:00 Noon EST M-T-W-T-F; 6:45 P.M. EST Sun.
50. **CLEM MCCARTHY—SPORT SHOTS**.....61.6
NBC 11:00 P.M. EST Sat.
51. **AMERICA DANCES—LUD GLUSKIN'S ORCHESTRA**.....61.2
CBS 8:00 P.M. EST Sun.
52. **CAVALCADE OF AMERICA**.....61.2
CBS 8:00 P.M. EST Wed.
53. **YOU—GILBERT SELDES**.....61.2
NBC 3:00 P.M. EST Sun.
54. **LAVENDER AND OLD LACE**.....60.8
NBC 8:30 P.M. EST Wed.
55. **FRIGIDAIRE FROLICS—CLARA, LU 'N' EM**.....60.8
NBC 9:30 P.M. EST Fri.
56. **THE SHELL CHATEAU—SMITH BALLEW, YOUNG ORCHESTRA**.....60.7
MBS 9:30 P.M. EST Sat.
57. **THE ATLANTIC FAMILY—BOB HOPE, NICHOLS ORCHESTRA**.....60.6
CBS 7:00 P.M. EST Thur.
58. **FOLIES DE PAREE WITH THE HOWARDS AND FIFI D'ORSAY**.....60.4
NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Wed.
59. **TEA TIME TUNES—RAMONA AND SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA**.....60.3
CBS 5:30 P.M. EST Sun.
60. **RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY**.....60.3
NBC 5:00 P.M. EST Sun.
61. **EASY ACES**.....60.0
NBC 7:00 P.M. EST T-W-T
62. **MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND**.....59.8
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Sun.
63. **CAREFREE CARNIVAL**.....59.8
NBC 9:30 P.M. EST Mon.
64. **THE O'NEILLS**.....59.4
NBC 3:45 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
65. **FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY**.....59.2
NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Mon.; NBC 9:00 P.M. PST Mon.
66. **HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL**.....58.6
CBS 8:00 P.M. EST Tues.
67. **LUM AND ABNER**.....58.6
NBC 7:30 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F; NBC 8:15 P.M. PST M-T-W-T-F
68. **NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT—BENNY RUBIN**.....58.5
MBS 6:00 P.M. EST Sun.
69. **IRENE RICH**.....58.2
NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Fri.



EXPLAINING THE RATINGS

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25% and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of RADIO STARS Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or exaggerated commercial announcements. There have been many changes in program for the summer months. The Board reviewed as many of the current major programs as it possibly could before this issue went to press.

70. AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH . . . 57.4
NBC 12:00 Noon EST Sun.
71. KATE SMITH'S BAND . . . 57.3
CBS 7:30 P.M. EST Tues. Thur.
72. NATIONAL BARN DANCE . . . 56.0
NBC 9:30 P.M. EST Sat.; NBC 8:00 P.M. PST Sat.
73. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION . . . 56.0
NBC 7:15 P.M. EST M-W-F
74. THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN . . . 55.8
CBS 8:00 P.M. EST Fri.
75. EDWARD MACHUGH, THE GOSPEL SINGER . . . 55.8
NBC 11:45 A.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
76. SPORT PARADE—THORNTON FISHER . . . 55.6
NBC 7:45 P.M. EST Sat.
77. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE AND ORGAN . . . 55.0
CBS 11:30 A.M. EST Sun.
78. WILDERNESS ROAD . . . 55.0
CBS 5:45 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
79. BOBBY BENSON . . . 55.0
CBS 6:15 P.M. EST M-W-F
80. GREATER SINCLAIR MINSTRELS . . . 54.6
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Mon.
81. JUDY STARR AND THE CHARIOTEERS . . . 54.5
CBS 7:30 P.M. EST Mon.
82. TODAY'S CHILDREN . . . 54.4
NBC 10:45 A.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
83. BROADWAY VARIETIES . . . 54.0
CBS 8:30 P.M. EST Fri.
84. DEATH VALLEY DAYS . . . 54.0
NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Thur.
85. PICK AND PAT . . . 53.3
CBS 8:30 P.M. EST Mon.; CBS 8:30 P.M. PST Mon.
86. BENNY FIELDS, YOUR MINSTREL MAN . . . 53.2
CBS 7:30 P.M. W-F
87. MUSICAL TOAST—JERRY COOPER, SALLY SCHERMERHORN, RAY BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA . . . 50.0
CBS 7:00 P.M. EST Tues.
88. DAVID HARUM . . . 49.8
NBC 11:00 A.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
89. VIC AND SADE . . . 48.6
NBC 3:30 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F; NBC 11:30 A.M. EST M-T-W-T-F stations WJZ WSYR, WLS, WHAM
90. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY . . . 48.6
NBC 8:30 P.M. EST Tues.
91. FIVE STAR JONES . . . 47.8
NBC 10:15 A.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
92. MA PERKINS . . . 47.2
NBC 3:15 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
93. UNCLE DON READS THE FUNNIES . . . 46.7
MBS 6:00 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F, Noon Sun.
94. RENFREW OF THE MOUNTED . . . 46.0
CBS 6:45 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F; CBS 8:15 P.M. PST M-T-W-T-F
95. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE . . . 40.0
NBC 5:45 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F

What are the 8 "MUSTS" doctors demand of a laxative?



YOUR doctor's deepest concern is your health. And any medicinal product even remotely connected with your health assumes great importance in his mind.

You will discover, for instance, that physicians have a definite standard of requirements for a laxative before giving it their approval. Read these 8 points carefully. They are very important.

WHAT DOCTORS REQUIRE OF A LAXATIVE:

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THE DOCTOR'S REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. Not merely on one or two. But on *all* the points that the medical profession includes in its code. You can have no better proof of the confidence Ex-Lax enjoys than the fact that many physicians use it in their own homes.

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

For over 30 years mothers and grandmothers have given Ex-Lax to their children. Why? . . . Because the very qualities that make Ex-Lax an ideal laxative for you are *doubly* important to a child's welfare. Ex-Lax has proved so satisfactory in millions of cases that it has become the largest-selling laxative in the world.

CHECK THE DOCTOR'S FINDINGS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative, and you will see how right the doctor is. For Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It works thoroughly, but without the slightest discomfort. You'll experience no stomach pains, no nausea, no weak "dragged down" feeling. And Ex-Lax will *not* form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate . . . so different from harsh, nasty-tasting cathartics. It's the perfect laxative for all—children and grown-ups alike. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

— TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE! —

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-116
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name

Address

City..... Age.....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

Honey Chile, Bob Hope's Sleepy-time Stooge, who really is Margaret Johnson, faithfully follows a cleansing routine every night before she goes to sleep.

A special make-up scarf, whisked over your dress, makes your powdering and brushing a pleasure, says Honey Chile. The scarf snaps on one shoulder.



BEAUTY HINTS FROM BOB HOPE'S HONEY

CHILE — THE BLUEBONNET GLAMOUR GIRL

IT'S smart to be lazy, says Honey Chile, and we believe her. For Honey Chile to you, and Margaret Johnson to her Texan family, has laziness down to a fine art. She actually puts it to work for her, in keeping "young and beautiful."

Yes, ma'am, Honey Chile may claim to be one of the laziest gals south of the Mason-Dixon line, but we claim that she is also one of the loveliest. She is a tall, willowy blonde, with honey-colored hair, the proverbial Southern belle's peaches-and-cream complexion, and eyes a deeper blue than a whole field of Texas bluebonnets. Incidentally, she flew to Dallas, Texas, recently to reign as Queen of the Bluebonnets at the Texas Centennial, which is our idea of the perfect job for Honey Chile, next to being Bob Hope's stooge in *The Atlantic Family*.

There is a radiance about this dimpled, laughter-loving Honey Chile which reminds me of the definition of glamour given by a famous Hollywood director. He said: "I'm going to take the poetic license of Carl Sandburg, who defined poetry as a synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits; I say that glamour is a synthesis of sunshine and laughter."

But we were back where glamour began with a yawn. Honey Chile has a perfectly grand system for keeping beautiful and lazy all at the same time. She loves having her hair brushed and, if put to it, will brush it herself, but a plan she likes better is to have her sister or girl friend brush it for her, and then she reciprocates by manicuring the sister's or girl friend's nails, which requires less elbow grease, but more talent.

Honey Chile's own nails are meticulously manicured. She does them herself. She is superstitious, too, about

her nail polish! She thinks it is bad luck to wear the same shade twice in succession! She has a lot of superstitions, but that is the only one she would tell. Maybe part of that superstition might be accounted for subconsciously, in the fact that she adores bright shades of polish, and likes an excuse for changing shades as often as possible. When we took the photographs, she was wearing a rust shade of polish which blended in beautifully with her peach negligée and the bright ribbon tied around her bonny blonde hair. (It's too bad we couldn't have had color photography in this case.) She was going to don a dark blue knitted suit with a perky bandana next, so her next change of nail polish was to be a new bandana red.

In spite of the fact that Honey Chile maintains staunchly that every bone in her body is lazy, evidence will slip out now and again that denies it. Take the suit, very beautifully done, that she knitted herself; and the evening gown she showed me. She admits that, as befits a Southern lady, she can "do anything" with a needle. From authoritative hearsay, too, I understand that she can do right nobly with a skillet and some good old Southern cooking ideas. In fact, her idea of a perfect day off is to spend it making pies and things.

Honey Chile is a girl after our own hearts. She loves to eat. Especially Southern smothered chicken! She has what she calls her lazy way of keeping her figure, nevertheless, because not even Honey Chile can eat her cake all the time, and have "it", too. Her way is very simple. You can follow it, too. As soon as she gets up in the morning, she has a large glass of orange juice. Then all

BY MARY
BIDDLE



Milk and sleep are Honey Chile's only recipe for keeping young and beautiful.

she has for breakfast is a glass of milk. You coffee drinkers would no doubt have to substitute the coffee for the milk. For lunch, this Southern food-lover contents herself with another glass of milk, and a raw vegetable salad, or a vegetable plate. (If you want a non-calorie dressing, you reducing gals, here it is. Just plain mineral oil, plus lemon juice, a dash of Worcestershire sauce and maybe a pinch of mustard.) For dinner, Honey Chile indulges herself, Southern smothered chicken and all, but she *never* takes second helpings, and she never eats both bread and potatoes. So you have a shining example of will power in the luscious Honey Chile, who maintains that her grandfather was a Confederate soldier, "because the food was better."

Honey Chile loves milk. And right here and now we want to squelch the widespread belief that milk is fattening. Any food is fattening, if you have enough of it. Just on calorie count, for example, you will find that milk hasn't nearly the heavy caloric content that certain other common foods have. One glass of milk has only about (Continued on page 63)

"My skin was never lovelier
Thanks to Camay"

SAYS THIS CHARMING ALABAMA BRIDE



BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

I know the perfect skin care that Camay gives me. My skin was never lovelier—thanks to Camay.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Hilda Wade
(Mrs. Frank E. Wade)

August 5, 1936

HILDA WADE is even lovelier than her picture. This gracious bride has a perfect complexion—smooth, clear, fresh. "A tribute to Camay's excellent care," she says.

Your skin, too, should have Camay's perfect care. For Camay has a mild, gentle way of bringing out the true loveliness of your complexion. Camay's creamy, rich lather soothes the skin. Camay's tiny bubbles work energetically—cleansing

right down to every pore. In no time at all, your skin will have a loveliness all the world can admire.

The magic of Camay? Its mildness. Camay is *definitely, provably milder* than other leading beauty soaps. Try Camay today. Order half a dozen cakes. Its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women



RADIO

WILLIE: Wanna buy a sweepstakes ticket?

GENE: Yeah—how much?

WILLIE: Twenty cents.

GENE: Twenty cents! I thought they cost two dollars apiece.

WILLIE: They do.

GENE: Then how can you sell 'em for twenty cents?

WILLIE: Easy. You see, the race was last week!

(**WILLIE and EUGENE HOWARD, Folies de Paree.**)

PHIL: Good morning, Agnes. I would have been here earlier, but I took the elevator to the fortieth floor.

AGNES: But Phil, our studio is on the third floor.

PHIL: I know . . . I like to slide down banisters.

(**PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.**)

BOB: My uncle went to see Pagliacci in Little Rock once, and went out and asked for his money back because he wasn't goin' to pay his good money to have a fellow laugh at him for ten minutes. When the management saw him they gave him his money, because they knew that tenor wasn't just singin' a song!

(**BOB BURNS, Kraft Music Hall.**)



TIM: Say, Irene, you look swell to-night, but I notice you're wearing one black shoe and one brown one.

IRENE: Isn't that funny? My sister had the same trouble this morning!

(**TIM RYAN and IRENE NOBLETTE, Jello Program.**)

OSWALD: I fell on my gun and the gun went off.

KEN: Yes?

OSWALD: Yes . . . the bullet went in my chest and came out of my back.

KEN: Wait a minute . . . you can't tell me that the bullet went in your chest and came out your back . . . why, it would go through your heart and kill you!

OSWALD: Oh, no!

KEN: Why not?

OSWALD: My heart was in my mouth!

(**KEN MURRAY, Rinso Program.**)



TED: I tell you Rudy, I can paint men and women.

RUDY: So—you're a portrait painter.

TED: No—you are ignoramipuss. I paint MEN on one door and WOMEN on the other.

(**TED BERGMAN on Vallée Varieties.**)

TIM: Why isn't your mother here tonight?

IRENE: She's home singing a duet.

TIM: With whom?

IRENE: With me.

TIM: But you're here.

IRENE: I know, but I finished first.

(**TIM RYAN and IRENE NOBLETTE, Jello Program.**)

JACK: Mary, what do you want to do with your vacation?

MARY: I'd like to go to Chicago and see the World's Fair.

JACK: The World's Fair! Why, that closed two years ago!

MARY: I told you it wouldn't last!

(**JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jello Program.**)

KEN: You'd be surprised, Fred. All the girls in my home town don't want to marry.

ANNC'R: How do you know?

KEN: I asked them? . . . So, I came back yesterday feeling a little blue and went to see the "Gold Diggers of 1936."

ANNC'R: You mean the picture?

KEN: No—the Income Tax Department?

(**KEN MURRAY, Rinso Program.**)

MILTON: I phoned down to the clerk and said: "There's a rat in my room." And he said: "Sorry, but he'll have to come down and register."

ANNC'R: And did you register Milton?

(**MILTON BERLE, Follies of the Air.**)

TED: I am a great Russian lecturer.

STRAIGHT: Did you ever speak before a large crowd?

TED: Smertainly! I said "Not Guilty!"

STRAIGHT: Not guilty?

TED: I said it . . . but the jury didn't.

(**TEDDY BERGMAN, Vallée Varieties.**)

FRED: I'm sure gonna miss Maw around here. I reckon I won't do much eatin'.

JACK: You ain't aimin' to let your grief interfere with you're eatin'?

FRED: 'Taint that . . . Maw's took our teeth!

(**FRED ALLEN and JACK SMART, Town Hall Tonight.**)

Have a Clear LOVELY SKIN

"All Over!"



To be Truly Lovely,
Make Your Skin Lovely
... All of It!

GET rid of blemishes, spots and pimples. Give your arms, your throat, your shoulders—as well as your face—the radiant, youthful beauty that men admire so much.

Disfiguring eruptions vanish magically if you remove their real cause. And the cause in thousands of cases—perhaps in yours—is poisons that have accumulated within your body and tainted your blood.

To win the beauty you want—you must rid your system of these poisons at once. So do as thousands have done—and try pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets today.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure, wholesome yeast—one of the richest known natural sources of Vitamin B Complex. And this precious natural food substance works in nature's own way. It tends to strengthen and tone intestinal organs—helps rid the body easily and naturally of poisonous wastes. Then—your skin has the chance to become truly lovely.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets today. End the frequent cause of ugly blemishes—and strive to make all your skin enchantingly lovely.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

Free!

Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.

Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.) MM 11-36

Name

Address

City State

LAUGHS

Selected Snickers from Popular Programs

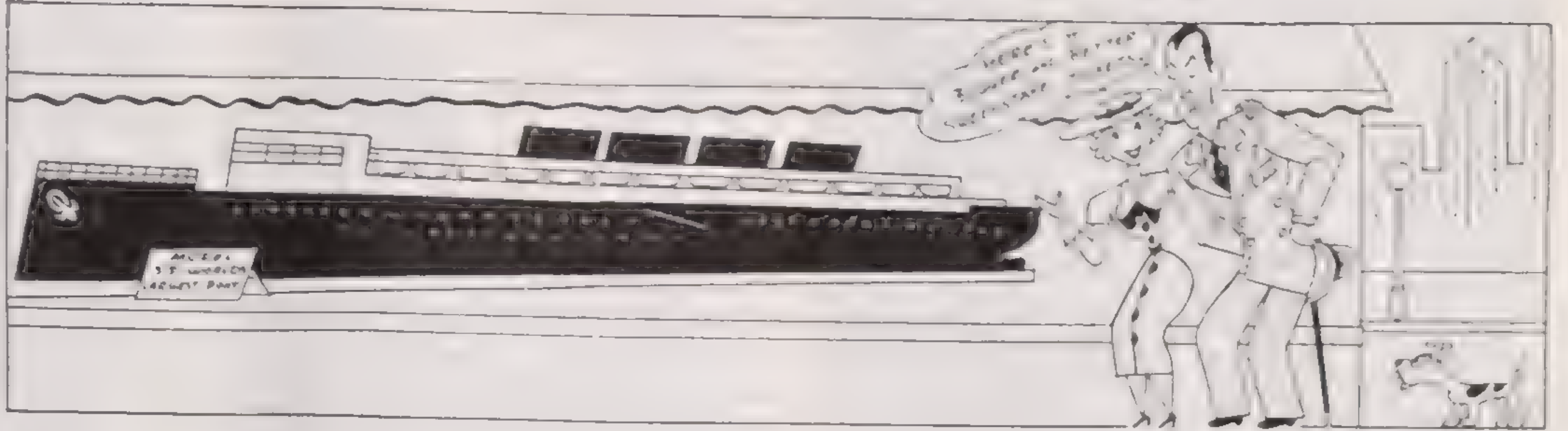
CHEERILY: It is so cute to watch the mamma kangaroos as they carry their young around in their pouches.

YAHBUT: What if they get indigestion?

CHEERILY: Why? What do you mean?

YAHBUT: Can't keep anything on their stomachs?

(**YAHBUT** and **CHEERILY**, *Vallée Varieties*.)



FRED: How are things at your cousin's corset shop, Portland?

PORTLAND: She closed up her corset shop. It turned out to be a bloomer.

FRED: She closed it in the knicker time, eh?

(**FRED ALLEN** and **PORTLAND HOFFA**, *Town Hall Tonight*.)

FIGGSBOTTLE: Can you remember when you were born?

FISHFACE: I was just a baby then—how could I remember?

(**FISHFACE** and **FIGGSBOTTLE**, *N.B.C.*)

MILTON: In my hotel, rooms are one dollar and up . . . One dollar and you're up all night!

(**MILTON BERLE**, *Follies of the Air*.)

PORTLAND: Why are they building boats so big these days?

FRED: I don't know . . . unless it's to bring over more sweepstakes tickets.

(**FRED ALLEN**, *Town Hall Tonight*.)

WILLIE: You know, Gene, I've got a lucky charm that keeps me from going broke.

GENE: Nonsense, I don't believe in lucky charms.

WILLIE: I know what I know! With my charm I'll always have money in my pocket.

GENE: What is this charm?

WILLIE: A hundred-dollar gold piece! (**WILLIE** and **EUGENE HOWARD**, *Folies de Parce*.)

(Continued on page 106)



★ **Try it Free**
5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept. L-126, Clinton, Conn.
Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.
(This offer expires Jan. 1, 1937)

Name _____

Address _____

"I hate to show up all powdery in strong light"

THE test of a powder is *strong light*. And showing too much is one of the worst faults a powder can have, the vote among 1,067 girls proved.

Pond's got twice the vote of the next-liked powder, for "not giving that powdered look." Three times the vote of the third favorite.

"Glare-proof" colors, the reason. Pond's colors are "glare-proof"—catch only the softer rays of light—can't show up "powdery" in strongest light. A special ingredient makes Pond's soft, clinging. Two other ingredients make it stay fresh looking for hours.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



Never looks powdery—Clings
—voted the 2 most important points in a powder

SHE WEARS WHAT

Chic Luxury
spells ECONOMY



THE glamour of exquisite finger tips may be yours for so little with Chic. This luxurious quality polish in an artistic oversized bottle is a real economy to use. It's the perfect polish—easy to apply and long wearing. With Chic only 10c you'll want several shades to highlight any mood—grave or gay—as you wish. Chic polish is obtainable in either transparent or creme. Chic Polish Remover—plain, or oily for brittle nails, makes a change of polish utterly simple. Chic Cuticle Remover completes a perfect five minute manicure at your own dressing table.

Chic Manicure Requisites are sold in all Five and Ten Cent Stores at 10c each. **10¢**



Gladys Swarthout shows Fall smartness in gray wool stripes, with brown accessories.



Misty tulle for evening wear, with the daisy motif that is one of Gladys Swarthout's preferences. You will see this in *Champagne Waltz*.

BY ELIZABETH
ELLIS

A typical Swarthout effect. Chic homespun jacket of green, brown and beige, and flaring beige tweed skirt.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT is back in Hollywood, which means that all you who are her screen and radio fans will be able to feast your eyes upon her once again and can tune your ears to her charming voice.

She is busy making *Champagne Waltz*, but she will find time, off-screen, to satisfy the demands of her air fans as well. To me, Gladys is the true example of that very over-worked description "A typical American." Not only in her perfectly groomed good looks, but in her personality and the perseverance behind it. She has worked hard to achieve a three-fold fame, in opera, screen and radio. She doesn't affect a foreign exoticism, instead she is animated and interesting-looking in that special way which makes American women distinctive the world over. She is lovely-looking but, quite aside



Glamorous Gladys Swarthout in a fas

SHE LIKES



Another suit of beige and gray blended wool, with a peaked-crown hat of gray and a matching pouch bag.

from that great asset, she has a smartness and vivacity that is within the easy reach of every one of you. Gladys is a home-grown product that all of us can be proud to copy!

The Swarthout wardrobe always is an interesting one and especially so in this current season of changing silhouette and detail. In color, her clothes are adapted to the California brand of a milder fall and winter, but in lines and details, they are just what all of us will be looking for to wear through the Indian summer days of October and, later, snugly hidden beneath our heavy topcoats.

Gladys, like so many Hollywood stars, is a suit fiend. Spring and fall she adds several new ones to her already large wardrobe. While her suits are tailored, they usually have some trick to the cut that gives them a feminine silhouette. Often she chooses the same material as her husband's suits for her own favorite skirts and jackets. She has her skirts tailored in a certain way that makes them keep a perfect shape. She likes (Continued on page 86)

cinating fall outfit

What Every Woman Desires!

A BODY BEAUTIFUL with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin — it will be delightfully smooth and soft — And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath... Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.



Linit is also unequalled for all fine laundering.



BY HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

"All you need is ambition, nerve, and a little luck," says Lowell Thomas, radio's popular news commentator

THE LOW-DOWN



Lowell Thomas broadcasts a special program, aided by former heavy-weight champion of the ring, Jack Dempsey.



The swimming pool on Lowell's country estate is shaped like a bell. And it's grand on a hot day!

LIKE countless millions of other radio fans, we knew every inflection of Lowell Thomas' friendly, slightly Western accent, from that sonorous: "Good Evening, Everybody!" to that final: "So long until tomorrow!" to which he gave a new twist every night. Like all the others, we felt his magnetic personality, always bursting with news and brimming over with geniality and good humor. Beyond that, however, to us Lowell Thomas was just another myth of the ether, too good to be true in real life.

What sort of a guy was this fellow Thomas, once he faded from the microphone, or disappeared behind the scenes from the lecture platform, or set aside his manuscript? For years, everything we had heard or read about him had made him almost superhuman. Did he have a wife and children? What was his home life like, if any?

Such inquisitive thoughts and questions kept running through our head, as, one summer's afternoon, we motored from our farm in Connecticut to his in New York State, twenty-eight miles away. Pawling, New York, was the only address we had, so we inquired at the gas station. "Going to see Lowell, eh? Just three miles over Quaker Ridge," Pawling

ON LOWELL



This gives you an idea of the real Lowell Thomas, working at his ease, with a faithful friend and companion beside him.



Lowell and his boy enjoy doing some of the harvesting on his extensive farm near Pawling, New York.

Village claims him; to them he is "our Lowell." The man went on to tell us how Lowell organized, managed and played on the local baseball team. We drove out into the hills and got lost. We were trying to picture just the little cottage that a Western boy, born and brought up in Cripple Creek, Colorado, would pick out or build for himself when he made his pile. We recalled how he had worked in the gold mines near that gold-rush city, in the crater of a volcano, at an altitude of 10,000 feet. After that, still a boy of twelve, he had sold newspapers on the streets and in the gambling hells of that turbulent town.

At this juncture, the farmer driving just ahead of us turned into a lane that led to the very little white house on the hillside that our Lowell Thomas would have chosen. "Yes, this place belongs to Lowell Thomas," he said. "But he don't live here. This is his fox farm. We got four hundred of the finest silver foxes, fitch and minks ever raised in captivity. We sell 'em to the London market and make a good profit, too." Everybody that spoke of him thereabouts seemed to be included in one big family, always saying "we" and "our," as though he belonged to them, or they belonged to him. "That's Lowell Thomas's place half way down the valley there.

You'll have to go through the gate marked, *Private Road.*" We looked down in the valley and gasped. It was an enormous white house with a cluster of fine barns and stables nearby. The surrounding four hundred acres of the estate were well-groomed green, with a number of spirited horses and sleek cows grazing.

We drove through the gates past the lodge down a long lane shaded with pines and maples and then turned into a cut-stone driveway and pulled up before the door. Below lay the enclosed cement tennis courts and below that the huge bell-shaped swimming pool with sun umbrellas and garden seats beside it. Roses in full bloom were climbing over walls and fences.

The clicking of a typewriter, away up under the eaves of the great house, reminded us that there was no time to lose. It was nearly 6:30 and Lowell was going on the air as usual at 6:45. A healthy looking boy of twelve, in dungarees, answered the bell. He said his father was upstairs in his study, finishing up his talk for the day. We sat down in the broad New England Colonial hallway and a minute later Lowell Thomas hurried down to greet us. He was better looking than his photographs. He was coatless, but his blue shirt (Continued on page 94)

RADIO RAMBLINGS

Tales, tall or short, as you like them, from the broadcasting byways



Jack Benny

Autumn greetings!

Comes now the seasonal change. The frost on the pumpkin and the corn—if any—in the shock. The new-lit leaf. New zest in the air. New radio programs—and old ones in gay new colors.

There's the new stream-lined Show Boat, presenting one of the largest regular casts on the air. Helen Jepson is the soprano star. And how do you like its new comedian, Horace Nimble? He's Sam Hearn, and formerly was Schlepperman, with Jack Benny.

Helen Hayes comes back in a new dramatic series, Monday nights. And the Firestone concerts once more star Richard Crooks. . . . Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians start a second season at the Roosevelt Grill. . . . Nelson Eddy begins his weekly program for Vick's. . . . Marion Talley changes her program schedule to Sundays, 5:30 EST on the NBC-Red Network. . . . Walter Winchell returns to the Jergens program. . . .

We can't begin to list all the exciting offerings that beckon us to the dials this season. Only one thing shows no welcome change—the commercial announcements!

"TIGER, TIGER!"

"Burning bright, in the forests of the night," those commercial announcements still remain a menace to enthusiasm for radio entertainment. Just when the program is in full swing, the mood pleasantly established, comes an abrupt break—the killer is stalking its prey! Quickly the illusion is slain. . . . Perhaps it can be restored in the next few minutes—more often it is past rescuing. And the destruction of illusion is not even mercifully brief. It is played with, tossed and tortured, wearied to death!

We can't quarrel with the sponsors' purpose to present their products. But in the right places, and with a little more restraint. . . . Why can't they all get together and take this matter up? Bring illusion back alive!

(Continued on page 97)

Below, Sing Me a Love Song—Zasu Pitts, James Melton, Patricia Ellis.

Ethel Barrymore, First Lady of the American Stage, with Ben Bernie.



QUICKER-ACTING LOTION
SOFTENS ROUGH SKIN!

Sooner!

(GOOD-BYE, SANDPAPER HANDS!)



IT'S FUN to be outdoors, but no kindness to your skin. Face and hands lose their niceness—get coarse, dry, and rough. Smooth them—*sooner*—with Hinds. Its precious softeners soak into skin—stay there too. Your skin wins back lasting smoothness—not just a half hour's slickness. Try Hinds in the 50c size with the new, free one-piece dispenser. Read all about it below.



BRIDE CRIES over burnt bacon, kitchen hands! So much to do—only two hands to do it with—and both those hands getting "sick and tired." Skin so dry, it's cracking. Natural softness dried out by oven-heat and soapy work! Put softness back again with Hinds. It's quicker-acting—not watery. Every creamy drop does good!



(left) **SOFT HANDS** are sweet music to his eager touch. Keep yours in the very-much-wanted class—by using Hinds. It isn't watery. Every rich, creamy drop works better—softening and whitening dry, red skin.



IN HOT WATER and out—all day long. Hands pucker up, chap and crack. Put softness back into your hands with Hinds. Its precious lubricants soak into dry abused skin, restoring natural smoothness—not just a surface slickness. Hands freshen up with a sweet smell, a cool soft look. Use Hinds regularly. It's *creamy*—not watery. Every drop works!



FREE *The first One-Piece DISPENSER* IN THE STORES NOW!

The new perfect 1-piece lotion dispenser! Free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle! Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

Copyright, 1936, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM



UST the other day we asked ourself: "What about glamour on the air?"

"Is it possible," we wondered, "to take a glamour girl from the screen, put her on a regular radio program and recapture that same elusive something which the lady possesses in pictures?" We decided to ask for opinions on this, from people who should know.

First, of course, we must pick our glamour girl. Hollywood, glamour's major stronghold, has two outstanding examples. Ask the man on the street and he'll tell you Garbo and Dietrich. Well, Garbo won't talk—there are days when she doesn't even speak to herself—and since talk, or sound effects of some kind, are essential to radio, our subject will be Marlene Dietrich.

Perhaps you heard Marlene with Clark Gable on the opening program of the *Lux Radio Hour* series. This hour's sponsors spend thousands of dollars every week on their program. They can obtain the best—or at least the most expensive—talent money can buy. Naturally, they wanted to inaugurate the series in as auspicious a manner as possible. So—this question comes up:

Did they engage Marlene Dietrich because she was a "name" or did they believe her radio histrionics would add materially to the entertainment value of the program? We put that question to Cecil B.

DeMille, one of Hollywood's pioneer movie makers, who directs the *Lux* shows.

"Of course," said Mr. DeMille, "for our opening program we wanted the biggest names we could find. But that doesn't imply that we were in the market for names alone. Entertainment is the keynote of our program; if we don't furnish it we can expect no audience. We selected Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable because we felt they could give our audience the sort of entertainment to which it is entitled.

"Does Marlene Dietrich's personality register on the air? I am definitely of the opinion that it does. For Marlene not only has glamour of person, she has glamour of voice. She can express an emotion with a word. To me, her voice is one of the most glamorous qualities about her."

And Mr. DeMille should know his actresses. He was in Hollywood almost before the town itself arrived. With Jesse Lasky, as far back as 1915, he made *The Squaw Man*, a major epic of its day, an enterprise which started a brand new California gold rush. Since those days Hollywood has grown up, pretty faces have been wired for sound, matinee idols who stamped their footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre have long since been forgotten, but C. B. DeMille remains one of Hollywood's most important personages. For that reason alone, one can take his word as the word of (Continued on page 54)

**CAN RADIO
TRANSLATE THE
CHARM OF MAR-
LENE DIETRICH?**





Marlene Dietrich with Charles Boyer in *The Garden of Allah*



Another of the many beautiful scenes from the same motion picture.



A desert rendezvous for the hapless lovers in *The Garden of Allah*, starring Marlene Dietrich, with Charles Boyer.

IS MARLENES ALLURE FOR THE EYE ALONE?

BY LEO TOWNSEND

B Y H E N R Y
ALBERT PHILLIPS

DR. HOW BABY



World Copyright, 1936, NEA Service, Inc.

Dr. Dafoe with the Quintuplets at their wading pool. The babies, from left to right, are: Yvonne, Marie, Annette, Emilie, and Cecile. They take to the pool in a big way, says the Doctor proudly.

"SUPPOSE an epidemic should break out in a neighborhood. . . . They do, sometimes—especially where people are not over sanitary and careful. . . . What a wonderful thing it would be, if we could have a community service radio! Then your doctor could sit right in his office and give directions to all of the sufferers at once—tell them what regimen to follow, what precautions to take. . . ."

Dr. Dafoe knocked the ashes from his pipe and nodded thoughtfully. "To minister to a whole community over the radio," he went on, "not only would save the doctor, but his patients as well. And it would be as efficacious in large cities as it would in small, scattered communities, such as ours is here in Callander. Here they live so far apart, it's a problem to reach them when the snows set in.

"People," the Quintuplets' physician mused, "seldom follow printed instructions precisely. But the human voice, from the radio, reaches their hearts, their brains—calls on their common sense. . . . Reading is not always believing, but hearing is—especially if it is the doctor speaking!

"Speaking thus, over the air," said the grizzled small man who, on a dismal May morning, two years ago, became world famous, "your doctor, any doctor, may be able to save the lives of other babies as the Quintuplets were saved. If it hadn't been for radio," said Dr. Dafoe with conviction, "the whole present-day happy picture of the Quintuplets might have been radically changed." He looked at me over the top of his spectacles. "Radio," he

DR. DAFOE NURSES A DREAM OF BEING ABLE

DAFOE REVEALS

RADIO MAY SAVE YOUR

AS IT DID THE QUINTUPLETS!



Wide World Photos

The world-famous country doctor—Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe of Callander, Ont., now to be heard on the *Lysol* program.

Dr. Dafoe being congratulated by Dr. James S. McLester, president of the American Medical Association and Dr. J. C. Meakins, president of the Canadian Medical Association.

reminded me, "broadcast to the four corners of the earth this phenomenal birth and made this remote, unknown settlement in the lumber region of Canada's far north the focus of world interest. To be sure, the press did its part, but millions who seldom or never saw a newspaper learned of the event, in their homes or huts or cabins, from the voice on the air. And the Quintuplets were adopted by the world. Their preservation and welfare became a matter of public concern."

We were sitting in the tiny "office" of Dr. Dafoe's simple home, in Callander, Ontario, Canada. This was the office to which he had hurried, half-dressed, in the middle of that memorable night, and found a trembling little man who pleaded with him to hasten out to the

Dionne farm—some four miles away. The expected baby was about to arrive—prematurely, and Mrs. Dionne was very, very ill.

"Only God and Nature could give us any help during those first few terrible weeks," Dr. Dafoe continued, "and they both did. It was no time for talking—only for immediate decisions and action. We had a sick mother and five premature, under-nourished and barely-breathing babies on our hands. The parents were poor and had very little equipment for such extraordinary and critical circumstances. For a long time, there were twenty-two persons living and stewing and fretting in that little French Canadian farmhouse. Several of us were desperately fighting to save the lives (Continued on page 68)

TO SERVE A WHOLE COMMUNITY OVER THE AIR



Carole Lombard

**Glamorous Carole Lombard
would make some startling
changes in our broadcasts!**

HAVING heard beforehand that she is a young lady with definite opinions and knowing that she is one of the most gracious gals in Hollywood, we walked into our Carole Lombard interview date with head and notebook held high, in spite of the fact that it was one of those Mondays when you wake up wondering what ever became of Sunday.

Radio is a fine thing, we thought to ourself, even on this bluest of all possible Mondays and Carole Lombard is a fine girl. In fact, anyone who submits herself to the ordeal of an interview on Monday, any Monday, is not only fine and beautiful—she is positively astounding. And we'll fight the man who says she isn't—only not on a Monday, if you don't mind.

By the time we had run all this through our so-called mind we found ourself seated in the Lombard dressing room, reaching for the Lombard cigarettes. (It is an unwritten law, strictly adhered to, that no interviewer smokes his own. He just sits there, mooching and listening. They whisper of a case, several years ago, when a writer new to Hollywood actually bought a drink for the interviewee. Naturally, he was promptly tossed out of the press club, shorn of his credentials, and shot the next morning at sunrise.)

Now that we all know how interviews are conducted, and who pays, let's get on with this one.

"I understand from the first paragraph that you're a young lady with definite opinions," we began. "Do you suppose you could tell your public what you'd do if you suddenly found yourself ruler of the air waves?"

"My first definite opinion," said the lovely Miss L., "is that I shouldn't care to inherit that throne. Of course if



BY WILFRED HEALY

... IF RADIO WERE UNDER CAROLE'S THUMB

it were forced on me and the salary were okay, I'd start right at home and do something about guest programs.

"With four or five national radio hours emanating from Hollywood using picture personalities as guest stars, it seems highly implausible to me that the sponsors can dig up enough good material with which to surround all their expensive talent.

"For instance, I've had several offers to appear and so far I've turned them all down, simply because I haven't found a suitable vehicle. I don't like radio versions of last year's pictures, because I don't think people want to hear a rehash of something they might not have liked in the first place. A good radio dramatization of a current picture, if that picture lends itself to radio adaptation, is swell, but in my own case, *The Princess Comes Across* is the only one of my recent pictures which would fit radio requirements. *My Man Godfrey* is a good comedy and screen audiences like it, but I'm sure that kind of comedy on the air would sound like something just out of Major Bowes."

Carole Lombard, as you might well imagine, prefers comedy to any other type of radio program. She wouldn't be averse to doing a comedy series herself if the right script and the right offer came along. Anyone who saw her grand Garbo impersonation in *The Princess Comes Across* knows what Carole can do with comedy. She was so good in that rôle that a haughty foreign star on her own lot—Paramount—held a private showing of the picture just to make sure it *was* Garbo Carole was mimicking.

"With radio under my thumb I would proclaim Jack Benny as my favorite comedian," Miss Lombard continued. "His delivery is perfect, his diction is smooth

and he's a natural master of ceremonies. Besides, he advertises his sponsor's product in the most painless method possible. For instance, I never touch Jell-O, but I buy loads of it simply because of Jack Benny.

"One of the major faults with radio programs is that there is not enough painless propaganda. That, of course, will all be changed when I'm queen of the air. One of the first of my royal edicts will be this: Every sponsor in the country will listen to a command performance of Fred Waring's Ford show. That's my Utopia of all radio programs. The music is swell, the program has vitality and Mr. Ford mentions his product only twice in the entire session. 'Watch the Fords go by' tells just as much about a product as an announcer's saccharine speech about the tremendous merits of so-and-so's salad dressing, and, as I mentioned before, it's painless. At this moment, for instance, I have a garage full of Fords and I'll bet you can ransack the house for even a drop of so-and-so's high pressured salad dressing.

"If I were ruler of the air, I would certainly add Fred Allen to the list of my favorite court jesters. His programs are fresh and, aside from his amateurs, very funny. Offhand, I can't think of any radio comedians who can be classed with Benny and Allen. They are, to coin a word, terrific."

There are other programs which would also win regal favor. For instance:

The Hollywood Hotel program. Miss Lombard has appeared on it twice, doing radio versions of her current screen hits. She particularly admires Bill Bacher, the program's director, for his knowledge of radio and his ability to get the utmost out of (Continued on page 98)



Ted Husing with
British film star,
Jessie Matthews.



Gay Ethel Merman
Europe-bound on
a vacation trip.



Major Bowes with
a group of his
ardent amateurs.



Frances Stevens,
lovely Baroness
of the Blues.

IN THE RADIO



Rubioff meets
a tense moment
in a rehearsal.

Benny Goodman
and Martha Raye
swingin' to town.

Rosemary Lane
dotes on riding
a lively horse.

Gracia Allen
and Bazoaka Bob
Burns in action.

Dorothy La-
mour, Para-
mount's *Girl
of the Jungle*.

SPOTLIGHT...



Robert Taylor with
Joan Crawford in
the MGM picture,
*The Gorgeous
Hussy*.



RADIO'S GIFT

Revealing some unknown facts in the life of

"THERE'S no going back," said Bob to me, "unless it's on the air. That's the only way I could go home, now, you know."

I didn't know what he meant. But he told me.

We were having iced coffee, Bob and I, in the MGM commissary. It was Bob's second day on the Garbo picture, (he'd taken an hour off the set to talk to *Radio Stars*) his second day of playing *Arm-* and to Garbo's *Camille*. He wore a white pith helmet with a green peak, white shirt open at his strong columnar throat, white duck trou-

sers. I said: "You should have some stills made in that outfit."

"Oh, I have!" laughed Bob. I said: "Are you nervous—playing opposite Garbo?" For, after all, I thought, this is skyrocketing for this lad named Arlington Brough from Beatrice, Nebraska. This lad who has capped a career of cli-

maxes seldom known even in Hollywood, by playing opposite Garbo in his second year!

"No," Bob said, "not at all. She's just a human being like the rest of us. Why should I be nervous?"

He expects people to be "just human beings," this boy from Nebraska—and so that's what they are, to him. He expects Life to come through like a gentleman—and Life does the expected. Not a bad point of view, this!

And then he told me what he has done,

It's Robert
Taylor him-
self, your
favorite
movie star.



Another scene from
*The Gorgeous
Hussy*—with Joan
Crawford and Robert
Taylor.



In a scene from
The Magnificent Obsession, in which
Robert Taylor
played opposite
Irene Dunne.

TO ROMANCE

Robert Taylor when he was a radio entertainer

and what he would like to do in the future, on the air. And as he talked I saw a hitherto unrevealed side of the Robert Taylor I have talked with so often, the young star who has been interviewed until you might suppose, every facet of his personality had been dissected and disclosed. I had hoped he would give me some interesting slants on Robert Taylor.

He said that, if he goes on the air consistently, he does *not* want to be the romantic, conquering, glamorous movie star. He wants, he says, to be plain Arlington Brough, "that Brough kid" from Nebraska, the kid the farmers and local garage men and plainsmen and cowmen knew and talked to long before Hollywood claimed him as one of her favorite sons.

He said again: "I'd like to go back—on the air."

"Meaning," I said, "that you are homesick?"

"No, not exactly homesick," said Bob, his sapphire blue eyes darker and bluer with gravity. "Perhaps a little sad because I know that I never can go back, not really."

"There isn't ever any going back," he said.

He added, with a short laugh: "I don't mean physically. I could, of course, transplant the body to Nebraska, in my car, or by plane or rail, any time I have the time to go. But—I wouldn't be 'the Brough kid' going home. I'd be Robert Taylor, motion picture star. There'd be curiosity, not the old comradeship of simple folk together. There'd be constraint. There'd be some pride, too, I'm sure. Small towns always are generously proud of their sons who go 'abroad' and win any kind of an accolade." (And I thought of the pride of Cadiz, Ohio, in Clark Gable; Beacon, New York, in Robert Montgomery; and so many others). "But the old relationship would be gone," Bob went on. "There'd never again be the easy familiarity, the clap on the back. The farmers might not offer me buttermilk any more, nor pie and cheese and apples, a place at their kitchen tables. If I offered a hand with the milking, they would try to stop me. I couldn't sit, as I used to sit, all agog, listening to my friends, the farmers, talking about the corn crops, the cows calving, the drought, the taxes. They wouldn't think I'd be interested. They'd probably try to 'entertain' me, the *key-to-the-city* kind of thing. That wouldn't be going home at all.

"They'd think (Continued on page 60)

By
Gladys
Hall

ARE GUEST STARS A NECESSARY EVIL?

Would some radio programs be more entertaining if high-priced indifferent "visiting firemen" were excluded?



Stoopnagle and Budd have survived competition.



Dependable Lanny Ross, more popular than any guest!



Schoolboy Rowe, a guest on Rudy Vallee's program.



Margaret Speaks, another who can be counted upon.

BY NANCY BARROWS

Kate Smith is a new recruit to the ranks of those who pay exorbitantly for guest stars.



They had a lot of guests come to the house one night, Bob (Bazooka) Burns recounted in his engaging drawl. They didn't have room to put 'em all up. So Pop went outside.

It was a mighty cold night and by and by the folks got kinda worried about Pop. They went looking for him and found him out in the barn, under a wagon. He was shivering till his teeth clicked.

"Cain't we do something ter make yer more comfortable, Pop?" they asked him.

"Well," Pop said, "yer might throw on another wagon."

WE HEARD Bob tell this story on Bing Crosby's *Kraft Music Hall* program—and we couldn't help drawing a deadly parallel.

In just this selfsame fashion the radio programs troop home with their glittering guests—guests whose very names imply exorbitant remuneration—clamoring for accommodation for them at the expense of the whole radio family. And Pop—and Brother and Sister, too—are crowded out in the cold.

There's not even an extra wagon to throw over them. All the wagons are hitched to the stars!

It just doesn't make sense! It doesn't make good radio entertainment nor good radio entertainers. We believe that radio should, as it did in its early days, develop its own artists.

William Lohr, president of the *National Broadcasting Company*, supports our contention.

"This guest-star craze," said Mr. Lohr, "has got to stop.

It's not making successful radio programs. It's not pleasing the public. It's not satisfying the sponsors. The sponsors are paying out extravagant sums for something that doesn't sell their product. They don't like it.

"Radio programs," he reiterated, "are defeating their own ends, with this influx of guest stars—all of them costing a great deal of money. All of them contributing little of entertainment value. All of them alien to the sphere in which they suddenly find themselves. Shouldering aside talented folk who might become genuine radio artists."

It's a curious feature of our psychology, that we all try to be just like everybody else, instead of seeking ways to be different, to achieve something original, unique. If one stage play featuring an erring husband or wife is a hit, we will have a baker's dozen of such. If a movie dealing with the more naïve period of our history grosses a tidy sum, out come all the films in covered wagons! Or they're all concerned with the careers of crooks. Or all gunning with G-Men.

And if one radio program puts on a guest star, all radio programs must have guest stars!

Listening to a series of radio programs, one is impressed with a sense of repetition, of ennui, or growing distaste. There is Kate Smith's program. . . . Having rounded up all discoverable champions, she now hunts notables in any line. Arthur Hammerstein disinters dead days with stars his grandfather made famous. *Hollywood Hotel* brings on movie biggies—and stars whom we know and delight in on the screen seem (Continued on page 72)



Fred presents his own program on the air now. He comes to us, too, in the new RKO-Radiomovie, *Swing Time*, his sixth co-starring movie with Ginger Rogers.

WHEN the new Packard show went on the air last month, it came under the guiding hand—or is it feet?—of radio's newest star. Having achieved considerable fame on the stage and on the screen, it is only natural that Fred Astaire should come to radio. In this particular case, however, radio came to Fred Astaire. And radio hopes he likes it well enough to stay for awhile.

The Astaire bank account, as you may well imagine,

He does

FRED ASTAIRE TAKES OFF! HE SINGS, HE DANCES, HE BROADCASTS—HE'S TOPS!

is in no need of refurbishing. It's a streamlined affair with all the latest improvements—meaning money—and it took a lot of persuasion to convince Fred Astaire that an hour a week on the air would add immeasurably to his own personal happiness.

For an hour a week on the air, to a performer as thorough and as sincere as Fred Astaire, means many hours of hard work. He's not the kind of guy who can grab his script on the way into the studio, rattle it off and rush over to the pay window for the fabulous check. Astaire's been too many years in show business to think a person-



By

Ray Fairbault

EVERYTHING but take the tickets

ality can click on name only. He knows a performer is as good as his last performance, and for that reason you'll probably find that the Astaire radio show will turn out to be one of the smoothest on this fall's air lanes.

For one thing, it is undoubtedly the biggest one-man show on the air, for the Astaire duties cover a wide territory. He's not only starring in the show, but has to sing, go into his dance, and, besides, play the piano. He plays a couple of other instruments which he can't remember off hand, but the minute he thinks of them they'll get their moment at the mike.

In addition to the Astaire activities, there is Johnny Green with the largest band he's ever put on the air, plus a group of guest performers each week. In spite of the fact that the program originates in Hollywood, the guest performers will not be movie stars doing dramatic skits. For a Hollywood show such a departure must be looked upon with horror by the boys who plan the programs and, perhaps, by the movie stars themselves, who have been knocking off from one to five thousand dollars each

time they give the public the privilege of hearing them without seeing them.

"Our plan isn't exactly a new one," says Fred Astaire, "but we think it makes for good entertainment. Although from time to time we'll have picture stars on our program, our guests as a rule will be neither stars nor amateurs. But between those two extremes there is a large group of entertainers here in Hollywood who are good performers and who have something to offer. They're the people we're going to put on our program."

"A sort of 'Give the professional a chance' movement?" I suggested.

"Let's not call it that," said Astaire. "I'm not against amateur shows, for they have brought attention to a number of persons who otherwise would still be singing their songs or playing their piccolos in obscurity. On the other hand, there are experienced performers sitting around in the same obscurity. We hope to dig them out of their hiding places."

Fred Astaire wants it (Continued on page 88)



Left to right,
Alma Saunders,
George White,
Don McNeill and
Peggy Bady.



Eddie Duchin
with Jimmy New-
ell, Gracie Allen
and Gracie's
George Burns.

Between

**INFORMAL VIEWS
OF SOME FAVOR-
ITES OF THE AIR**

Gertrude Niesen, glamorous *CBS* star, is one of the most photographed girls in radio. She has dark hair and gray-green eyes and takes her fame lightly.



Hollywood Hotel—Claude Rains with Anita Louise in a scene from *Anthony Adverse*.



Swing time for John McIntyre and Jeanette Nolan of *March of Time*. They're Mr. and Mrs. in private life.



Joan Marsh, of *The Flying Red Horse Tavern*, enjoys a restful week-end in a sylvan setting.

Broadcasts

Brunette Barbara La-Marr, contralto, is heard several times weekly on a morning variety hour over the Mutual network.





ARE THESE STORIES OF

IS life with all its jumbled elements of starkness and pathos and humor and tragedy, as presented on the *Good Will Court*, the thing you listeners want in the way of radio entertainment? Whether or not Chase and Sanborn has picked a worthy successor to *Major Bowes and his Amateur Hour* is now being decided by you listeners.

By

Elizabeth
Benneche
Petersen

A year ago it was the Major and his amateurs everyone was talking about. Starting on one of the smaller New York stations, this program was snapped up by Chase and Sanborn and given the coveted eight to nine hour on Sunday evening. The hour which statistics prove to be the one in which most people tune in their radios and settle back to be entertained. Now the *Good Will Court* has taken the Major's place on this important NBC hour.

Like the *Amateur Hour*, the *Good Will Court* won its popularity on a small New York station. Like the *Amateur Hour* its principal actors come to you with no stage experience, no recognized acting talent, no box office appeal, no salaries. Like the *Amateur Hour* it un-

“THE GOOD WILL



HUMAN SUFFERING ENTERTAINING RADIO FARE?

folds itself without benefit of script or gag writers.

But will it achieve the popularity of its predecessor, the *Major and his amateurs*?

A. L. Alexander who is the mediator for the *Good Will Court* believes it will.

"The *Good Will Court* begins where the *Amateur Hour* stopped," he said. "You might add that I am reluctant to make a comparison but our program shows the *end* of the story, the other the *beginning* and I feel that everybody is more curious concerning the end of a story than they are concerning the beginning."

But of course it is you listeners who will decide if this program, based as it is on the broad cross-section of life itself, is here to stay.

It was an absorbing experience watching the program unfold. Sitting in straight-backed wooden chairs were the twenty-odd people who had come to this court of the air for guidance. Most of them shabby, some tragic-eyed, some jaunty and a little excited at the prospect of telling their stories over the radio and all of them in trouble of some sort. Real trouble in some cases, only fan-

cied in others, minor annoyances and tragic happenings all brought to the court to be weighed and decided upon.

Sitting at a plain wooden table were two men. They were the judges invited for that evening to counsel those seeking help. Jonah J. Goldstein, judge of General Sessions, County of New York, to hear cases involving domestic relations, and J. Raymond Tiffany, former assistant Attorney General and District Court judge of the State of New Jersey, to listen to those involving civil litigation.

The first case was called. She was a girl, young and rather pretty, wearing smoked glasses to further the protection of privacy the *Good Will Court* gives to everyone who comes to it seeking help. A tragic story hers. A mock marriage and the man who had betrayed her disappearing shortly afterward and then the baby born to her and the parents who would not forgive her the disgrace she had brought upon herself and them. They refused to help her in any way and she could not see her baby starve. So she had a police record. A sordid one. And now she had reached (Continued on page 89)

COURT ON TRIAL⁹⁹



JUNGLE BEASTS AT YOUR FIRESIDE

FRANK BUCK, who has been rubbing elbows with death-dealing carnivora for a quarter of a century, and has pictures to prove it, was warning us of the dangers of listening to salesmen. Buck would sooner meet a lion in hand-to-hand conflict, or grapple with a python, than be stalked by a salesman!

Tune in on Buck, as he sits in his office in the General Motors Building, overlooking New York's Columbus Circle and Central Park. He is far away from the African veldt or the jungles of Sumatra, but he is apprehensively alert, lest he fall a victim to that scourge of civilization—the salesman.

"A few years ago," commented Buck, "I allowed a smart salesman to talk me into taking a radio receiving set into the Far East with me. It was against my better judgment, but my better judgment, if any, seems to melt before the blandishments of a salesman. He told me that with this radio I would be able to tune in on New York programs every night.

"The radio was packed, despite the fact that in traveling through the jungles you need every inch of space and have no room for anything which isn't strictly utilitarian.

"When we made our camp deep in the jungles, I had one of my camera men, who was both a good mechanic and an expert electrician, set up the radio. He drove a

pipe forty feet into the earth, so as to secure a good ground for reception.

"Picture our party, now. We are weeks from civilization, with no way of knowing what is going on in the outside world. Eagerly we set up the set and eagerly we await the tuning-in. Will we get a jazz band, baseball scores or what? The answer, friend, is that we got nothing—not a peep. Not even the harsh crackle of static. We'd have been willing to listen to some political speech, even, but not a sound came out of that radio. And none ever did, regardless of what electrical tricks my camera-man tried."

Buck paused and permitted himself a quiet chuckle. "Now for the sequel," he resumed. "About two years later I was here in New York, idly tuning in a radio. I happened to hit the commercial plug for a radio set, the same brand that the convincing salesman had virtually forced me to lug to the Far East with me.

"And here's what the announcer was saying:

"*'This is the same type of radio which Frank Buck carried into the jungle with him. And every night when the explorer was through with his strenuous chases after elephants, lions, tigers and what-not, he would relax by tuning in this set and enjoy the fine programs from New York, Chicago and Hollywood!'*

"Now, what can you do with a guy-like that?"



FRANK BUCK "BRINGS 'EM BACK ALIVE," TO OUR HOMES

BY TOM MEANY

Atmospheric conditions in the jungle are such that broadcasts are not possible yet. Buck once tried to make one for *King Features*, while he was there filming his second picture, *Wild Cargo*. *King Features* cabled him at Singapore that they wanted him to make a Christmas broadcast for Station *WINS*.

"The only place in the hills with a radio station was at Bonbong, in Java," explained Buck. "This station was operated by the Dutch government and was in touch with Holland. Virtually all the government business was transacted *via* the radio, but it was not available for private use.

"The station at Bonbong could reach Sydney, Australia, and Sydney was in almost constant communication with the big station at Schenectady, New York.

"It would, however, take all the influence of *King Features* to get permission from the Dutch government to use the (Continued on page 82)

Frank Buck with some of his many jungle captives. The python trapped himself by slipping into the pig-pen and devouring the pig. Then he found himself unable to get out!





NO, NO, A

KAY THOMPSON

By Dorothy Brooks

Lovely Blues singer, Kay Thompson, is afraid of marriage! But still the men continue to propose!



HUNDRED TIMES NO!

TELLS WHY SHE REFUSES TO SAY YES TO MARRIAGE

SINCE the days when movies were flickery shadows cast on bedsheets, Hollywood has given the world *it girls*, and *glamour girls* and *exotic orchid-girls*. Indeed, it has become a part of our folklore that Hollywood has a monopoly on that elusive feminine quality called glamour. But now radio, the screen's little Cinderella sister, is putting on long dresses. The motion pictures' loveliest ladies are being lured to the microphone. And, as a crowning achievement, radio can now boast her own, her very own, sophisticated lady—gorgeous, baffling Kay Thompson. She has out-Hollywooded Hollywood. She has said "No" a hundred times to a hundred importunate men's proposals of marriage. There's a score for the Garbos, the Dietrichs, the Lombards to shoot at!

"I've been telling men I don't want to get married, ever since I was sixteen," she confided, waving a fork for emphasis over a lobster thermidor, "but they just wouldn't believe me!"

She sighed prettily—but long exotic lashes dropped over one eye in an unmistakable wink. There was a mischievous gleam in the other larkspur blue orb.

"In love? I'm in love all the time! It's fun! It's the salt and pepper of life—and I adore salt and pepper!" She laughed gaily. "I want my whole life to be highly seasoned. Oh, I've been in love, all right—but so far," she made a rueful move, "I haven't got beyond the stage of being in love with love."

Kay is afraid of marriage. Nothing in the world ever has frightened her—save boredom. She's appalled at the thought of seeing, every morning, the same face across the breakfast table, of watching the same man put

the same number of lumps of sugar in his coffee.

"And I'm not the maternal type, either, I'm afraid," she lamented.

"Well, how did it happen—ah—all these men—"

"Oh, I know what you're trying to say," Kay came to the rescue. "You mean, if I didn't want any men, how did it happen that there always were so many around?"

"To begin at the very beginning, I *did* care about men—or rather, I did care about having men around. That was because then I was the official ugly duckling of the family. My sisters, Blanche and Marion, were both beauties, but all our relatives used to say: '*Isn't it a shame about Kay?*' When I reached the dating age Blanche was awfully sweet. She always used to make her date bring along a man, reluctant or otherwise, for me.

"Now I was an independent sort of kid. It made me mad as a hornet. I wanted to show 'em all. And I saw that, in this man business, if a girl hasn't beauty, she'd better learn to use her head. Well, here's one example. When we went to parties, I was always the one to play the piano while the others danced. Of course the ones that danced got the men. So I hit on this scheme: I'd sit down at the piano and sing blues. The tempo was impossible for dancing. Pretty soon all the men would be grouped around the piano—and the other girls would be thinking of forming an organization to work for the repeal of the existing laws governing homicide.

"All of which is highly unimportant, really, except that it started me off on two definite roads. One led to a singing career—and the other which (Continued on page 92)



RANCH REVELRY

LOUISE MASSEY AND THE WESTERNERS ARE HERE!



Above, Louise, Milt Mabie, Henry Auerwater, Larry Wellington, Jim Babcock and Dott and Allan Massey. Below, Larry, Dott, Louise, Allan, and Milt Mabie.



Above, time for grub, and, boy, how good that coffee smells! Henry and Louise are the cooks. Below, who wouldn't yearn for boots and saddle!



DON'T DARE CALL ME THAT!

N
B
C

Fibber McGee goes on the air. When caller takes are told, Fibber will tell them.

**SAYS FIBBER (JIM
JORDAN) OF FIBBER
McGEE AND MOLLY**



Marian and Jim Jordan in their familiar rôles of Fibber McGee and his Molly.

BY JERRY MAXWELL

THERE are some people who can't eat strawberries without breaking out in a rash and there are others who swell up like the Hindenburg after tackling a delicacy like sword-fish. All of which is a round about way of saying what one of the early philosophers said, back in the days of crystal sets: "One man's dish is another man's poison."

So it is with the word *Münchhausen* to Jim Jordan, *Fibber McGee* of *Fibber McGee and Molly* and the husband of Marian Jordan, who is *Molly* of the act, in case you haven't guessed. All you have to do to start Jim is to say *Münchhausen*! It's like waving a red flag at a bull, or throwing a slow ball to Jimmy Foxx—you've got to duck immediately. I found that out!

It was one of those hot nights in Chicago, when even the air-conditioned studio of NBC, in the Merchants Mart building, was little help. Marian and Jim Jordan had just concluded their 66th consecutive *Fibber McGee and Molly* program and were killing the four-hour interval, before the

repeat broadcast, by posing for a series of publicity pictures. As I said, and as the thermometer also said, it was a hot night and the arduous waits under the glaring Kleiglites set up by the studio camera-men weren't making it any cooler.

Interviewing the radio comics under these conditions was more than a little difficult. I was trying to squeeze in a few questions between takes and was getting nowhere rapidly. Jordan was willing, but tired. I happened to ask: "How did you come to select the character of a rural *Münchhausen*?" And we were off! It was like dropping a coin in a slot machine and hitting the jack-pot. The conversation flowed from Jordan, clear, concise and intelligent.

"*Münchhausen*!" said Jim. "*Münchhausen*! That's one word I can't stand. Neither our program nor my character resembles Jack Pearl's Baron in any way, shape or form. I've never copied anybody's style (Continued on page 58)



Is this the elusive *Beetle*, shaking hands with Phil?

Baker and McNaughton (*Bottle*) toast a new contract.



IF ONLY THEY

By RUTH GERI

IT WAS a social call, pure and simple. I hadn't expected to run into a story; wasn't looking for one. I had stumbled through the semi-darkness of the backstage labyrinth in a Philadelphia theater, found a battered door with a gilt paper star pasted on its outside. Two of the star's points hung frayed and torn. I knocked and a shadowy figure in a worn dressing-gown opened the door a cautious few inches and peeked out. Inside I saw two other figures perched precariously on rickety chairs. Hastily I apologized for the intrusion.

"Oh, that's all right. Come on in—just a couple of friends of mine."

Phil Baker threw open the door. Then as I entered the tiny dressing-room, one of the visitors arose politely and gave me a seat. Phil in-



troduced me to the two youngsters. They were from a Philadelphia school paper, and they had been assigned to interview a visiting celebrity. The senior, a serious-faced boy of about thirteen, overcame a seeming tendency of his Adam's apple to leap up and down and proceeded where he had left off at my interruption.

"Mr. Baker," he asked (his voice a mixture of bass and soprano, so, in the dim-lit room, it might have been two people speaking); "can you give us your formula for success?"

A startled light leaped into Phil's sad eyes. An absent look succeeded it. His Adam's apple did acrobatics.

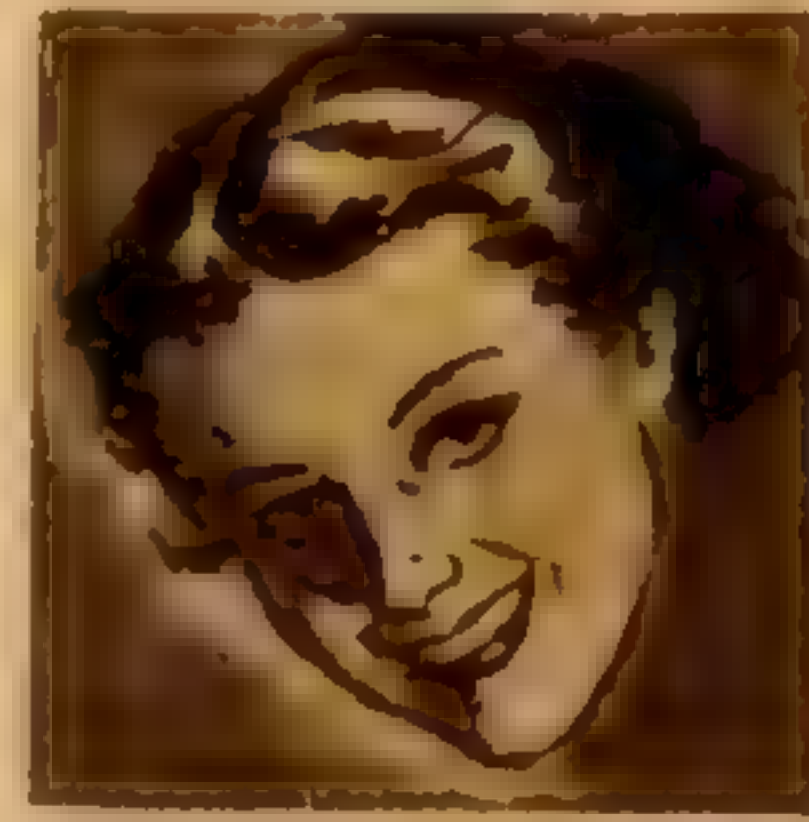
"Success!" he echoed, and looked through and beyond the two boys. "I don't know. You see, I—I never had

it." His voice vibrated sincerity.

The two youngsters gawked. Their busy pencils stayed poised in mid-air. You could read their startled thoughts. This was a funny man! Maybe this was a gag. Maybe you ought to laugh. Phil realized the consternation into which he had plunged them. He straightened in his chair.

"Oh, don't mind me, boys. I was just kidding," he reassured them gently.

The budding young reporters, relieved but still puzzled, trotted out ten minutes more of questions, to which Phil patiently replied. They glowed with pride as they stammered their



thanks and adieux. Phil sent out for two bottles of sarsaparilla and, while we drank it from the bottles, kid-fashion, I started right in to take him to task.

"What was the big idea," I de-

PHIL BAKER'S WHOLE CAREER WOULD HAVE BEEN



Phil Baker with his justly famous accordion.



Phil enjoys a quiet evening with his wife.



HADN'T LAUGHED...

manded, "of kidding those boys like that? What do you mean, you never had any success? There is a nice gold star out there on the door, even if it is torn. In show business, that's—"

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute," he interrupted. "I wasn't kidding. I just wasn't thinking, I guess—and I blurted out the truth instead of what those youngsters wanted me to say. But that *is* the truth."

Now even if you've never seen Phil in person—although most theater-goers have—certainly you've seen his pictures often enough. You know those sweetly sad eyes—sort of like a spaniel's. (*I hope he won't mind that!*) Well, at any rate, they suddenly, if you can imagine the transformation, turned from soft, sad eyes to hard, bitter ones.

"Success!" he sneered. "Baloney! Say, let me tell you what I mean. You know, I looked that up in



the dictionary once, and I've never forgotten what it said. You know what the word 'succeed' means? What the dictionary says?"

No, I didn't know that. But that seemed to be getting a little technical. To succeed was to get somewhere; to make a lot of money; to be famous, wasn't it?

"Oh, no. Not at all! You're 'way off. Here's what the book says: *'To obtain one's wishes; to accomplish something attempted.'* All right. There you are. I haven't done that yet. Sure, I've made some dough. But that's luck. But you know what I've always wanted? Wanted ever since I was a dirty-faced little kid on the east side in New York? Why, I wanted to be a musician . . . And I can't read a note!"



He paused to let that sink in.

"I wanted to be a musician—and I can't read a note!" He laughed hollowly. "If that's success, they had better hire a new defini-

tion man for the dictionary! And here's a funny thing:

"Last winter I was at a dinner where Jascha Heifetz was the guest of honor. I met his accompanist, Mr. Aarons, and I happened to mention to him that I can't read music. I was

sitting at the piano, playing snatches of this and that—all by ear, the way I play everything. 'Why, Mr. Baker, that's a great pity,' he said. 'You have real talent, musicianship. You should learn. It isn't too late.'

"You know, I'd rather have heard him tell me that than have my sponsor give me a raise!"

(Continued on page 80)

CHANGED AND HE WOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPIER, IF—

Built by Hewitt Sterilized by Mother
LOVE MOTIVE IN VILLAGE SLAYING SEEN
actors F
Mad Ride, 2 Close Love T
Washington, D. C., Aug. 25.—The story of her dead sweetheart by her side and his estranged husband, at the wheel of the car, was shot today by Mrs. J. Snyder, 26, was shot. Gilman Thomas

SENSATION ON THE

GABRIEL HEATTER BRINGS US THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN THE WORLD'S NEWS

TEN THOUSAND people fight madly for a glimpse of a hanging. . . . Girl shoots jealous rival. . . . Wife confesses all. . . . Brutal and convincing headlines of every day! The whispering chorus is no respecter of persons. Did you hear that Coughlin bought silver? Who were the men mentioned in Mary Astor's diary? Is it true that Eleanor Holm Jarrett—? Sensation-eating, scandal-loving—is that America today? I asked a man who should know, if anyone does.

"The vitamins of sensationalism are hate, panic, hysteria," he answered. "They are rampant abroad, but they are foreign to the American character. . . ."

It was Gabriel Heatter, MBS's distinguished commentator, speaking. "Curiosity is natural, the appetite for information, interest in what is going on around us, is right and should be met and stimulated, but the public tires of scandal-mongering. It might have a marvelous run for a while, but it defeats itself in the end and the public reacts against it violently. . . . "Sportsmanship," he continued, "is as typically American as it is said to be—an integral part of the make-up of the average American. And there is nothing a sportsman resents more than hitting below the belt. Personal abuse soon seems to be just that, however justified it may have appeared in the beginning."

"Take Jack Dempsey, for instance—it was thumbs down on him and for a while the public ate up stories blackening his character. His comeback was directly due to the public's final reaction against the violent personal abuse heaped on his head. The same thing is illustrated by the case of Samuel Insull—"

We were sitting at luncheon, discussing the news, which of course is Gabriel Heatter's life. He begins his day at seven-thirty with the morning papers. News comes to him from all over the world, by mail, by telephone, by wire and cable. All events, great and small—politics, at home and abroad; the black shadow of war in Europe; the impending drama of the political war at home, vital enough without the inevitable mud-slinging; outstanding events in sport or in the world of the theatre; or the stirring little dramas that take place in the average American home—all are grist for his mill.

Mr. Heatter himself likes best the human element in stories and is most successful at what he calls humanizing the news. He is, one suspects, a romanticist at heart and it is his gift for seeing the heart appeal, the human interest behind a news story that has made his program so popular. And it is the fairness, the impartiality of its presentation as well as his diction and delivery that make his listeners determined never to miss a broadcast.

"Radio is primarily a show business," he explained. "I am not a crusader. People don't want to hear what I think about these things, whether they are right or wrong—"

Rickford Slander Suit
Fifty Witnesses Subpoenaed by Slander Suit

W. O. News
entitled a child's residents no boy who

His Sisters of Slain Girl
Holm

athis
angle

f a mad mid
ntrysid-

AIR!

By Miriam
Rogers

"The vitamins of
sensationalism are
hate, panic and hys-
teria," says Gabriel
Heatter, distinguished
MBS news narrator.



they want to hear a story, they want to be en-
tertained. But of course they also rely on me
to give them the gist of the day's news, they
want to feel I have covered the ground, omitted
nothing they ought to know about. But scan-
dal, violent personal attacks, have no place on
the radio.

find some angle from which to discuss it
even now, perhaps, that would not be objec-
tionable in itself—I could for example talk
about how many times she had played similar
rôles before appearing in a courtroom itself
But I feel that my listeners would have def-
inite objection to hearing anything about it
over the air. They may buy papers and read
the diary when by themselves, but they cer-
tainly would not want their children to hear
it, and the radio is essentially a family
affair.

"Radio is different from everything else
—there'll never be any official censorship
as long as a hundred thousand individual lis-
teners can be their own censors and by a turn
of the dial, eliminate the undesirable. People
can throw away a newspaper, burn up a mag-
azine that disgusts them—but when the radio
is on, all the family can hear it. For that
reason, although you can violate good taste
on the air once, you won't get a second chance!"
"But how do you draw the line," I asked,
"between sensationalism and news? How do
you know how far you can go?"

"It is a question of good taste. Not only
my own sense of what constitutes good taste,
but what I feel to be the taste of the average
American. Women, by a large percentage,
make up the radio audience, husbands and chil-
dren are the balance. When you think of
them that way, as a family listening in, you
will see how important it is not to offend them.
"The people themselves feel a strong sense
of personal control. If I slip up, if I err in
good judgment, you may be sure I hear about
it very promptly. Take the Jimmy Walker
case, as an illustration. When he came back
from Europe, it was front page news, dra-
matic, appealing—a (Continued on page 65)

"There are some things a radio commentator
would not touch upon," he explained care-
fully. "Such a case as this Luciano, the vice
king, for instance, would be absolutely banned.
The Mary Astor business, too—now, if it
were a murder case and legitimate news, I
should touch upon it in some way. I could

MEN

Unkissed,
She Asks
Freedom

Problem Child, 16
Elopes with Art

Admits Killing Girl
Was Unhappy

after 'Fusoid'
of Food

Hang N
Slayer
Girl

LOS ANGELES
ston B. Gar
naval radioman
Maryland, Mo
day asked
thorities
hang him
cause he ch
his 19-year
weathert
Lu

Operation
Net Grips
6 Doctors

Continued from Page 3
Early in 1942, he was
found in the
Furness

Bid
Marlene Pays \$300
For Gilbert's Linen

Marlene
Dietrich,
who
yesterday
paid ten
times

ive Ta
stor Says

RADIO

In the Paramount picture, *The Big Broadcast of 1937*, Gracie Allen (right) shines anew. And over beyond is Sam Hearn, famous radio comic, who brightens the show in the rib-tickling rôle of *Schleppy*. Also in the cast are Jack Benny, Martha Raye, and others.

A GROUP OF STARS FROM PARAMOUNT'S NEW FILM, "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937"

GOES

Between Gracie Allen and Martha Raye, Bob Burns (below) doesn't know whether to laugh, scream, cry for help or yawn. But it's all for a scene in *The Big Broadcast of 1937*. And next beyond is song-maestro Benny Fields, who recently achieved over-night fame in New York, via radio and the night clubs. Benny comes back to Hollywood for a featured rôle in the new motion picture.

On the opposite page Gracie Allen does her stuff. Gracie, you know, always gets her man! This time the somewhat reluctant suitor is Jack Benny. We're so sorry for poor Jack! But look at the next picture! One suitor isn't enough for our Gracie, it would seem! Here she is exposing herself to a couple of Burns(es), Bob, who has swapped his bazooka for a straw and George, complete with tails!





HOLLYWOOD





Harry Von Zell, at work on the script for the *Town Hall* program, checking the final details.



Above, Mr. and Mrs. Von Zell enjoying a game of table tennis. Below, Harry with his wife and the children, Kenneth and Jeanne.



Success and happiness
for Harry Von Zell, when

Love FOUND A WAY...

By Miriam Gibson

THE rise of Harry Von Zell is the story of a wife's devotion.

"We were only nineteen when we were married," says Harry with an affectionate glow in his eyes. "We had met two years before, at a dance at the Venice Polytechnic High School. That was in Los Angeles, California. A friend of my wife's, Jeanne Meade, for whom our little girl is named, introduced us. We were married on October 20th, 1925, in a little Methodist Church in Culver City. Jeanne, and Kenneth deLand, now a director at *Paramount Pictures*, were our attendants. My father gave us two hundred dollars for a wedding gift. We used it to furnish a two-room apartment."

Then the Von Zell struggle began. Harry's has been no overnight success. It has been a hard road with much heartache. "But Mickey (his pet name for the missus) always has been a good sport about my work," he quickly explains.

When they were first married, Harry worked for the Union Pacific Railroad in California for less than twenty-five dollars a week. His wife had a secretarial job to help the family finances. His first radio job paid him ten dollars a week for a fifteen-minute period, in which he sang, played the ukelele and did his own announcing. His next step took him to announcing, from seven in the morning to twelve at night, at thirty-five dollars a week. He received an extra five dollars for arriving at the studio at six A. M. to announce the opening programs of the day. A talent contest brought him a sponsored program at fifty a week. The early Paul Whiteman show was his next step. He finally substituted for Bing Crosby as singer for a short

time. During this time Harry also was manager of the radio station. His working hours were sixteen hours a day, including Sunday. He never saw his baby, except when the child was asleep!

In 1930, Harry was earning seventy-five dollars a week. An agency man became interested in him, believed that here was a man who had the stuff of which success is made. He brought the Von Zell name to the attention of a *Columbia Broadcasting System* official. An offer to join the staff in New York was made, at a salary of sixty dollars a week.

At this turning point in his career, Harry did not know what to do. He had a wife and a baby less than a year old. Was it fair to them to take such a chance? To leave them in California and go three thousand miles away? In California he was buying a house. He had bought a small car on installments. Would New York offer the golden egg which meant financial security for him and his family?

"It was Mickey who made me decide at that crucial moment," he says. "In that fifteen minutes in which I had to make up my mind, she made me take the road which we now are traveling.

"Poor Mickey! That was a terrible moment for her. I would have to leave her in our home in California, with her sister Beulah who lives with us, and our baby Kenneth. Leave her, on a fifteen-minute decision to earn a salary of sixty dollars instead of the seventy-five I was making on the coast. But Mickey never hesitated.

"Your future lies in New York, dear," she said, "and the baby and I will be all (Continued on page 84)

Anne Rockefeller



Sert Room, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York. "Whether I'm in the Sert Room of The Waldorf-Astoria—at home—or at the homes of my friends—I notice that Camels are the favorite."—Anne C. Rockefeller



...and her
famous
"Little
Dinners"

MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure...the menu itself kept very simple. Just soup and entrée...a pause for a Camel...followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee...with Camels between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see to it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

*A few of the distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia	Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, Boston	Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., Wilmington
	Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles
	Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Laughorne, Virginia
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York	Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman, III, Baltimore
Mrs. Langdon Post, New York	Miss Lucy Saunders, New York
	Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

*Add to the joy of good digestion
by Smoking Camels*

REMEMBER the friendly touches that make Anne Rockefeller's dinners so charming. A simple menu, plenty of Camels. Smoking Camels, scientists agree, stimulates the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids that play such a welcome part in good digestion.

Smoke as many Camels as you wish, during meals and after. As Frank, head waiter of The Waldorf's Sert Room, says: "Excellent food calls for costlier tobaccos. In the Sert Room, where discriminating people gather, Camels are the favorite." Their delicate flavor gives each succeeding Camel a never-tiring taste. And, being mild, Camels never get on your nerves. Smoke them for digestion's sake!

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM
FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND
DOMESTIC...THAN ANY
OTHER POPULAR BRAND.



Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS



Smart new hot-dish pad of satin-finish aluminum

YOURS FOR 10¢ and one (1) label from Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk—the Magic Milk

Act at once—this offer good for a limited time only!

HERE's a hot-dish pad to protect your table. So good-looking, so modern, you can be proud to use it at your nicest parties!

It's in soft-lustre, satin-finish aluminum, on a thick felt base. Durable. Something you've always wanted—at a bargain!

So don't delay. Buy a can of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk—the magic milk—and send the label and 10c to ad-

dress at lower right. Use coupon for convenience. You'll want several!

IMPORTANT: This offer is made solely to acquaint you with Eagle Brand, the magic milk which turns difficult cooking into easy tricks! Imagine changing plain bread into delicious cakes! Think of getting gorgeous chocolate frosting every time! in only 5 minutes!



FREE COOKBOOK OF MAGIC, TOO. With hot-dish pad, you get "Magic Recipes," a whole cookbook of cookies, pies, puddings, candies, frostings, salad dressings, ice creams.

Money-back Guarantee—To everyone who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the smart hot-dish pad of satin-finish aluminum, we make this guarantee: If within two weeks after buying this hot-dish pad, you are not *entirely satisfied*, you may return the hot-dish pad to us and we will refund you the full 10¢ you paid for it. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please note: Any Eagle Brand label—either the one shown here or the one with wide red bands—is acceptable in this offer.

ACT AT ONCE!

Your order not good unless postmarked before midnight, Dec. 31, 1936.



The Borden Company,
Dept. MM-116
P. O. Box 60,
Varick St. Station,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is one (1) Eagle Brand label and 10¢ (in coin), for which

please send me the satin-finish aluminum hot-dish pad with money-back guarantee as specified in your advertisement. Also please send free Magic cookbook.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send one (1) Eagle Brand label and 10¢ to The Borden Company, Ltd., Yardley House, Toronto, Ont.



Made in 5 minutes! Fool-proof!

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stir over boiling water 5 minutes or until mixture thickens. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, or top and sides of loaf cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes.

Change bread to cake!

MAGIC COCONUT STRIPS

Slice day-old white bread, 3/4 inch thick. Trim off crusts. Cut into strips 3/4 inch by 2 inches long. Spread strips on all sides with Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, covering well. Then roll in dry shredded coconut, broken fine. Brown under broiler at low heat, or toast on fork over coals. It'll taste like Angel Food Cake, coconut-frosted.



THE RIJSTAFEL
A POPULAR JAVANESE DISH
REQUIRES 20 WAITERS TO SERVE IT!

THE RADIO HOSTESS, NANCY WOOD, PRESENTS ROBERT L. RIPLEY



Left, a chef from France presides in the kitchen of Ripley's country home.



Right, one of Bob's rare treasures is this wooden bucket from remote Goust.

IT was Webster who said: "There is nothing so powerful as truth—and often nothing so strange," to which Robert Ripley has added "and nothing half so interesting!"

With that thought in mind, Bob has spent the last dozen years or more collecting incidents and facts that could be described by such terms as odd, strange, amazing, phenomenal and even incredible! But never a one has he used unless he has on hand indisputable proof of the truth of his statement.

Because of the interest that the world at large has taken in these "truthful phenomena," Bob has earned and long held an enviable place in the public's oftentimes fickle

affections. Starting his career as a sports cartoonist, he since has become one of the most copied artists in the world and his is one of the most widely syndicated of newspaper features. Not surprising, then, that now, through the medium of popular dramatizations of some of the most interesting of the tales he has to tell, he also has become one of the best known names on the air waves.

But interest in his sketches and his stories should not make us forget that the man himself is astonishing. His insatiable curiosity, his ever alert interest in anything and everything, the things he knows and the very way he lives also are a part of the present day success story that we

know as Bob "Believe-It-Or-Not" Ripley.

Nor did I overlook the fact—in my amazement and interest—that my real duty as *Radio Hostess* lies in telling you what Bob likes to eat and how you can secure recipes for these unusual dishes of his. You can rest assured, therefore, that I went into the subject of his food preferences most thoroughly and found Bob as interesting on that question as on all others. So you'll find, at the end of this article, a convenient little coupon which will bring you a free copy of this month's *Radio Stars* recipe leaflet which contains specific directions for preparing Robert Ripley's favorite foods. (Continued on page 56)

And, believe it or not, Bob knows some delightful dishes!

IS MARLENE'S ALLURE FOR THE EYE ALONE?

(Continued from page 21)



HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by Jane Heath

● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the results—and never know why wives look prettier.

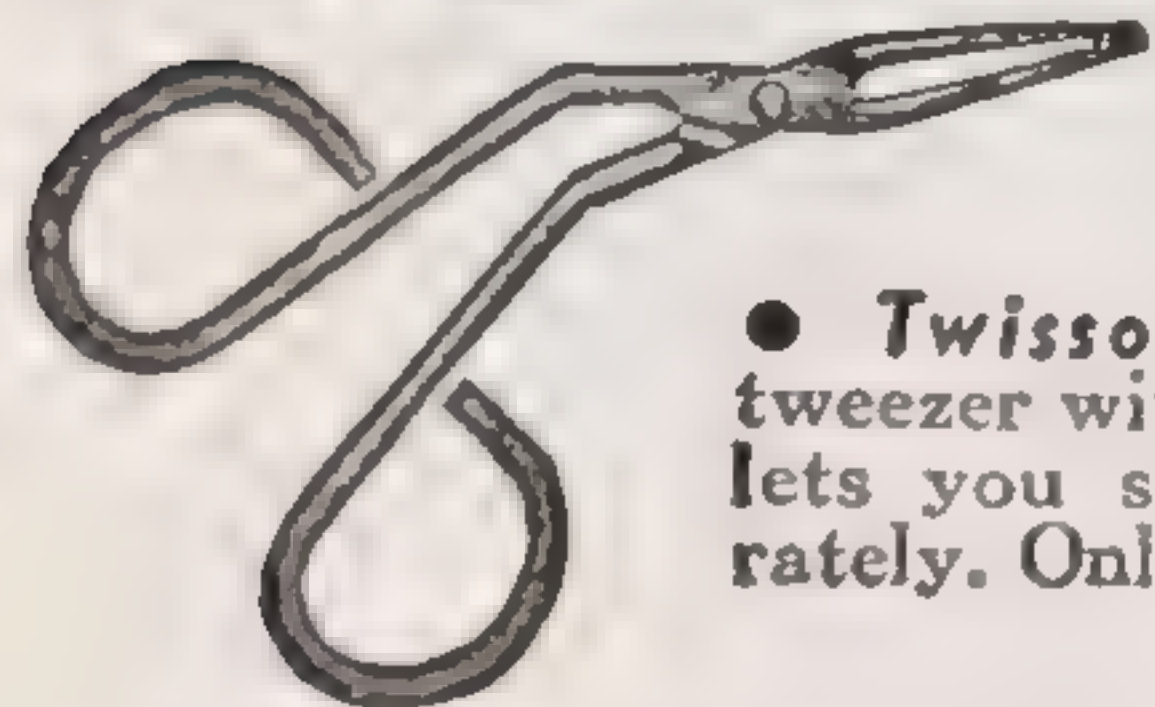
You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH (\$1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.



● **Lashtint Compact.** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, ensuring just the right consistency to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. \$1.



● **Kurlene.** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, \$1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and \$1 sizes.



● **Twissors.** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MM11, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

one who knows.

The next question we put to Clark Gable, who co-starred with Marlene on the Lux program:

"Granted that you were a radio fan, would you tune in on Marlene Dietrich if she were on a weekly program?"

"My answer is 'yes,'" said Clark, "if I didn't happen to be tied up in front of a camera, which seems to be my fate whenever there is something good on the air. I've never appeared with Miss Dietrich in pictures, so naturally I watched her work closely when we did our radio skit. From where I was standing, Marlene Dietrich has the same vital quality on the air that she has in person—something a number of her pictures hasn't caught."

And Mr. Gable, too, should know about glamour. In his meteoric screen career he has appeared with most of Hollywood's smouldering sirens. So let's place his opinion along with Mr. DeMille's.

We asked Danny Danker, the man behind the Lux program (he produces the show and signs all the talent) about the listeners' reaction to Miss Dietrich.

"We were," said Mr. Danker, "especially anxious to hear what our radio audience had to say about our opening program. We, who are so close to a program's source, sometimes feel that we don't have the proper perspective for judging audience reaction, so we read every letter carefully."

"The vast majority of listeners who wrote in congratulated us on securing Marlene Dietrich for the program. Most of them had heard her on the air for the first time, and practically all of them asked that we engage her for another performance."

All of this literary hand-clapping for Marlene must mean that the listeners want to hear more of her. But our quest was not yet ended. We still wanted to talk to the man on the street. Here he is:

He will, of course, remain anonymous. For want of a worse name we shall call him Homer J. Quibble.

"Mr. Quibble," we said, "as a man who heard Marlene Dietrich on the air, what is your honest opinion?"

"Frankly," said Mr. Q., "my answer is mostly yes and a little bit no. What I mean is this: In her dramatic skit Miss Dietrich was swell, but I can't say I liked her singing of *Falling in Love Again*. Her speaking voice has everything, but her singing either hasn't enough quality or it simply isn't adjusted to radio requirements."

Mr. Quibble probably is right about the Dietrich vocal departments. Her singing, to those of us who saw as well as heard her, was highly pleasing. For the unseen and unseeing audience, however, it needs more study of radio technique.

Thus the jury has returned, as it were, a verdict in favor of Marlene. At the moment, however, she's not around to hear it. She and her daughter, Maria,



Marlene Dietrich has glamour in her every word, her every breath.

are abroad on a vacation and visiting Marlene's husband, Rudolph Seiber—which means that the Dietrich radio fans won't hear the lady's voice on the airwaves for a month or two, at least. Then she'll probably play a return engagement at the Lux Radio Theatre or on some other program featuring Hollywood stars.

In the meantime, what would you like to hear as her next radio vehicle? Her last, *The Legionnaire and the Lady*, was a shortened version of *Morocco*, a Dietrich picture of several years ago. Should she enact a version of one of her other pictures? Or would you prefer her in original dramas written for radio?

This is purely personal, but we should like to hear Marlene put *The Blue Angel* on the air. Made in Germany, it brought her instant acclaim and led her, of course, to Hollywood. In *The Blue Angel*, unlike some of her more recent pictures, she was alive, full of the joy of living; she had a warmth and a compelling quality about her which won every audience. Can she repeat that on the air?

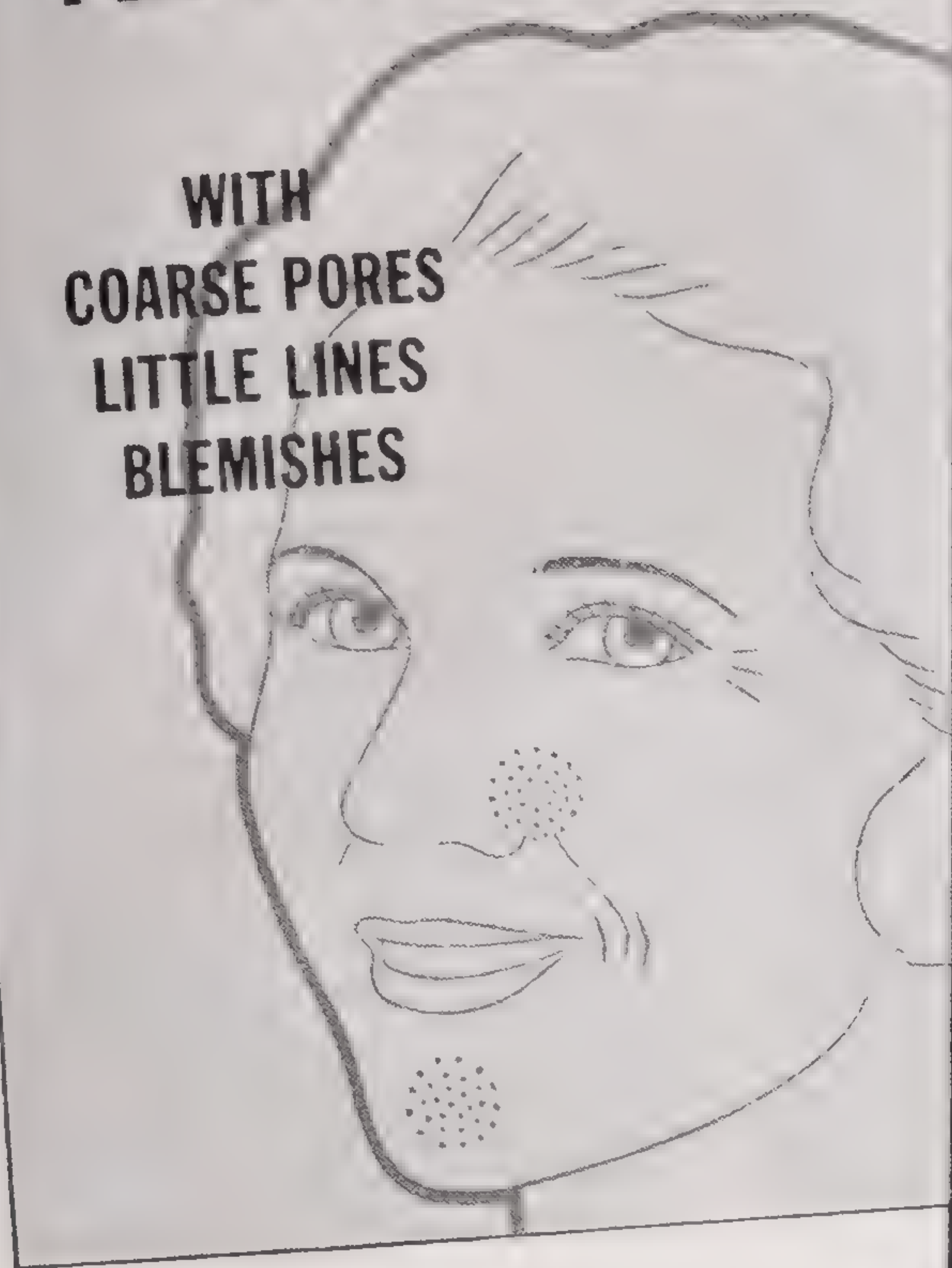
Some of Marlene's more recent screen rôles have given us nothing more than a series of beautiful photographs; they've made her almost an inanimate object—beautiful but cold and lifeless, and not at all like the off-screen Dietrich. Actually she is much more like the Dietrich of *The Blue Angel*, and it is our guess that Marlene would welcome an opportunity to prove it to the radio audience.

The answer, in our opinion, is that some of the glamour girls of Hollywood can translate their appeal into terms of radio, while others would doubtless get themselves tuned off in favor of *Uncle Don* or the *So-and-So Mountaineers*. Glamour is sometimes only skin deep, but it must have been born in Marlene Dietrich, for she has it in her every word, almost in her every breath.

Everyone admits she's Hollywood's most beautiful woman. Everyone says she has that certain something—they used to term it *s. a.*; now it's whatever you want to call it. Whatever it is, it sounds swell on the networks. So climb onto the airwaves, Marlene—unless you're holding out for television!

YOUR FACE IS
"YEARS OLDER"

WITH
COARSE PORES
LITTLE LINES
BLEMISHES



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin . . . make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface,

but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

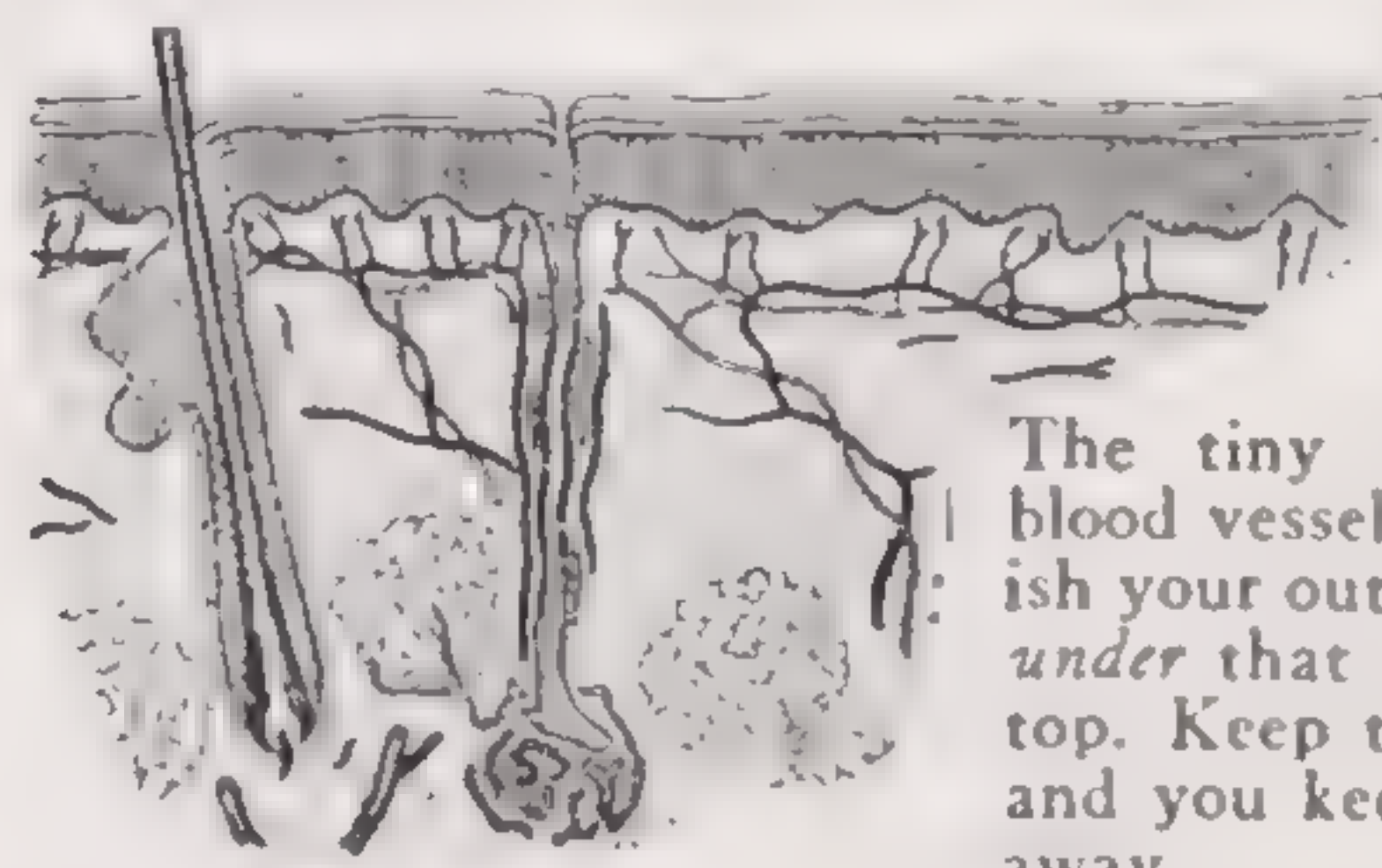
But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream

briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing . . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



Aging faults start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L-128, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream
keeps my skin soft
and clear—smooths
out little lines."

THE RADIO HOSTESS

(Continued from page 53)



"The Queen Has a Most Excellent Taste for Tea"

SOME gracious Victorian lady may well have ventured such an opinion, for it was known that England's great Queen Victoria had had her private tea blended specially to her taste by the famous tea house of the time—Ridgways (Est. 1836).

Since 1900 all the world has been able to taste and enjoy Queen Victoria's private tea—now known as Ridgways "Her Majesty's Blend".

For 100 years Ridgways have been the world's Foremost Quality Teas. Today Ridgways offers teas for almost every taste and purse. The experience of 100 years, in selecting and blending fine teas, assures the deliciousness and quality of the Ridgways Tea you may choose—

Ridgways Gold Label—100% Orange Pekoe

Ridgways "Her Majesty's Blend" (or "H.M.B.")

Ridgways 5 O'Clock—delicious Ceylon Darjeeling

Ridgways Orange Label—now in a generous 10c size

Ridgways Teas

PRaised THE WORLD OVER FOR THEIR FLAVOR
1836 — RIDGWAYS ONE HUNDREDTH YEAR — 1936

But before discussing culinary matters I want to tell you about the fascinating house in which our host lives.

Ripley, when not on one of his trips to far-off lands, lives on an island in Long Island Sound, conveniently near to New York's broadcasting studios and to his favorite golf courses! Bob has named his place *Bion Island*. Just take the first letters of those now famous words of his, *Believe-It-Or-Not*, and you'll know the reason for the name.

The estate is reached by crossing an ordinary bridge from the mainland, but in time, I understand, there will be a draw-bridge to satisfy the owner's liking for privacy and the bizarre! As you approach Bion Island the house, from the outside, looks for all the world like the prosaic home of a retired banker. But step inside the front door and I guarantee that your eyes will fairly pop! Then, if you are lucky enough to have Bob himself as guide, I'll guarantee further that you are sure to spend the most absorbing afternoon of your life—listening to his stories about the fascinating things that surround you on every side.

The rug in the hall, he would tell you, is a priceless one from far-off India. The lamp above it a most rare example of the glass and metal work of ancient Spain. The wood carvings in the Tap Room are 'Primitives' from darkest Africa. The tiny mummified head on the side table of the living-room comes from South America and is the best example of its kind that Bob has ever found. The buffet in the dining-room is an old hand-carved wooden altar. The scarf on the dining-room table once was a Mohammedan woman's veil with a black patch in the centre which served as a none-too-transparent face covering for this unknown beauty of the harem when she walked abroad. The wooden bucket, filled with good old American cheese popcorn, was originally a milk pail in Gouse—one of the least known and least visited spots in the entire world, situated as it is on a plateau high in the Pyrennes, with a language that rivals that of the Basques for tongue twisters.

These are but a few of the countless strange things I saw, scattered about the house. Then finally we went into the *Museum Room* and here, indeed, I felt like Alice in Wonderland with everything growing "curiouser and curiouser."

And as I listened to Bob describe every item in the fascinating collection which he has placed in that lovely room with its star-studded ceiling, I realized more fully what an inexhaustible well of information is his mind—from which he can draw at will whole bucketsful of related and unrelated facts. Just mention any country on this globe of ours and he can tell you some strange tale about its history and its people. He has visited one hundred and eighty-five countries, including places like Djerba and Zara of which I dare say few of us have heard! In fact, according to Bob, not many people can even name fifty countries—*believe-it-or-not*—so you might try it out as a brain teaser some time and

see if he's right.

Ask Bob about food, too, as I did and he'll surprise you by being equally well informed, with facts about more strange native dishes than any mere culinary reporter could hope to remember—much less describe. However I did take notes on some of them, which I shall pass on to you.

But first, let's discuss Bob's favorite dish. And what do you think that is? *Stew!*

"Wherever you go," said Ripley, "you are sure to find that the most tasty and typical dish of the country you are visiting is the local version of Stew. In other words it is meat prepared and seasoned in a characteristic fashion, placed in a pot with the vegetables that grow in that particular region and cooked until the whole thing is tender. The cooking vessel may be a three-foot iron one, such as is used by the *gauchos* in South America; in which case the Stew would be called *puchero* and would be as good as anything you've ever tasted. Ask for *Ragout* in France, *Goulash* in Hungary, *Sukiyaki* (pronounced Skee-ya-kee by Bob, if I remember rightly) in Japan—and it's still Stew! And chances are, the world over, that it will be fresh and flavorful. But don't ask for *Chop Suey* in China," he added laughing, "for they've never heard of it!

"In my opinion," Bob continued, "the best cooks in the world are the Japanese. Much charm is added to their foods, too, because you usually see what you are going to eat before it is cooked, as it is prepared right at the table before your eyes.

"The Chinese also have a deserved reputation as good cooks. And, of course, it would be wrong to overlook the French. It would be particularly foolish of me to do so because my French chef, Louis, might feel slighted by such an omission on my part! Funny thing, my chef doesn't talk English and I don't talk French! Yet we get along famously. Of course the love of good food can be expressed without words—an approving smile and a smack of the lips after a good meal being a language that is more universally understood than Esperanto could ever hope to be!

"I'm as curious about the foods of foreign countries as I am about their customs," Bob went on. "And I'm always ready to try anything in the food line once! In Java, for instance, I enjoyed eating their characteristic dish, called *Rijsttafel*. This requires the services of twenty waiters and consists of a basic mixture of rice which is brought in on a large plate. Presently the procession of waiters appears, each bearing a platter laden with every conceivable kind of meat and vegetable.

"As they file past, each transfers some of his load to your plate, until you have in front of you a pile of mammoth proportions, consisting of rice, curry, sausages, gravy, chicken, green peppers, minced meat, fried eggs, beef hash, ba-

nanas, fried fish, olives, pickled eggs, beef stew and cucumbers! The whole thing is then stirred together vigorously and each diner is supposed to eat all that is set before him. This is a formidable task, indeed, for a novice, although during my stay in Java I saw many a dainty Dutch Miss absorb about half her weight in *Rijsttafel* at a single sitting!

"But I never bothered asking for cooking directions," Bob concluded.

"But haven't you some recipes filed away in your collection of oddities, that I might be able to use?" I inquired.

"I imagine we can get a couple of good ones from the chef," Bob agreed helpfully, "that is if you can *parlez Francais* sufficiently to understand him. He ought to be able to give you a good *Ragout* recipe and one for *French Pancakes*—about the only sweet I eat. Then I'm sure my secretary can find you some others in my files. How about *Lemon Soup* from Greece? And *Bavarian Cabbage*, cooked with apples, believe-it-or-not! Or England's justly famous *Yorkshire Pudding*, which isn't a *pudding* at all, if you think of the word as applying to a dessert. And there is India's *Curry of Chicken and Rice*, which with some modifications and considerably less curry will please the average taste."

You will find the recipes for these very dishes that Bob mentioned in this month's leaflet. All are unusual, it is true, but none so strange that it would not appeal to anyone who is not a slave to habit.

Nor does a single one of them call for ingredients that could not be found on the shelves of any well stocked pantry. So send for your set now—just to be different! You are sure to enjoy making and eating these characteristic culinary favorites of India, Greece, England and France.

Included also in this month's leaflet are some amusing food facts culled from Bob Ripley's files, which serve as footnotes to his recipes. These *Believe-It-Or-Nots* of Bob's inspired me to make a somewhat similar collection—strictly on my own.

The first positive evidence in regard to cooking equipment dates from Egypt about 6,000 years ago. Among the painting on the walls of their rock tombs along the Nile there are a number illustrating the preparation of meals. About 1600 B.C., the kitchen had become a department of great importance, as shown by paintings of the royal bakery and kitchen of Rameses III.

The Barbecue of today may be traced back to Homer's time, when meat was roasted over the fire in similar style.

The Queen of Sheba included several camel loads of spices among the gifts she presented to King Solomon.

One fruit supplies the world with two widely different spices, Mace and Nutmeg. Mace is the brightly hued inner lining of the shell and Nutmeg is the seed.

Clove derives its name from the French word *Clou*—meaning nail—which describes its shape.

Rice was considered the symbol of fertility and happiness in ancient countries. From this grew our custom of throwing rice at brides. Rice, in some parts of the Orient, was and still is the medium of exchange for debts, taxes and even wages.

(Continued on page 79)



Mothers! A delicious quick meal
packed full of nourishment
—and it costs less than 3¢ a portion

THEY'RE growing fast, playing hard — those lively, lovable youngsters of yours. They're burning up energy all day long. They need good, hearty, satisfying food and plenty of it!

Give them Franco-American Spaghetti often. It's rich in vital food elements. It supplies, at low cost, body-building proteins — energy-giving carbohydrates — valuable vitamins in its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce. Children love it and it's so easy for you to prepare. No cooking or fussing. Just heat and bring to the table.

The whole family will enjoy Franco-American. Its rich, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce, containing eleven different ingredients, makes it taste different as can be from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. "It's far better than I could make," women tell us. And costs *less!*

A can is usually no more than ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't buy uncooked spaghetti and all your ingredients and prepare it yourself for so little. Order Franco-American Spaghetti from your grocer today.

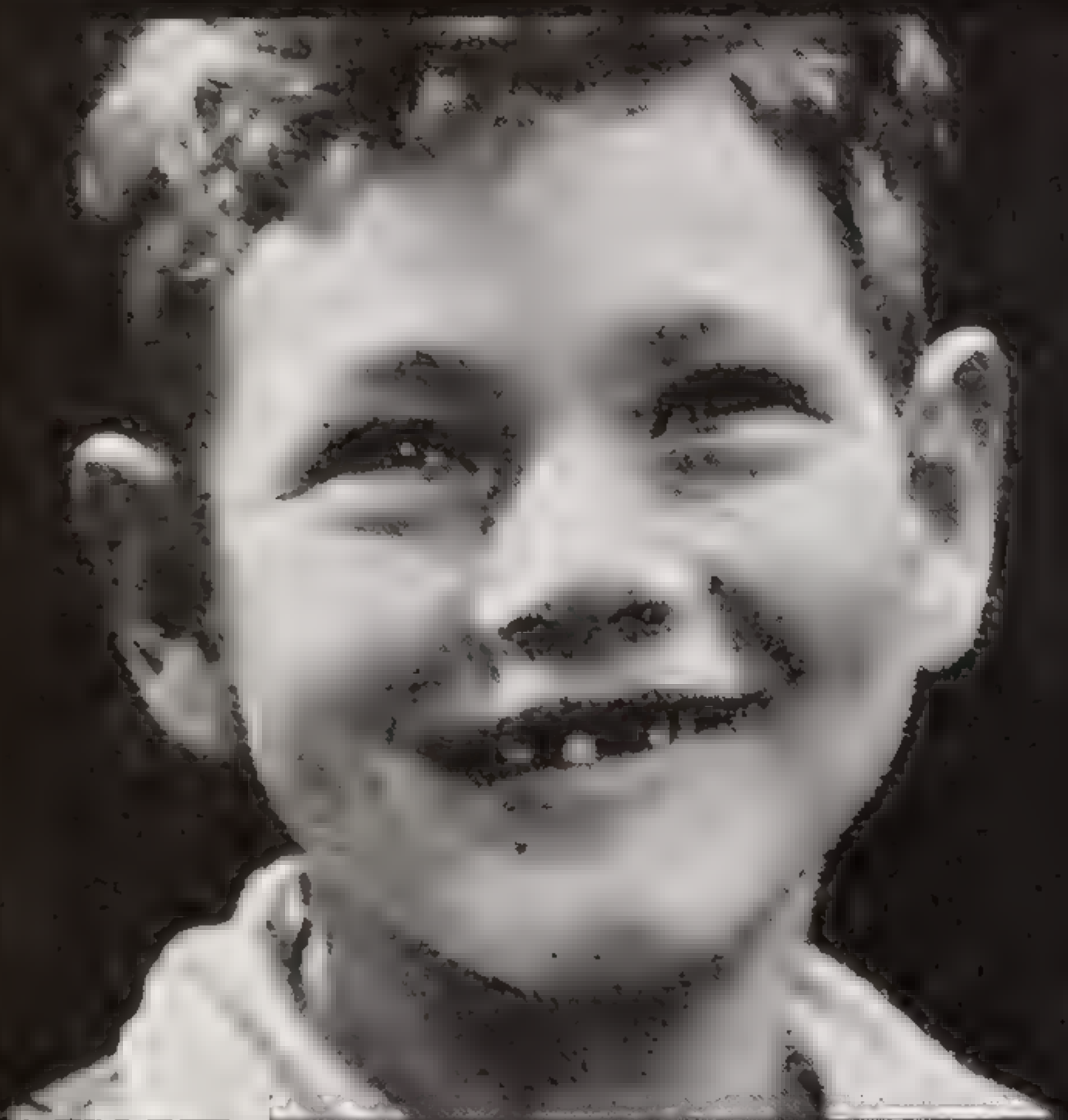
**Franco-American
SPAGHETTI**



THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

COMEDY NOW- TRAGEDY LATER



DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Half-way care of the teeth is no joke. Clean your teeth regularly but don't neglect your gums. Neglected gums invite serious trouble, dentists will tell you. Why take that chance? Forhan's gives double protection. *Cleans* and *whitens* teeth, and at the same time *safeguards* gums.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from other tooth pastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon to *do both jobs*. With it you clean and brighten teeth; and at the same time you massage gums, just as so many dentists advise. Get Forhan's, today. It costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes—yet ends ordinary half-way care. Also in Canada.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL
TOOTH PASTE
for the GUMS
and TEETH
by
R.J. Forhan
D.D.S.

HYGEIA
NURSING
BOTTLE...

SAFE
BECAUSE
IT'S
EASIEST
TO CLEAN
ASK
YOUR
DOCTOR



NEW
Powder Spray
CHECKS BODY ODORS
Surer, Easier Way!

See that spray? It covers every bit of offending surface like a light, clingy blanket. Try it instead of creams, liquids.

Merwood looks like a compact, but shoots a fine spray of instantly deodorizing powder when pressed between fingers. Harmless to skin and fabric. Perfect for purses—nothing to spill. At most 10c Stores. If unobtainable send coupon.

10c

Merwood POWDER DEODORANT

Merwood Co., Dept. 2-M, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.
I'd like to try Merwood—the new Powder Deodorant Spray. I enclose 10c for regular, large size.

Name _____ Town _____
Address _____ State _____

DON'T DARE CALL ME THAT!

(Continued from page 43)

yet and I have no intention of starting now."

"But, Mr. Jordan," I protested, "The *Münchhausen* stories were published over one hundred and fifty years ago. You've got to admit that antedates Jack Pearl." I grinned at him.

"Sure," he agreed. "I know that and you know it, but how many radio fans associate *Münchhausen* with a book which was published in 1785? *Münchhausen* and Pearl are coupled in the betting as far as radio listeners are concerned. I thought Jack's program was swell, it's success proved that, but I don't like the *Münchhausen* tag being hung on our act, lest it be misconstrued as a copy of Pearl's previous programs."

And then Jim was off, describing the character which practically every radio listener knows by now, the bombastic rustic who is forever given to flights of fancy, only to be brought crashing to earth by the nasal realities voiced by his wife, *Molly*. It is a development of their own *Smackout* series, which revolved around the proprietor of a crossroads general store, who invariably was "jest smack out of" whatever commodity his customers attempted to purchase.

The character comes naturally to the Jordans, who trouped through many a small town in their vaudeville and concert days and who have a rural background of their own, both being brought up on a small farm a few miles outside of Peoria, Illinois.

They have endowed *Fibber McGee* with characteristics which are as American as ham and eggs. If you've ever lived in a small town, you have only to tune in on *Fibber and Molly* once or twice before you've identified the pair—it's the local village blow-hard, who is kept in check only by the homely good sense of his better half.

The Jordans are one of the few radio teams which bases its act upon the theory that its listeners have some intelligence. Pioneers at broadcasts, with twelve years of experience behind them, they've seen radio comedy grow up from infantile gags, blue-printed and hurled straight into the laps of the listeners, to humor which is more deft and subtle, more adult. "Radio audiences are smarter now," declared Jordan, "thanks to the work of comedians like Fred Allen and Jack Benny. They're educated to expect something more than the old-time minstrel question-and-answer gags and we're trying to give them that type of humor—smart, but not too smart. We're playing up to our audiences, instead of down to 'em, which was the accepted formula in the old days," explained Jordan.

Although the *Fibber McGee and Molly* program is on the air only thirty minutes a week, and much of that time is given to musical interludes by Ted Weems' orchestra and commercial interpolations by Announcer Harlow Wilcox, the pair works at least eighteen hours on each program, counting rehearsals, script revisions and so on.

The *Fibber McGee* script is prepared by Don Quinn, a reformed commercial artist, who took to script writing when the depression made commercial artists a luxury in which few firms cared to indulge. Quinn drifted into script writing by accident, working on early scripts of the Jordans through his friendship with them. He later worked with Olson and Johnson for a long period.

It is Quinn who writes the first, rough draft of the script. He does this by himself and then presents it to Marian and Jim. Through a series of consultations with the pair, the script is rewritten at least twice.

Then Don takes a night off for the final preparation, starting at midnight and working through until about eight in the morning, fortified by countless pots of coffee and innumerable packs of cigarettes.

"And even then, we sometimes make last minute changes," admits Quinn. "I keep just one program ahead. I used to try and get three or four up in advance, but found that the script was very much fresher when it was prepared only a week ahead."

The Jordans are now in their 72nd week on the *Fibber McGee and Molly* program, with indications that it will run through the winter. The Weems orchestra has supplanted that of Rico Marchelli, which appeared for a solid year on the program. The Jordans are now on a Coast-to-Coast hook-up, making a repeat broadcast four hours after their first, for the benefit of California listeners.

Their fan mail has mounted steadily in the past year, so much so, in fact, that it takes a letter four weeks to reach Marian or Jim. It goes direct to their sponsors, the *Johnson Auto-Wax Company*, where it is sorted and checked. A radio club in Chicago made Jim a member and presented a membership key to him, but he had to go around to the club personally and pick it up, unless he wanted to wait the month it would take to reach him via the studio mail.

The Jordans feel the responsibility of a weekly program, as opposed to a daily program. "When we first were on the air, we used to broadcast at least once a day and sometimes we were on after-noon and night," explained Marian. "If you felt that a broadcast didn't click, you didn't mind much, because you knew you could come right back the next day and redeem yourself. When you're on only once a week, you've got to be good! It takes too long to square yourself for a flop broadcast."

One item over which *Fibber and Molly* never cease to congratulate themselves is the policy of their sponsors, which is to let the entertainers plan the program. This is one program which has escaped the bane of every radio performer's existence, "sponsor trouble."

The one standard line in their broadcasts is a derisory: "*T'aint funny, McGee!*" contemptuously flung in Fibber's direction by Molly when he soars too high in his impractical schemes. The line, however,

is used sparingly, with the Jordans careful not to lean too heavily on it, lest it become a millstone around their necks, such as: *Vas you dere, Sharley?* or *I'se regusted!*

In the parlance of the trade, the Jordans are "actors' actors." At all of their performances, there may be spotted in the audience other radio entertainers, even some from rival networks, enjoying the *McGees* and contributing to the applause. Another favorable mark of the Jordan programs is that they never have had to descend to questionable humor or *double entendre* lines for their laughs.

It was not always as comics that this pair appeared on the air-waves. The Jordans spent three years in vaudeville as a harmony singing team and never spoke a line and their only humor was expressed in character songs, of the type made famous by Van and Schenck when vaude was enjoying its golden era.

The Jordans came to the ether as singers, but before long decided that there were far too many singers on the air and far too many singers out of work. "Better singers than we were, too," admitted Marian, honestly. And so they decided to try comedy.

Remember a song called *Can't Yo Heah Me Callin', Caroline?* and another called *Knee-deep in Daisies?* Kind of ancient, aren't they? Well, those songs date the advent of the Jordans before a microphone, on a little station in Chicago, *WIBO*, back in 1924. It was their first try at radio and they applied for the chance on a dare given by some friends.

Later the Jordans appeared on the first

commercially sponsored program in the midwest, the O. Henry candy bar program, for which they received the munificent sum of ten dollars. They supplemented their radio work with week-ends in vaudeville, since in those days there was not enough money in radio to live on.

Once they started to click on the radio, the Jordans abandoned vaudeville. *The Smith Family*, which endured for three or four years, was one of their first radio hits, but they indulged in a wide variety of programs in those days, including a children's hour, in which they dramatized Mother Goose tales, such as *King Cole*, *Little Bo-Peep* and others.

Later, the Jordans were on a program known as *The Grab Bag*, in which they clipped gags from the humor magazines and dramatized them. In this hour, as in their nursery rhyme series, Marian and Jim would impersonate as many as a dozen characters. They seldom play double, triple or quadruple rôles, because it wouldn't go over well before a studio audience. Marian does the popular little girl and the *whoopla* old lady, regular characters in the show, and Jim does a sort of goofy smart-aleck oaf called *Mort Toops*. Their current program is well supplied with stooges, and impersonations by the Jordans would merely add to their labors and serve, furthermore, to keep other entertainers out of work.

Both Jordans are of Irish descent and their romance began years ago when they met in the choir of St. John's Church in Peoria, back in 1918, when Jim already had appeared in vaudeville and Marian was taking voice culture lessons.

Their romance was interrupted briefly by the war, for Jim went overseas. He makes no claims to being a war hero, however, for he became ill on the trip to France, was sent directly to a base hospital when the troopship landed at St. Nazaire. When he was discharged, he was taken into a troupe whose business it was to entertain the soldiers behind the lines and maintain their morale.

When Jordan finally returned to civil life, he and Marian organized a concert company, known as *The Metropolitan Entertainers*, although neither had ever seen New York, barring the brief glimpse Jim got when he embarked from Hoboken as a doughboy. No town was too small for them to play and they appeared in hamlets that even map-makers Rand and McNally never heard of, ranging through the midwest and southwest from Wappello Iowa, to San Angelo, Texas.

They played in barns and in fire-houses, if the town had no local opera house. Their show lasted over two hours and had thirteen intermissions. Then they took a fling in vaudeville, not because the remuneration was any greater, but because the accommodations were better. And, finally, as already related, they landed in radio.

The Jordans are happy now in radio, portraying rural America, instead of barnstorming through it, happy with their children, Kathryn, sixteen, and James Junior, twelve, in school in Chicago, happy in their characterization of *Fibber McGee* and *Molly*. Happy, in fact, until someone says. *Münchhausen!* And then get ready to duck.

Don't say I didn't warn you!

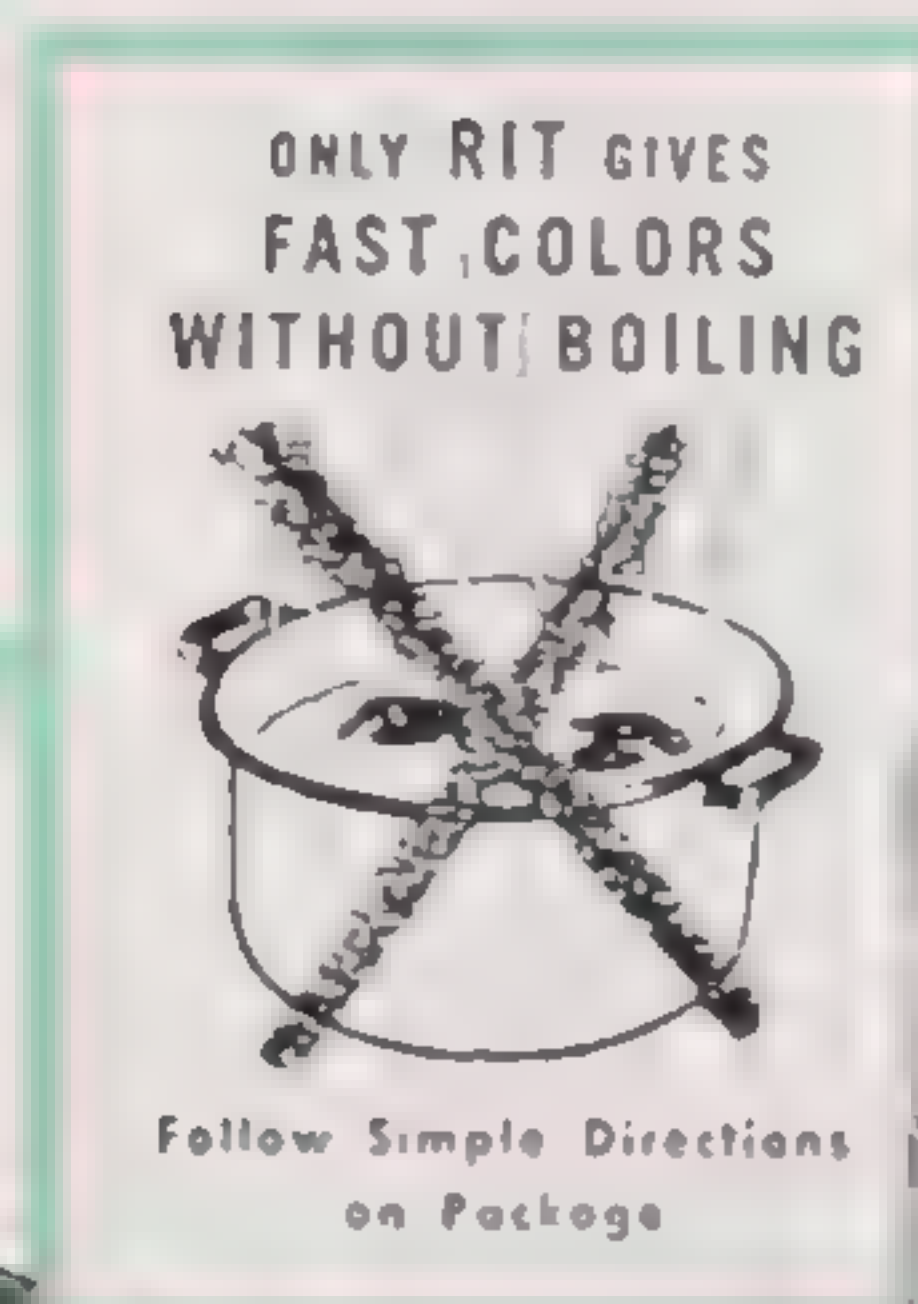
Dyeing is a "laughing matter" now!

GONE is the old-fashioned drudgery of dyeing—now you can do it with a smile on your face because the muggy, steamy boiling has been eliminated by Rit. One special ingredient found *only in Rit* makes colors soak in deeper . . . faster . . . easier!

Try Rit soon and enjoy its radiant colors—its ease . . . its marvelous economy.

But be sure you get genuine Rit, because truly no other tint or dye can give you the same advantages.

★ *Dissolves instantly!* Rit is a powder wafer—easier to measure, won't sift out of the package like loose powder dyes.



RIT

TINTS & DYES

ALSO WHITE RIT COLOR REMOVER

The safe, sure way to take OUT color, remove stains, whiten fabrics . . . harmless as boiling water!



NEW COLOR—"NEW" DRESS
Only you and Rit will know it's an old dress—your mirror will say it's lovely today!



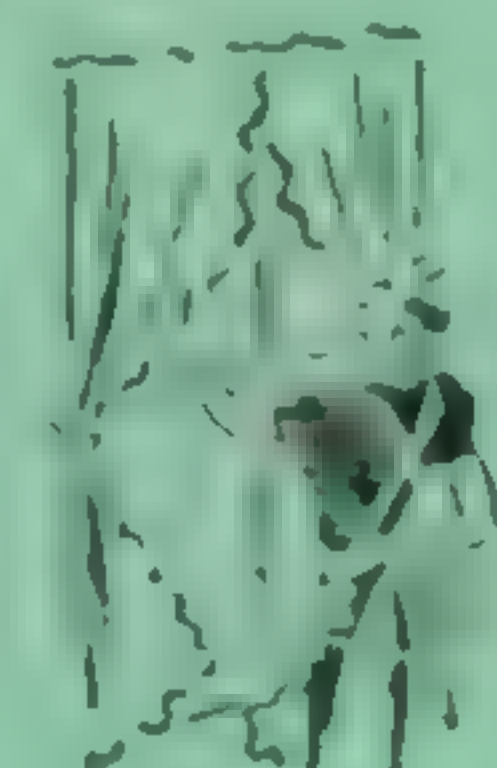
FADED LINGERIE SPARKLES
Tint underthings quickly and beautifully, with Rit colors that resist washing!



FRESH TONES FOR HOSIERY
Save odd stockings by matching their color with Rit . . . or revive faded hose with new shades.



GLOWING TABLE LINEN
Rit makes luncheon and bridge linens so gay and festive. You can change them at will.



TO FRESHEN CURTAINS
French Ecru Rit gives curtains the sunniest color that never seems to wash out! Not a "surface color" that has to be renewed each time!

SMARTLY COLORED BED LINEN
Spreads, sheets and pillow cases can have the loveliest shades—and still launder beautifully!

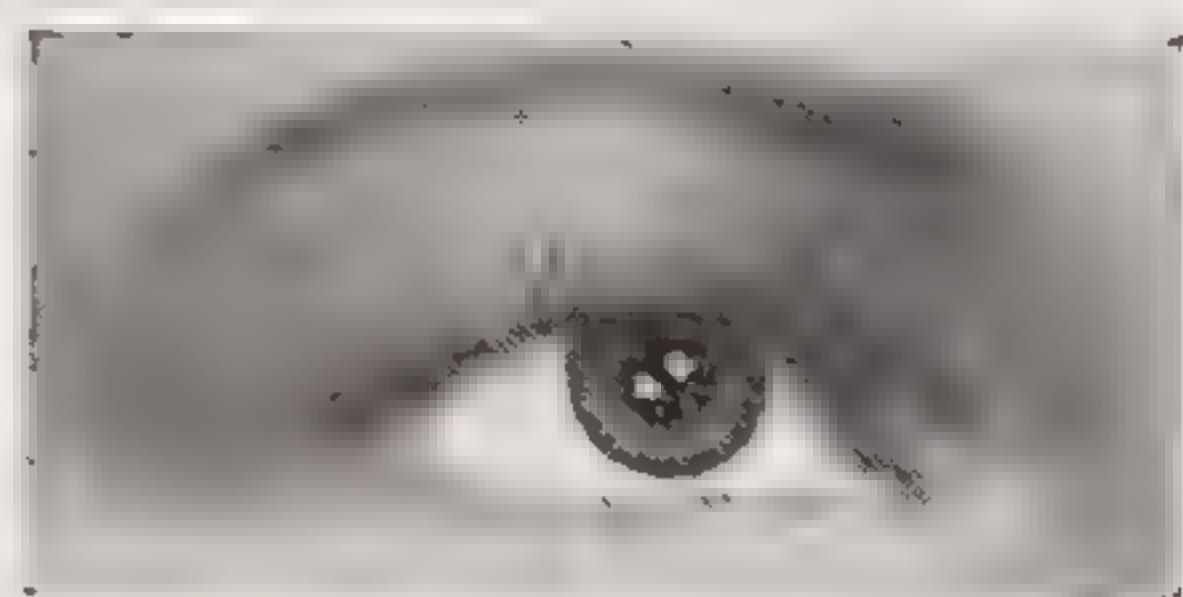


Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

What Do People Say About Your Eyes?

RADIO'S GIFT TO ROMANCE

(Continued from page 29)



DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.



DREADFUL—Crude, stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.



DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.



The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard “made-up” look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids

intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!



Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.

Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

I'd want to tell them about Hollywood, the night life, the studios. It just wouldn't be the same. We lose contact, if not a taste for the simple things once we get caught up in—in this—” Bob gazed about the commissary—Spencer Tracy just walking in, Una Merkel being interviewed at a nearby table, Jean Hersholt ditto, Myrna Loy lunching in the distance. . . .

“I'd like to go back,” Bob said, “to the days when I got a thrill out of getting up at daybreak, mounting my horse, riding for hours over the prairies. I still like to ride. I'd still like to get up at daybreak and ride. But I don't do it. The only day I have time for it is Sunday and there always are so many things one has to do on Saturday nights that I'm too tired on Sunday mornings to see the dawn come up like thunder!

“But do you see what I am driving at, the point I'm making? I *could* go home on the air. It's the only way back for me now. I could—and I will if I have anything to say about it—do folksy, plain-folksy sort of things on the air. I'd *ad lib* all I could. I'd talk to the people back home about the things that interest them—and still interest me.

“I'd talk to my friends, the farmers, about farming problems and conditions, their crops of corn, wheat, barley, rye I'd talk to the garage men about cars and what I've learned about them. I'd tell Joe all about my new Packard roadster and he'd realize, better than anyone else in the world that *I've* realized the dream of years and years by buying the darn thing. Whereas, if I blew into town some day, driving it, the sight of it might put him off me. But if I could just talk to him, disembodied, invisible, he'd know that I'm just getting a kick out of it, the same kind of a kick I got out of my first bike when I was a kid and he blew up my tires for me.

“I could talk to some of the girls I used to know back there—girls I played with when I was a kid. I'd tell them about the fun we have out here, where we go, what we do. I'd tell them it's no more fun, really, than the old quilting bees, such as we used to have at home long ago.

“There was one particular farmer I used to spend a lot of time with, when I was a kid, before I ever came to California. He was a Big Shot to me. If I could talk to him I'd make him know *he still is*. He was retired. Owned his own farm outright. Had fifteen thousand in the savings bank. Gee, I thought he was Big Time! He'd let me sit in the kitchen with him, or out by the cowbarns, while he whittled and talked to me about the cattle and the condition of the soil and I felt more flattered and important and honored than I feel now when I talk to Big Producers. Because I've got something to give, too, now. It's a question of buying and selling. But when

BORN TO BE A

Belle, BUT-



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

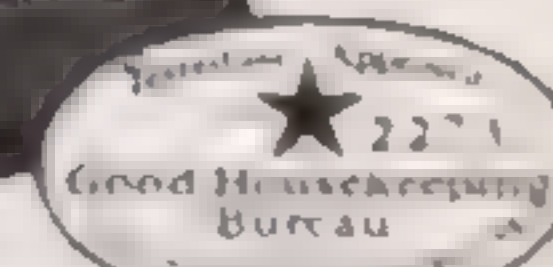
WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special

penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



TRY YOUR STRENGTH
ON THESE, TOM!



"Get Dad some PERMA-TIP Shoe Laces. He won't break them in a hurry. That's what Tom Junior, told me to do...and here they are. He knows how you jerk and tug at your shoe laces, those mornings when you leave home in a hurry... and he says PERMA-TIPS can 'take it,' whatever that means.

Junior uses PERMA-TIPS for his street shoes...and his white shoes...and his golf and tennis shoes...and there must be a reason."

Good advice this. And the tips never come off. They can't. They are a part of the shoe lace itself...hardened by a patented process.

If you'd like to be popular with your men folk, get an assortment of PERMA-TIP shoe laces. You can put your hands on them in any family emergency. For PERMA-TIPS don't "hide out"... slip down behind things where they can't be found when wanted. They are mounted on a card that you can't help but see.

Another thing. You'll be amazed to find that these super shoe laces cost only 5¢ per pair.



PERMA-TIP

SHOE LACE COMPANY
LAWRENCE, MASS.

sets, the kerosene lamps smoking. They were snowed in or rained under or up to their shoulders in mud. And they were listening to their radios and it was all they had of color, of excitement, of other-worldness.

"We used," laughed Bob, "to ask them to send in parodies on the old songs—you know, songs like *She'll be Coming Round the Mountain* and *Alice Blue Gown* and *Jingle Bells* and *Seein' Nellie Home* and the others. And they'd write their parodies and send them in and we'd do them on the air and I could see their brick-red, embarrassed faces and hear, almost, their snorts and guffaws of self-conscious pride.

"I'd still like to do that sort of thing if I went on the air," said the young Armand to Garbo's *Camille*—and he said it more wistfully than he knew. "I'd still like to sing the old songs. I'd like to feel that I was entertaining those who have no other entertainment, not even movies, most of them. I'd like to think I was talking to kids and shut-ins and the old and the sick and the poor—and talking to each of them in their own language.

"And I could talk to them, too. I wouldn't have lost the common touch if I could talk to them. I may live differently, dress differently, but I wouldn't talk differently, if I could really go home again.

"I'd like to talk to some of the girls back home—girls in small towns and on the prairies. I'd like to tell them that they are just as sweet and pretty and clever as some of the famous beauties living here in Hollywood. Even though few know their names or ever will.

"I'd like to tell little Jenny, for instance, that she has as pretty a voice as any I've ever heard on the air and that she could probably do something about it if she went to a big city. But I'd also tell her that she is just as happy, if not happier, where she is. I'd tell her, and the thousands of unknown little Jennys everywhere, that they have their places in the sun, too, and that their places are every bit as important and vital and valuable and dearly paid for (though in a different coin) as the places of the Jennys of the stage and screen and radio.

"I'd tell them that I do *not* believe that every pretty or talented girl is a potential screen or radio star—and that she shouldn't want to be. *There are other kinds of heavens—and other kinds of stars.*

"This may be a bit beside the point," said Bob, "but someone asked me the other day whether I thought a man could fall in love with a girl's voice—on the air, you know. I should say that it depends on the man and just what that man is likely to fall in love with. Some men fall in love with a nose, eyes, hands, feet, voice, one or all. Certainly the voice does carry the personality or ninety per cent of it. Softness, tenderness, emotion, fire, ice, shrillness, throb, thrill, meanness—almost all of the human qualities can be detected in the voice. I think a man can pretty well tell whether a woman would be apt to croon a lullaby with her heart in it or a blues without any heart at all, just by hearing her on the

air. I should say that a man could fall in love with a voice—yes.

"But to get back . . . What I have said about wanting to go home—to the simple things—may sound as though I am not appreciative, not grateful for Hollywood and the breaks I've had. That isn't so I am grateful. I wouldn't have it otherwise for the world.

"I love—why not be honest?—the attention, the flattery, the fan letters, the autograph seekers, being recognized—al of it. There are times when it's annoying of course—times when fans peer over the garden hedge and watch me playing ping-pong in pajamas or something—but on the whole, I get a big kick out of it. It's only human, after all. Let one person pat any small boy on the back, tell him he's the berries, and the small boy inflates his chest, gets red in the face but *loves it!* Multiply that one pat on the back, that one person's attention, by millions, and any boy, large or small, will love it, too. It doesn't embarrass or impose any restraints on me to be recognized, because I never behave any differently than I would if I were not known to anyone but my mother. I'm not given to making scenes, to drinking, to doing anything that I'd be ashamed to be 'caught at.' Therefore I can be myself in public as well as in private.

"But it does alarm me now and then. It always alarmed me, any kind of success, even when I won a prize for some contest in school or in college. I'd think: 'This is swell, but, but—*what can I do next?*' You have to keep topping success, you see.

"It's the same with Hollywood, with the radio. I've had so much in two years, so much of everything, that I find myself getting cold feet and wondering, not so much what I'll have or do ten years from now as what I'll have left to *want* to have or do.

"I've had stardom, more money than I ever dreamed of, fun and fame and all that goes with it. And quite a tidy bit goes with it! I never can get a much bigger thrill out of anything than I had when I knew I was to play opposite Garbo. If anyone had told me, even five years ago, that five years hence I would be playing *Armand* to Garbo's *Camille*, I would have said, not that they were crazy nor even that I was—but," laughed Bob, "I would have said that Garbo was crazy!

"I never can top the thrill, so far as cars go, that I got when I realized the dream of a lifetime the other day and bought the roadster. I have a nice house. So has my mother. I've got all the clothes I can handle. *What will I want ten years from now?* It alarms me, not because there may not be 'new fields to conquer' but that there may not be any new fields at all. For me.

"Which brings me right back to where we started—I can go back on the air. I can renew my youth, recharge my interest and zest and enthusiasm by talking to the folks I knew when I was a boy and life had just begun and every field was a new field, unploughed.

"I just hope," laughed Bob, "that if Robert Taylor goes on the air, they'll keep Robert Taylor *off* of it—and let Arlington Brough go home."

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 11)

One hundred and sixty calories, but a great two-inch pat of butter or piece of cheese accounts for three hundred calories and an average serving of roast beef gets the three hundred count, too, unless it is very lean. The reason milk got its reputation for being a fattening food is because it is our most nearly perfect food and hence is recommended as a weight-builder for underweights whose digestions are delicate and who find milk easy to assimilate. Milk really is our supreme beautifying food. It contains more vitamins and important minerals than any other one food. If you are on a reducing diet, safeguard your body (and your teeth and nails . . . milk has calcium in it) by including in your calorie count for the day one pint or three hundred and twenty calories. I wish we had more Honey Chiles to demonstrate the beautifying properties of milk.

Honey Chile says that her only two recipes for "keeping young and beautiful" are milk and sleep. She is like a cat . . . she can sleep anywhere, any time, all the way around the clock. Incidentally, I wish that you women, especially nervous, high-strung girls, would never begrudge any of the hours you spend in sleep. Think of sleep always as nature's greatest beautifier. Sparkling eyes, a sunny disposition and a radiant skin (all part of Honey Chile's vital charm) are a few of the assets that sound, healthful sleep can help to give you. Remember that worry and lack of sleep can shrivel the most radiant skin.

Bob Hope's sleepy-time stooge says that she doesn't have any hidebound system for anything, except for cleansing her skin. And no matter how late at night it may be, or how tired she is, or how much she loves to sleep, she follows the same nightly routine faithfully. The first thing she does is to tie a ribbon around her hair; this is one of her pet habits. (Have you ever tried a wide band of loosely woven elastic material for protecting your hair from creams?) Then she applies cleansing cream lavishly all over her face and neck. She wipes the cream off carefully with cleansing tissues and then scrubs her face thoroughly with warm water and soap, finishing with a grand wholesale splashing of cold water.

A new cleansing cream on the market has captivated her completely. This cream has colloidal gold in it and Honey Chile says her superstitions tell her it is good luck to use it. She likes the cream most of all, however, because it does such an ambitious, industrious job of cleansing for her; it just seems to pull the stale make-up and clogged dirt right out of the pores. All she has to do is pat it on. It practically gives her the advantages of a facial without the work of one. It is rose-pink in color, too, and that happens to be Honey Chile's favorite color. Of course you can't see the gold in the cream. But neither can you see the iron in spinach, of which,



● "Looka here — this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head — heck, we're each got six! . . . Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all — only cross. I know why — he's hot. No wonder — all that hair. Phooey! . . . he makes me hot, too!"



● "Now stop and think — what was it we decided was the best thing for that hot, sticky feeling? . . . Drink of water? No, that wasn't it. Bath? Now you're on the right track . . . I've got it — a nice downy sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder!"



● "See! Mother's bringing our powder now! She's a very smart woman . . . Mother, here's a riddle for you! What feels better than a baby all slicked over with soft soothing Johnson's Baby Powder? . . . That's right. Two babies! . . . I told you she was bright!"



● "I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . I make babies happy and comfortable. And I help to keep their skins in the pink of condition — which is the surest protection against skin infections! . . . I'm made of the very finest Italian talc, silky-fine and even. No gritty particles — and no orris-root . . . Do you know the rest of my family? Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil — they're all made especially for babies."

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

*It's raining
flowers!*



CHERRY
**April
Showers
Talc**

HERE'S America's best-loved talc—soft and fine; fragrant and fresh as a rain of tiny flower petals. *April Showers* is sheer after-bathing delight! Soothes and smooths the skin—gives you that all-over feeling of luxury and delight. Yet this superb, imported talc is inexpensive.

The standard size is on sale at the standard price of 28¢ at fine stores everywhere.

*Exquisite...but
not Expensive*



Seeing double? It's Loretta Poynton and she does double duty on the air, too, being in two popular NBC serials—*Flying Time* and *Dan Harding's Wife*. Loretta is petite and twenty-one.

incidentally, Honey Chile is very fond, believe it or not. The iron in spinach is in somewhat the same colloidal form as the gold in the cream. Bob Hope's stooge insists that she is too dumb to understand such technicalities, but dumb girls get along, she says. Maybe they don't know why a thing is good, but so long as they know it is good, they're doing all right by themselves. (P. S.—Feminine note: It's the not-too-obviously clever clinging-vine type of women that still get their man, according to surveys.)

The creamy-complexioned Honey says that she is one of the *puff-puff* brand of powderers, who succeed in covering themselves with a fine dusting of powder just as the handsome escort arrives at the door. Hence she is devoted to a special make-up scarf which she can whisk over her dress in a jiffy . . . it snaps neatly and quickly on one shoulder.

Our blue bonnet glamour girl likes to try all sorts of glamour stunts, but she says she never thinks of doing them until the last minute, when it's really too late to do much good. That is why she is so attached to a new little zipper case of cream mascara which she pops right into her purse at the last second. The case has a separate compartment for the mascara brush and a separate compartment for the cream mascara, which comes in

handy tube form. All you have to do is to take out the brush, squeeze enough mascara from the tube to spread a thin line over the brush and you're all set to apply it. No scrambling around in your purse, first for the brush and then for the mascara. No mixing with water, or other fuss-budgeting. Honey Chile chooses deep blue mascara for evening.

All you lazy-daisy folks (and aren't we all?) will be interested in my special complexion loveliness bulletin . . . the recommended routines are "as simple as pie"; also my not too energetic, somewhere near painless, exercises. As a final lure to the lazies, I'm offering a new bulletin, "Keeping A Young Face." I will be glad to send you the names of the products we mentioned, and answer any of your personal problems. Am I lazy?

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

Kindly send me your bulletin on "Keeping A Young Face."

Name
Address
Please enclose stamped addressed envelopes.

SENSATION ON THE AIR

(Continued from page 47)

sort of return from Elba. His name had been smirched and he had left in a cloud, but the public rallied; there were thousands at the pier to meet him. It seemed to me that he was legitimate news and that my audience would be interested." He shrugged his broad shoulders expressively. "I was swamped with letters. Oddly enough, the men praised me for good sportsmanship, but the women were opposed, without exception. They did not want to hear about him, they did not want him discussed over the air, before their children—not, mind you, because of his political career, but because of his home life. They are, after all, the larger number of listeners—it is only wisdom to listen to them and to follow their guidance in such matters.

"The important thing," he went on thoughtfully, "when you have to deal with a possible scandal, is to tone it down, never to let it get away, out of hand—to treat it from some inoffensive angle. Take the case of Eleanor Holm Jarrett, for example—she is another for whom excessive abuse in the papers aroused sympathy. I might have her on my program but I would not stress the right or wrong of what she did: people are divided, some think that since she was representing America, was chosen and sent on the trip, expenses paid, she should have kept in strict training, while others think that she was merely sent to win and if she could win on champagne, that was her affair! I should not go into that—I should merely ask her what she ate and what she thought about it!"

In the midst of the horrible, bloody days of the Spanish rebellion, Mr. Heatter presented Miss Agna Enters over his program in an interview. Miss Enters, driven from Malaga by the rebellion, talked from the Rex, in the harbor. It was stirring, dramatic to hear some one speak who had so recently heard bullets whining through the air, seen walls collapsing, great homes burned to the ground. The rebellion became not something read about, dimly realized, but an actuality.

Yet to Mr. Heatter's way of thinking, there was as much drama in a workman, falling from a height of twenty-two stories, caught on a spike, wounded, dying. And a doctor, climbing perilously, aided by two firemen, performing a life and death op-

**I'LL BET YOU
I CAN CUT
DOWN
YOUR RUNS**



"I'm in a jam, Mrs. Coe. I bet I could cut down Elsie's stocking runs. What do other women do?"

"Why, I've hardly had a single run since I changed to Lux and quit rubbing stockings with cake soap."



"Miss White, you never get runs in those sheer stockings you wear. Tell me the secret and help me win a bet!"

"Why, I always use Lux, Mr. Gates. I never risk ordinary soaps—they might contain harmful alkali and that ruins stocking elasticity."

5 WEEKS LATER



"Say listen, Elsie, what about paying that stocking bet? Did I solve the runs problem or didn't I?"

"You certainly did, Jimmy darling, and I'm tickled to death to pay it. It seems like I never get runs since I've been saving elasticity with Lux."

HOW to save elasticity— cut down runs

- Pull your stockings inside out as you take them off. As soon as possible after wearing, toss them into gentle Lux suds (take off your rings first). Avoid hot water, cake-soap rubbing.
- Rinse several times in clear water and then gently squeeze out some of the moisture. Roll in a Turkish towel and squeeze some more.
- Unroll right away and stretch to shape. Dry away from a hot radiator. Cared for the Lux way, your stockings will keep their elasticity, wear longer.



Elinor Sherry sings on MBS network.

eration, hanging dizzily in space. He dropped everything else that day to bring that bit of human drama to his listeners. And phoned the hospital, just as he went on the air, to have the latest bulletin on the injured man's recovery.

He works all day; his is a full-time job. His office is in his home. He reads, digests, plans his program and types it himself. When he is dealing with incomplete, changing news, news in the making, he is on the phone at the last possible moment. The latest news from Europe, from the home press, is at the tip of his tongue, so that he who runs may hear without troubling to read!

Right now the political campaign looms dominantly. He does not want to say too much, too early, lest his hearers tire of the subject.

"But it is thrilling, exciting," he exclaimed. "The world and America are at the crossroads—it is as exciting as at Lexington or Bunker Hill, Valley Forge or Gettysburg! A war between Fascism and Communism is inevitable, a matter of time. We don't face that sort of issue in America fortunately—and I think the people here who talk it, should be sentenced to a term abroad—it would cure them! But for those people who think Europe is far away and doesn't concern us, there is excitement enough in our own country. Big issues at stake. And minor. The Coughlin-Lemke convention. Townsend. John Lewis. And, preëminently of course, Roosevelt and Landon. I am strictly non-partisan, you understand. I don't belong to any club with the slightest political

leanings, I don't even cast a vote.

"But these things remind me again of the contrast between American sportsmanship and the hate and hysteria abroad. Coughlin called the President a liar and the people rose up against him as one voice—not primarily because it was the President, either. You'll find that John Smith, going on the commuters' train to New York, can't refer to his neighbor as a liar and get away with it!

"The same thing has happened before, disastrously. Senator Nye, for instance, and his committee, working on the causes of the World War, were doing splendid work and had raised a hundred thousand dollars in appropriations. But Nye called Woodrow Wilson a liar—and with exceeding difficulty, raised seven thousand dollars to complete his work. Perhaps Wilson was a liar—perhaps he merely 'forgot'—it didn't matter. Nye was finished. The same thing happened to Senator Black—he was discredited when he seized private letters. An infringement of personal liberty—Americans resent that sort of thing. Deep and bitter personal accusations are the signs of a passing fury. I ignore them, I try to look at the whole thing sympathetically, impartially. *Scare* psychology is all wrong—it won't work in America. And the mud-slinging, the scandalizing inevitably revert upon the mud-thrower, the scandal-monger. In big things and in small, in public and in private lives. . . ."

As an evidence of his strict impartiality, Mr. Heatter reminded me that although he wrote a quarter of a million words on

the Hauptmann case, he never once said whether he thought Hauptmann innocent or guilty. A most amazing feat at that time was his fifty-seven minutes of *ad libbing* when the execution was delayed.

"I was afraid of that assignment," he admitted. "In fact, I dodged it—ran away to my camp in Candlewood, Connecticut. But the dodging was futile—the execution was postponed forty-eight hours and I was caught by that time, haled back. It was a horrible thing—I hated the very idea, and I felt it might well finish me. How could anyone want to listen to the description of an execution? But I succeeded in escaping that—I would not witness the actual execution."

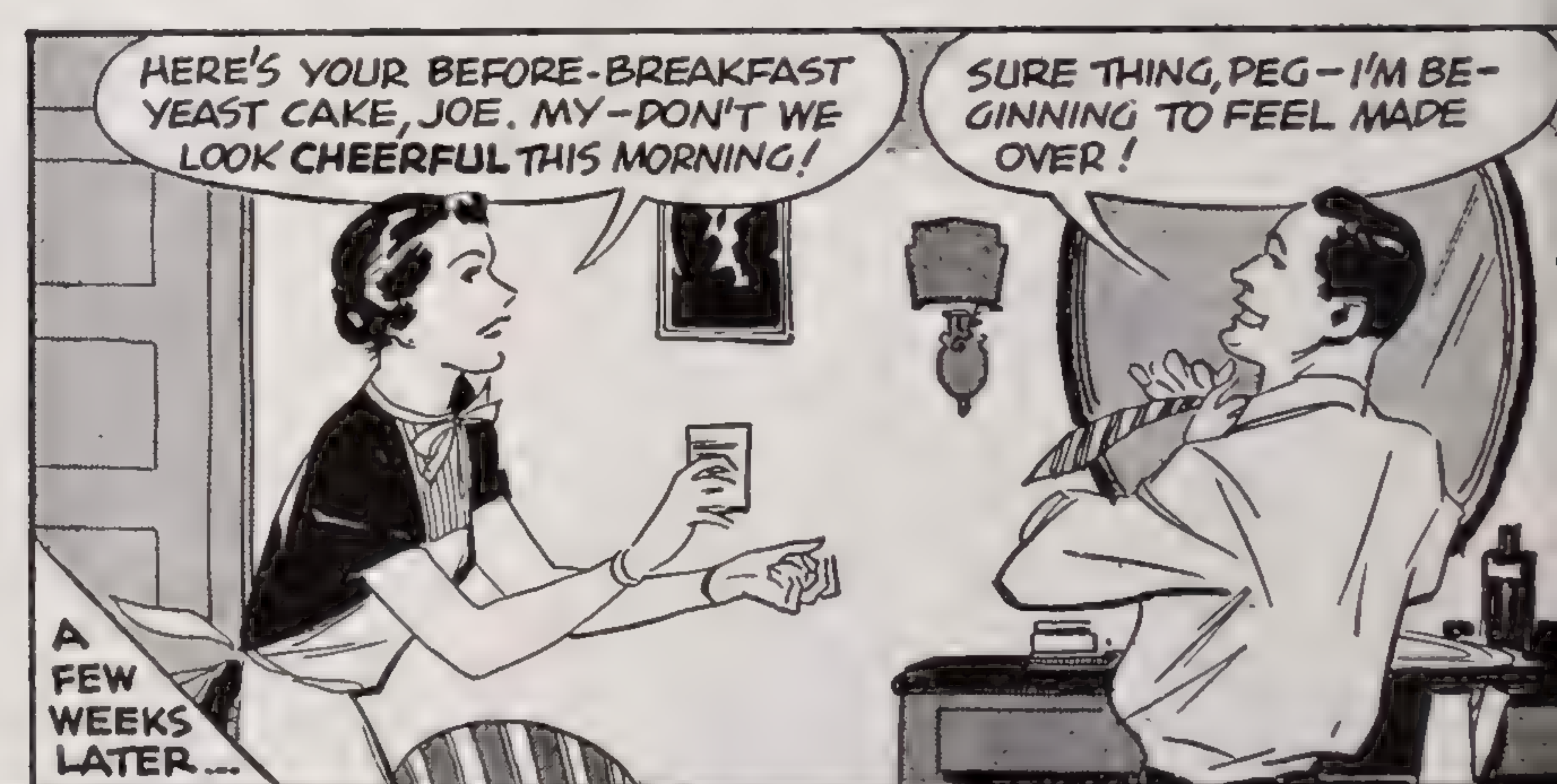
And in the fifty-seven minutes that the execution was delayed, Mr. Heatter made radio history. His audience listened enthralled, in a dramatic suspense that made them hang on every word—and he was talking on a subject that had gone dead forty-eight hours before, with that last ill-timed reprieve. People thought they did not want to hear any more—but they listened to every word, were held spell-bound by the fair-minded commentator in Flemington that night (so fair-minded, so impartial, that he was the only one chosen to represent radio when Hauptmann's appeal was presented). One New York judge sat in his car listening to Gabriel Heatter that night, and chose to be forty-five minutes late to an appointment rather than miss one word of that forceful, stirring résumé.

Of the unpleasantness of the Hoffman-Wendell case, Mr. Heatter had little to say.



GOOD GRIEF, PEG TO ANYTHING?

RUN-DOWN - HE'D BEEN
"ALL-IN" FOR WEEKS



HERE'S YOUR BEFORE-BREAKFAST
YEAST CAKE, JOE. MY-DON'T WE
LOOK CHEERFUL THIS MORNING!

SURE THING, PEG - I'M BE-
GINNING TO FEEL MADE
OVER!

A
FEW
WEEKS
LATER...

VITAMINS A.B.G and D

"I believe in the beginning Governor Hoffman was sincere—but he has been badly advised. He is wrong, of course, in the present instance and it will have far-reaching results. . . ."

"What about Zioncheck?" I asked. "Do you think the sensational publicity contributed to his suicide?"

"Unquestionably! I happened to know, and to speak before his death, of the tragedy behind the printed word in that case. Zioncheck was a brilliant young man and his tragedy was definitely caused by overwork. He was a prodigy—one of the most brilliant men ever to come to Washington. And he was sincere, big. People back home knew that if a son or daughter got into trouble, Zioncheck would take the case without pay. But he overworked and the people who saw what was happening were helpless. When he first went 'haywire,' the papers played it up and when he made an effort to come back, to steady down, to try again, he saw how futile it was. He was damned by a few escapades and what had been said about them. Nobody remembered the endless labor that drove him to the breaking point. He took the only way out he could see.

"In less degree, the same thing threatens Mary Astor. And I don't believe a radio star could survive a breath of scandal. There is a personal intimacy in radio, a closeness between actor and audience, between a commentator like myself for instance and his listeners, that precludes his living a life they would not approve of. I don't want to sound prim, but a person like myself has to lead an almost

ascetic life. In the first place, of course, it is a full time job and there is no time for play—not even enough to get one's fill of fishing! But it is more than that. It is something personal and intimate in the medium itself, that brings the voice of the unknown into your living room, into your family life. The work humbles you and mellows you," he confessed. "The tapestry of human emotions is marvelous, wonderful. . . . There is a tremendous spiritual satisfaction in the work, however taxing it is.

"Because the audience takes radio more seriously," he went on earnestly, "not only the selection of a story is important, but the treatment of it. You can say things in print that you couldn't say over the air. Dorothy Thompson can discuss the importance of the Negro Vote in her column, but I can't discuss it over the air. As for this scandalizing we were talking about, it is not for radio at all—and in any case, the public will tire of it; it will defeat its own purpose.

"Of course there are ways of handling stories with an edge of scandal: Recently, I had an inside story on Mussolini, in connection with the Spanish rebellion—he had been promised something in Gibraltar in return for his support of the rebel cause. I treated it not as scandal, but as indicative of the utter helplessness of the people in Europe when their leaders bargain. Forgive so many 'I's! I wanted to illustrate what I meant and could only do so in terms of my own experience."

He smiled disarmingly and I assured him no apologies were needed—it was

his point of view we were interested in.

A point of view that carries considerable weight. His program is, for example, included in the educational curriculum of schools in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. It is required in the high school of Brooklyn, makes up the major part of civics courses. Children are kept up past their bedtime to listen to it. Women's Clubs recommend it. And radios in hospitals and in prisons are tuned in regularly for it. A tremendous responsibility, and one that Mr. Heatter meets honestly, sincerely, in his dispassionate presentation of vital news.

A background of twenty years' experience on metropolitan papers preceded his entrance into the radio field. He is a big, broad-shouldered man, six feet tall, dark-skinned, gray-haired, with candid brown eyes. A man who, in a few quiet-spoken words, makes you feel his strength, his sincerity.

He has little time for hobbies, fishes when he gets a chance, goes as often as possible with his family to their camp in Connecticut. He is justifiably proud of his daughter, who does fashion illustrating for a New York department store, and of the seventeen-year-old son who made a bicycle trip through Europe this summer and furnished his father copy on the situation of the young people in half a dozen European countries.

A full life and a gratifying one. We can understand why Mr. David Wilentz, when asked to talk about the issues and the speakers at the Philadelphia convention, said: "I'd rather talk about Mr. Heatter!"

CAN'T YOU SAY NO

PANEL 1: A man sits at a desk looking exhausted. A woman stands by him.

WOMAN: BUT, JOE - I SAID WE'D GO BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT - YOU NEVER USED TO JUST SIT AROUND AND DO NOTHING EVERY NIGHT

JOE: I KNOW, PEG - BUT, GOSH - I NEVER USED TO FEEL SO DOGGONED TIRED ALL THE TIME...

PANEL 2: Joe and Peg are talking.

PEG: BILL - I WISH I HAD YOUR DRIVE. I CAN'T GET ANYTHING THROUGH LATELY. I OUGHT TO BE WORKING TO-NIGHT BUT -

JOE: LISTEN, OLD MAN, I'LL BET WHAT YOU NEED IS FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT SET ME UP FINE WHEN I WAS ALL TIRED OUT AND RUN-DOWN LIKE YOU ARE NOW!

PANEL 3: Joe is talking to Peg.

JOE: SHUCKS - I'M NOT RUN-DOWN - I'M OVERWORKED!

PEG: SURE - WE ALL SAY THAT - BUT MY DOCTOR EXPLAINED I FELT ALL WASHED OUT BECAUSE MY BLOOD WAS POOR. HE SAID YEAST WOULD PEP ME UP. BETTER TRY IT, JOE

PANEL 4: Joe and Peg are talking.

PEG: HI, JOE - GOOD TO SEE YOU..... MAN ALIVE, YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED SO WELL IN YEARS. BEEN ON A VACATION..... OR WHAT?

JOE: VACATION NOTHING! I TOOK BILL EVANS' TIP ABOUT EATING YEAST - AND HERE I AM FEELING LIKE A REGULAR FELLOW AGAIN!

THE NEXT EVENING

DON'T LET POOR BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING BELOW PAR

AFTER the hot summer months are over, many people find they feel tired and let-down. Usually, doctors say when you feel like this, it's because your blood is "underfed." It no longer carries enough nourishment to the muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's Yeast supplies your blood with vitamins and other food elements. Then *more* and *better* nourishment is carried to your tissues. Eat 3 cakes daily, ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water! Start today!



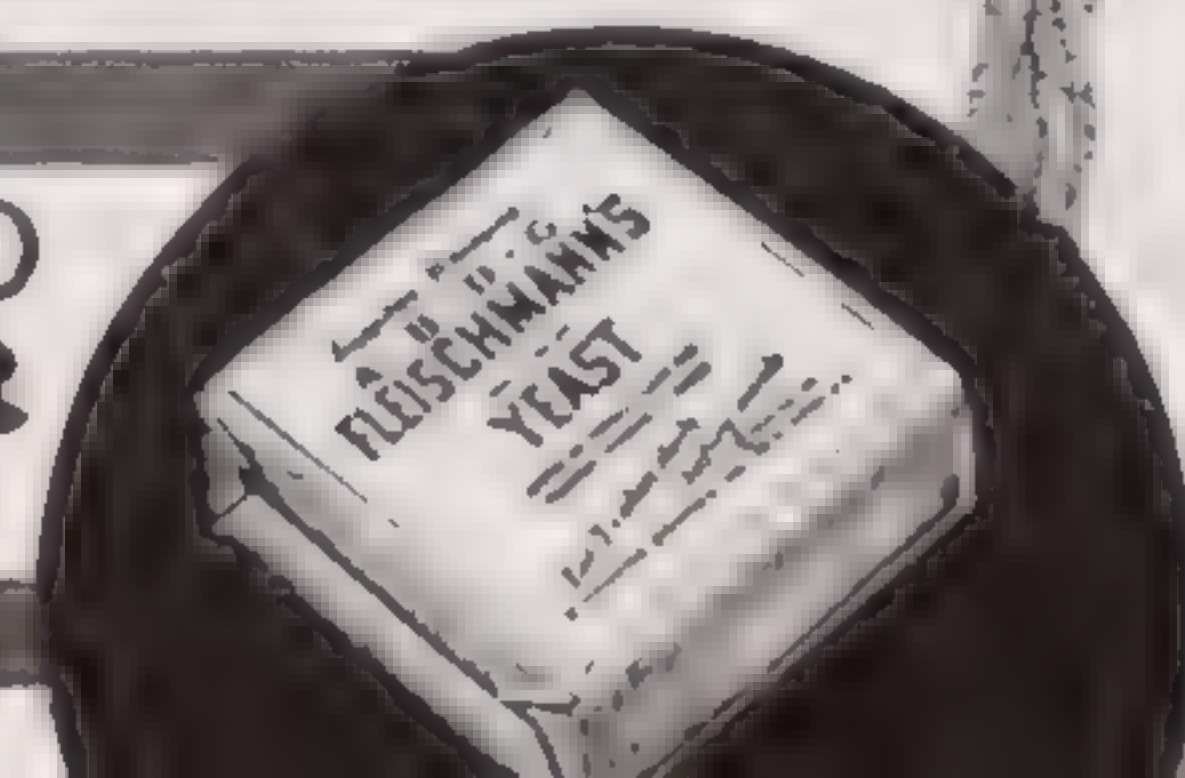
IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER.....



DR. DAFOE REVEALS HOW RADIO MAY SAVE YOUR BABY

(Continued from page 23)



Here are radio's blithe, beguiling favorites, Tim and Irene of the Wacky Family, with Eddie Hall, in a scene from an Educational Comedy. Eddie Hall is the baggy individual! One of radio's most popular Mr. and Mrs. comedy combinations, Tim and Irene also have been occupied with motion picture work during the past year.

I'LL FIGHT
FOR MY RIGHTS!
I WANT
ANTISEPTIC
POWDER

"... 'cause how else
am I going to battle
nasty germs?"

"Mummy—I know you want to give me the best baby powder you can buy. Well, gee whiz . . . that means Mennen. Why? 'Cause—that's the kind that's *Antiseptic*. I wish you'd heard what Mrs. Holmes told my nurse today. She said she wouldn't use anything else but Mennen Powder. Said it was a reg'lar germ fighter. Yessir! It chases nasty germs away, for good. And gosh, Mummy, how else am I goin' to battle germs? Besides . . . Mrs. Holmes said it prevents that chafing I'm always complaining about . . . and that rawness I get in my creases. So, gee, Mummy—get me Mennen, will you?"

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. Why use any other?

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
POWDER

of those precious Babies. . . . There's where the radio helped immeasurably. The Babies' case was hopeless, unless extraordinary means could be found to fit and finance this most extraordinary case. Every time someone told the story of the Quintuplets over the air, it was like a personal appeal—although we never actually made one.

"Offers, suggestions and advice came pouring in. Most of them were fantastic or worthless. The world already is familiar with the outcome. A half dozen or so manufacturers of children's staple preparations paid the Babies—the monies being held and used in trust by their guardians—for the exclusive use of their foods, for example.

"As a matter of fact, while enriching their treasury and providing means for carrying out the plans that I had conceived during those early dark days, the choice of certain foods, for instance, was scarcely altered an iota. We had made practically all our own choices of food and everything else for the Babies, and if certain manufacturers and purveyors met our high standard and were willing to pay us for using their products, all the better. Nothing on earth could induce us to use anything of which we could not approve. The saving, the nurturing and the ultimate welfare of those Babies have become the objectives of my life. I have abandoned my career as a general practitioner to devote myself and my profession solely to them."

If you could see, hear and become acquainted with this stolid little country doctor, in his native surroundings, you

would appreciate his honesty, earnestness and sincerity. He is built four-square, stocky, stubborn and homely in the best sense of the word and stuffed full of common sense from the crown of his rather massive gray head to the square toes of his old-fashioned laced shoes. What he says in Callander goes; and furthermore, what he says can be depended upon. From the initial miracle of bringing the Quintuplets into the world, he has had practically everything to say about their care and up-bringing.

In a way, Dr. Dafoe has been the village czar and those who didn't like it could be still, but they all came to know and recognize that there was wisdom in what he said, and kindness. He and the Catholic priest to an amazing degree guided and steered the destinies of the community; he the health of their bodies and the priest the health of their souls. The proverbial Country Doctor, who has almost disappeared from our ultra-modernized map.

"Dr. Roy," they call him, affectionately, or otherwise. For twenty-five years, on call night and day, ploughing through snow and ice that envelopes that far North country in a glacial shroud and, for half of the year, almost cuts it off from our work-a-day world, he unremittingly attended to his duties. He fully expected to fall in his tracks doing "my job," as he called it.

Then came the Quintuplets and fame—but not fortune; he wouldn't have it. When they offered him ten per cent. of all the monies that poured in from various sources to his Babies, he refused

it point blank. When arrangements were completed with the parents, for the Quints to become the wards of the Government—richly paying their own way, however—he made a stipulation that he should receive two hundred dollars a month for “his trouble.” That represents approximately the income he would have earned if the Quintuplets never had been born—under his careful hands and guiding wisdom.

“And were you content to live and practise here in this God-forsaken wilderness—especially, during those dreadful winters?” I asked him.

“You talk like a man from the cities,” he said. “In the first place, I’m a Dutchman—our name originally was DeVose, and we came to Canada by way of the United States, where our family first settled. Once a Dutchman always a Dutchman—although I’m a loyal Britisher. Whatever our job, we plod through it, doing the best we can. . . . In the second place, I’m a doctor and I had pledged myself to succor all people who called upon me. . . . In the third place, these people of Callander and the surrounding country have become *my* people.

“But, I confess,” he went on, “it was not pleasant to be cut off from your world. We got letters and newspapers occasionally, and a few of us went sometimes to Toronto, but most of us were completely marooned by winter. Then suddenly, a miracle happened that changed the whole situation—a miracle that you who live in cities and suburbs and thickly-settled communities, never can appreciate. It was the invention of radio and the making a practical commodity of it!

“I had never realized before how much sound had to do with true communication—the sound of music and the human voice, for example. We had books and newspapers and could from time to time read what the outside world was thinking and talking about. But to have the world—the whole world, in time—talk to us at our firesides, with six feet of snow blocking the roads, the wires down, maybe, trains not running! To have a voice—maybe Lowell Thomas’s genial voice, saying: ‘Good evening, Everybody!’ and telling us the latest news in China—or Rudy Vallee crooning a greeting. ‘My time is your time!’—or the orchestra at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto playing something I hadn’t heard since I was a medical student. . . .

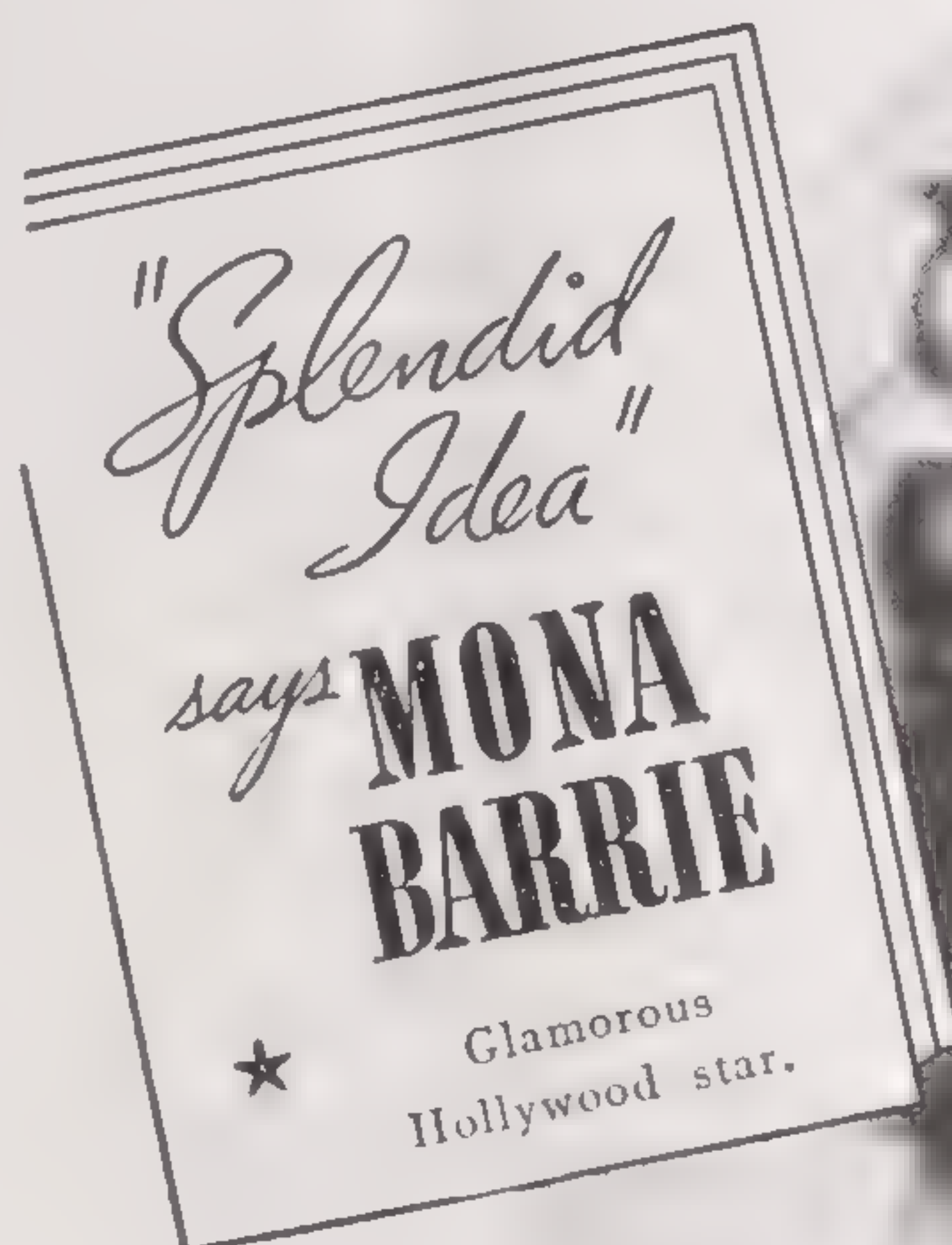
“But I’m getting ahead of my story. I’ve always been a radio fan from its very beginning. I go back to the crystal age of radio, when we used to have little crystal sets and had to listen in with ear-phones. We didn’t get much and there were days when we didn’t get anything. But what we got was so precious that we could hardly sleep nights in our excitement over it. Now, I get almost too much trash and sometimes I get sick of it,” he pointed significantly to a huge all-wave instrument, through which we had just been listening to the stroke of Big Ben in London.

“Then the loud speakers came in and we formed a sort of a club—right here in this room. We’d sit and listen till midnight, amidst shrieks, buzzes and cat-calls. Those were the days when we spent half our time trying to get the far-

Choose your Makeup



by the Color of your Eyes!



AND IT'S A SOUND IDEA—a way to end “misfit” makeup.

It's Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup, scientifically color-harmonized face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes*.

“Really remarkable,” says one famous screen star. “I adore it,” agrees a girl whose name winks in lights on Broadway. And all over the country women enthuse about Eye-Matched Makeup . . . the big improvement it makes in nine out of ten women who try it.

Write your favorite beauty editor. Ask your own drug or department store . . . they'll recommend Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup . . . tell you to buy the *Dresden* type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara if your eyes are blue; *Patrician* type, if they're gray; *Parisian* type for brown; *Continental* type for hazel. Full size packages, 55¢ each. (Canada, 65¢.)

Wear Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup, tonight . . . discover, as other girls have before you, that the right kind of makeup is a stepping stone to romance!

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. **MARVELOUS** *The Eye-Matched* **MAKEUP**
by **RICHARD HUDNUT** COPR. 1936, RICHARD HUDNUT

HAVE *you* DISCOVERED
THE GLORIOUS NEW



BRINGING NEW ROMANTIC
LOVELINESS *to* THOUSANDS



No wonder women all over America are switching to this glorious new Hollywood Mask. New ingredients, new shades, new blending and harmonizing secrets. See for yourself how much more Hollywood Mask can do for you—to create an exciting, alluring, charming *YOU!*

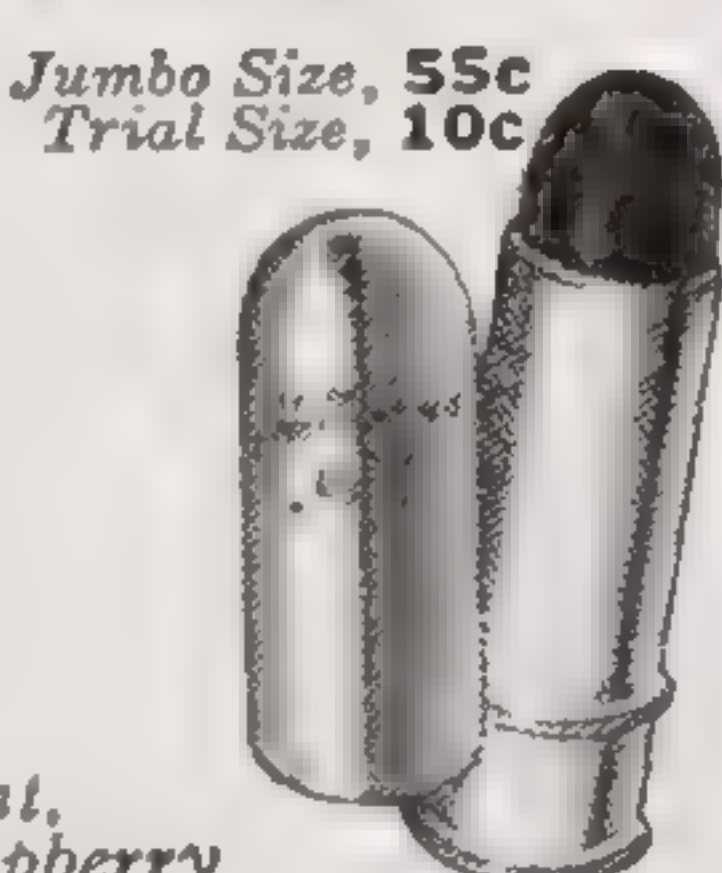
Goodbye WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS

Discouraged because nothing conquers large pores and blemishes? You must stimulate underlying skin tissues, tone up circulation—purge pores of dirt and rancid oils—try Hollywood Mask! Spread it on! Rinse it off—and presto!—what an agreeable change—skin once more looks fresh, clear, youthful, glowing!



Lipstick KEEPS YOUR LIPS SOFT.. SHADES TO BECOME YOUR TYPE

Canlipstick do more than transform lips into tantalizing, beautiful red? Yes it can! Hollywood Mask Lipstick is not parching—soothes lips. Lasts out many more kisses. Non-transparent. Indelible. Matches Hollywood Mask powder and accentuates beauty of your complexion type.



Lipstick Colors: *Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry*

Twice-a-Day MOISTURE PROOF POWDER IN SHADES MOST FLATTERING TO YOU

Now!—powder that stays and stays and *STAYS* on hours longer—because it's moisture-proof. End that "Plaster-of-Paris" made-up look—with Hollywood Mask Powder. Won't show because it complements your individual color skin type. Micro-fine textured. Applies smoothly with all powder bases.



Powder Shades:
*Rachelle Creole
Brunette Peach
Natural Blanche
Suntan*

Try all three exciting new Hollywood Mask Cosmetics. On sale at leading drug and department stores, five and ten cent stores, or send coupon below—NOW—See how marvelously the *right* makeup can add to your charm.

**MAIL NOW.. FOR *Hollywood Mask*
OR LIPSTICK OR POWDER**

HOLLYWOOD MASK INC.
105 W. Monroe St.
Dept. 186, Chicago

Send purse size cosmetics I have checked. I enclose 10c for each as checked to cover packaging and mailing.

Name
Street
City State

- ☐ Powder
☐ Creole ☐ Natural
☐ Peach ☐ Rachelle
☐ Brunette ☐ Suntan
☐ Lipstick
☐ Light ☐ Medium
☐ Dark ☐ Orange
☐ Raspberry
☐ Hollywood Mask



Two noted composers, Sigmund Romberg (seated, left) and Jerome Kern (standing) with comedian George Jessel, present a new baton to Andre Kostelanetz, noted CBS maestro, at a luncheon in his honor.

these stations in the world—it didn't seem to matter whether we could hear anything distinctly but the signal! We kept a list of faraway stations. The radio had a glamour in those early days!

"We have electric current here, so it was a happy day when we could throw away our cumbersome and expensive batteries and hook up with the house wires. Now, I've got the voice of the whole world right here at my elbow And I'm not one to go traveling around, so that it suits me. I'm afraid I'd never take the trouble to travel to far places. And nearly everybody—as poor as we are—has a radio, too, nowadays. So all winter long, we're all listening in to New York, Chicago, Toronto—anywhere and everywhere that our radio will reach. I don't see how we could do without it.

"So I have often thought," he repeated, "and we're coming to it someday, too," he shook his head confidently, "what a wonderful thing it would be, if we could have a community service radio! I could sit right here in my office and give directions to all of them together, at regular intervals. Of course, there would be some visits to make. . . . When the call comes, I've got to pick up my satchel and go. Many a time I've been dumped in the snow and maybe had to wade through it back home.

"But radio is a great blessing—a kind of a healer in its way. Takes the mind of patients off their diseases—some of which they never had, especially! But that idea of being able to minister to a whole community over the radio is something to look forward to! It would be a good idea, epidemic or no epidemic."

Doctor Roy showed me the village, which was accomplished by walking about five hundred feet from his dooryard, to

the cross-roads. The Callander Hotel, a packing-case butcher shop, a dinky railway station, a garage, a Quintuplet souvenir shop, a refreshment establishment and two information booths—one for the whole of Canada, the other for the Quintuplets. An irregular road leading down to a lake where camps had sprung up to accommodate Quintuplet sight-seers. A fairly populous street running up a hill, on the top of which stood the Catholic Church of the Quintuplets. Perhaps sixty houses in all.

Later on, we drove out to see the Quints—to the hospital, as it is called—four miles beyond through a desolate uninhabited country with a scrubby growth of small trees on either side. I tried to picture the Doctor making his way, winter after winter, over this road through mountains of snow with the thermometer at forty below.

"There it is," said Doctor Dafoe proudly, pointing to three new buildings enclosed by a heavy woven wire fence. A house for the Babies, another for the nurses and a pavilion enclosing the Quintuplets' playground on three sides. Visitors were allowed to enter the pavilion, which is separated from the children by a stout glass partition through which the crowd can look on without being seen by the Quintuplets. As the children's play hour, from 1:30 to 2:30, approached, cars began to pour in. I noticed markers from twenty-seven States in the Union. They brought about 7,000 visitors that day.

"Radio did that," said the doctor, pointing to the line of cars that extended off into the distance for nearly a mile. "My fan mail shows me that people from every corner of the world listen in to every word spoken about the Babies on the

radio. They never seem to get enough. They ask all sorts of questions—fool questions and wise ones. Now there's where that idea of a doctor reaching a community with his advice, comes in," he said again. "My audience, to whom I'm going to speak tomorrow night from Toronto, is the world!" A look came into his eyes, both humorous and triumphant.

"The only epidemic is babies. It gives me the opportunity of telling the world of mothers just what a terrible problem we had with the Quintuplets and how we are bringing them up. Mothers who think they have a hard or hopeless time of it, are bound to feel encouraged and take new hope. I tell you, that radio talk, linked up to the actual case of the Babies in whom they are so interested, means something to mothers and expectant mothers. The Voice again. Not me—good Lord, I'm just an old country doctor!"

Dr. Dafoe also has a radio set in his car, and he obviously enjoyed it as we dashed along that 225-mile drive to Toronto, the following evening. He had a wide range of tastes, however, for during six hours the radio worked faithfully—except when we approached and were passing Canada's biggest broadcasting towers, about twenty miles from Toronto. We had a mélange of grand opera and jazz, politics and patent medicines, all of which the Doctor accepted, discussing their merits and demerits analytically. The secret of his enjoyment, no doubt, is that he loves life. And despite his being wedded forever to what must be a terrifying wilderness all through the deep winter, he loves every phase of the life of the great world outside, from which he so willingly divorced himself to devote his future to the Quintuplets.

When we arrived at the Royal York Hotel, Dr. Dafoe told them that he wasn't satisfied with the regulation loud speaker to be found in every room. He wanted the biggest and best one they could get. The moment he got into his suite, he took off his coat, lit his pipe and sat down in an arm-chair beside the radio, glancing occasionally out of the window over Lake Ontario, with an air of sublime satisfaction, as though all his wishes had been gratified.

When we went out to the studio for his rehearsal, preparatory to broadcasting that evening, as the feature of the *Contented Hour*, everybody made a great time over him and he was accorded the honor of writing his name on the White Derby, an honor that is permitted only to topnotchers. Through it all, Dr. Dafoe was interested, calm and collected. When it came time for him to go into the little cabinet-like broadcasting chamber, where he sat alone, he was not in the least perturbed, although he confided to me later that, if anything, it was a little more disconcerting than the Quintuplets' birth.

He set his jaw, tightened his fists, and faced the radio—just the same as he has faced all the other jobs in life—obscurity in the wintry wilds of Canada, calls year in and year out, day and night, never flinching. Count on him for doing an honest job—especially on the radio, from which, with the Quintuplets, he derives his greatest joys in life.

And maybe, some day, his dream of a community radio service will come true!

KOOLS NEVER MISS! Do better by yourself this winter—smoke **KOOLS**. When overheated rooms dry out your throat or sniffles spoil you for hot smokes—smoke **KOOLS**. Freezing weather, sudden thaws, late nights, early parties—you'd better smoke **KOOLS**. Their touch of mild menthol soothes and refreshes. Their better tobaccos have won millions of friends. And each pack carries a B & W coupon good for fine premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Ash Tray—Chrome finish. Keeps cigarettes clean, convenient . . . 50 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 12



Women's Toilet Case. Leather. Zipper close. Complete fittings. 825 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

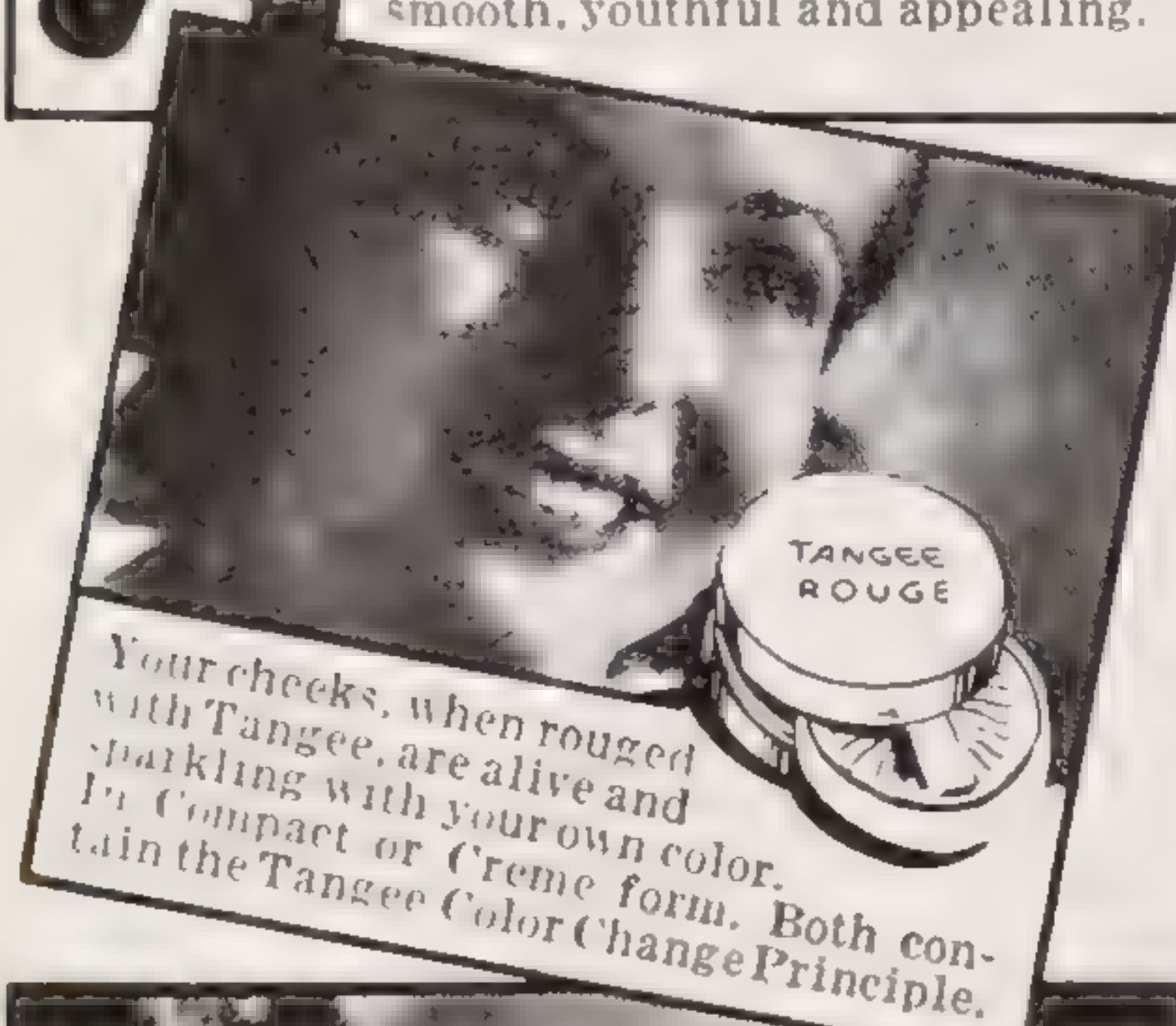
Why Some Women are Natural Beauties

They intensify natural coloring...yet never look "made-up". Read how the Color Change Principle available in Tangee make-up brings natural loveliness.

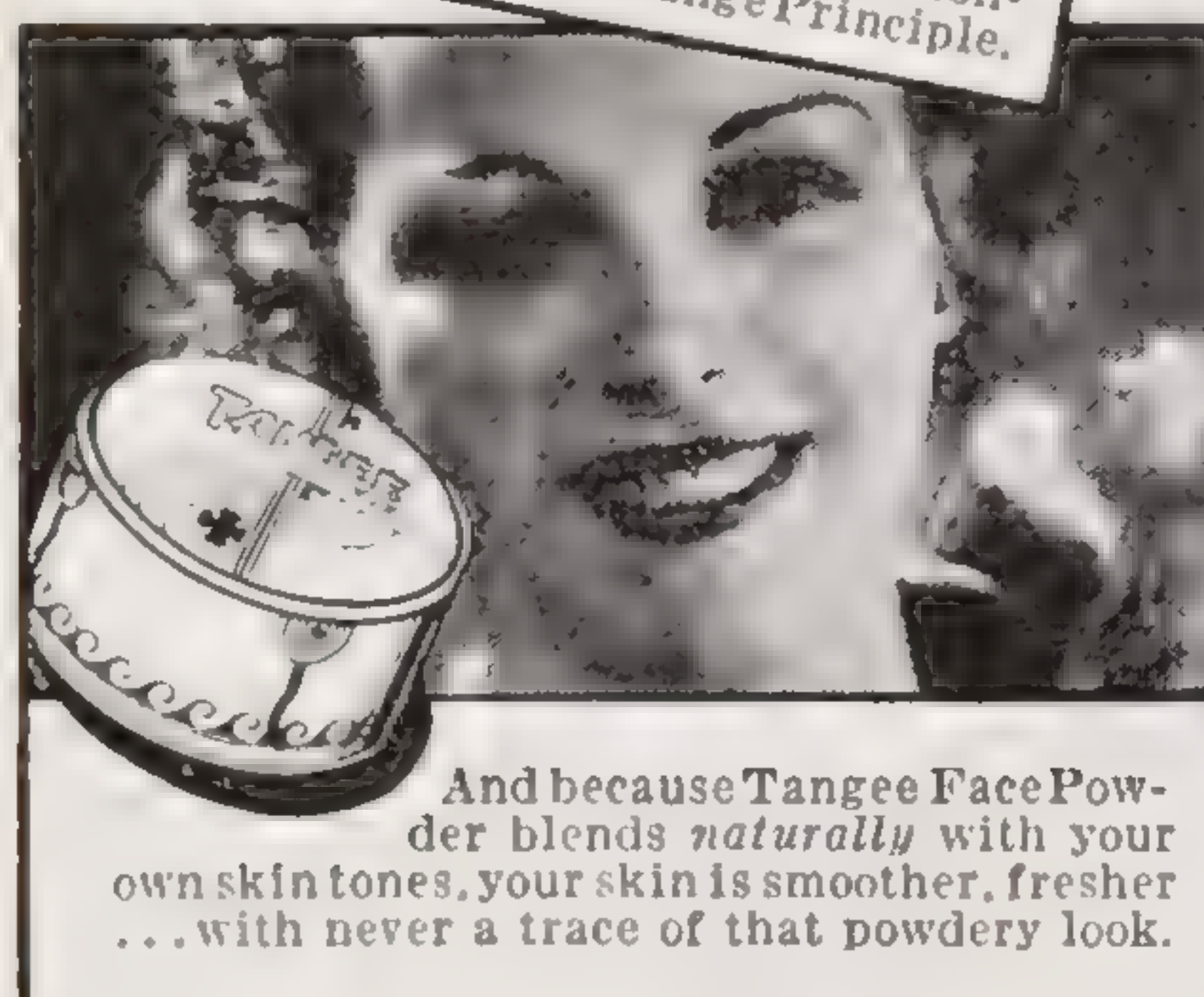
You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The Tangee Color Change Principle is available in powder, lipstick and rouge.



Your lips become the blush-rose that nature has hidden there. The cream base of Tangee keeps lips smooth, youthful and appealing.



Your cheeks, when rouged with Tangee, are alive and sparkling with your own color. In Compact or Creme form. Both contain the Tangee Color Change Principle.



And because Tangee Face Powder blends naturally with your own skin tones, your skin is smoother, fresher...with never a trace of that powdery look.

Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Tangee Powder is 55c and \$1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83c. Lipstick is 39c and \$1.10.

• BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM116
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel.

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

ARE GUEST STARS A NECESSARY EVIL?

(Continued from page 31)



Your old friend Eddie Cantor who is now on the *Texaco Program* with Parkyakarkus, Jimmy Wallington and Bobby Breen, the child sensation. Eddie, aside from being his usual hilarious self, is also trying to make life safer for both pedestrian and driver. Last season, if you recall, Eddie put over an anti-war essay contest which was highly successful in emphasizing the virtues of peace throughout the nation.

curiously ineffectual over the air. Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee exhibit their quota of celebrities. The *Camel Caravan*, the *Shell Chateau*, the *Show Boat*, Fred Astaire—even *Amos 'n' Andy*—all fall into line and trot out their distinguished guests.

We've no quarrel with the guests, themselves. We like guests, at home or on the air—in moderation. It's when they come to the radio program without any specific contribution to our entertainment that they leave us a little weary, a little cold.

For example, the movie star.

She has a *Name*—and names, it would appear, are the ultimate decoration to a radio program. Names are better than talent—and cost considerably more!

In the screen world this movie star has a definite place. She has devoted all her time and effort and such talent as she has to making that place or herself. There she contributes a degree of entertainment and pleasure. But as a guest star on the radio program, she is alien to its design, unfamiliar with its technique. As a career, radio has no part in her scheme.

She is introduced. With the master of ceremonies she exchanges bright banter, concerning the weather, concerning her

enviable success and pleasant popularity. Then she sings—though singing is not her forte. And we wait with pained resignation for the final: "Thank you, Maisie. It's been lovely to have you here and we hope to have you with us again soon."

For such, and similar, guests, we are beginning to feel our welcoming smile is becoming a trifle fixed—that sort of forced, frozen cheer with which the country householder greets the wearying procession of week-end guests. There have been so many of them!

Every entertainment medium that has been successful has developed its own artists. Great stars of the stage, whose names travel down the ages, gave their lives to perfecting the technique of dramatic art.

The old silent movies produced artists in that medium. Who can forget the great ones of those days? The Gish sisters, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Henry Walthall—the list is long and memorable. True, many came from the stage—but they came not as guests but as members of the new family, working for the progress and perfection of the movie film.

The talkies drew more stage players from Broadway—and again these identi-

ied themselves with the new medium. The Barrymores, Ruth Chatterton, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton and countless others found new inspiration and new opportunity in the fresh fields of Hollywood. But they did not think of themselves as stage stars, visiting the movies. They became movie stars and added to their earlier laurels brilliant success in the new technique of the talking screen.

In its early days radio developed its fledgling stars. And bright stars they were, too. Remember the *Happiness Boys*—Billy Jones and Ernie Hare? And here were *Goldy and Dusty* (Harvey Hinderman and Earl Tuckerman), and Joe White, who achieved great popularity as *The Silver-Masked Tenor*. Wendell Hall was known as *The Red-Headed Music Master*. Remember his favorite: "*It Ain't Gonna Rain No More!*"? And there was Vincent Lopez with his band. And Franklyn Baur, the *Firestone Tenor*. And Vaughan De Leath.

Others there were, too, whose very names were scarcely known to their eager listeners. Radio in those days involved a degree of anonymity, since there were no publications devoted to it. No radio columns in the daily press. Often we, lots of us didn't even know what was in store for us on the air. We just worked away at our dials—and a tricky job it was, too—and we were delighted with what we succeeded in bringing in. Radio was radio in those days!

Radio hopefuls then knew no such competition as meets the struggling artist today. F. Chase Taylor, now the renowned

Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, made his radio debut in 1925. *Budd* (Wilbur Budd Hulick) stepped from a job as soda jerker in a Buffalo drugstore to become entertainer and announcer for the Buffalo Broadcasting Company. And *Stoopnagle and Budd* came into being in 1931, to fill a fifteen-minute period when a chain program failed. It's only recently that this gifted pair have had a hard time to find a sponsor. But now they are signed for their own series.

In 1931 Kate Smith made her bow, as the *Songbird of the South*. Margaret Speaks was broadcasting in Columbus, Ohio, long before the days of commercial radio and developed her lovely voice in the Firestone chorus—working up to the starring position she now enjoys. Jessica Dragonette, Lanny Ross and Rudy Vallee are among the old-timers of the air.

But now opportunity, it would seem, knocks only upon the doors of the already famous.

Which, as Mr. Lohr has pointed out, defeats the proper purpose of radio, to produce and develop its own artists. For not among those will many of the great radio stars be found.

Major Bowes hewed out a new path with his *Amateur Hour*, in the effort to discover among ambitious amateurs new radio artists. And whatever their unpredictable future, he at least is presenting pleasing radio entertainment that still tops the list of popular radio programs. He's done a worthy job. Let's give him credit for it.

Rudy Vallee usually works his guest

stars into a carefully designed program, so that they seem to be an integral part of it. The *Show Boat* achieves a patterned unity. And now and then some dark star glows with new light as a genuine radio artist.

For example, Bob Burns, who made his radio debut as a guest star on the Rudy Vallee program. Bob was born in Arkansas and his stuff has the freshness and vigor of an Arkansas breeze. In his quest for a career he tried out his talents in various directions. Vaudeville headliner, jazz band leader, newspaper publisher, resort concessionaire, film player, he came at last to appear on Rudy's *Fleischmann Variety Hour*. There his delightful homely humor led inevitably to his engagement for his present radio series.

And there are, undoubtedly, many such, capable of being sterling radio stars—if they are not crowded from the microphone by famous film folk, prize fighters, wrestlers, fan dancers and what have you.

And the salaries these guest stars draw for one radio broadcast!

And all the vast army of the as yet unknowns, lost somewhere in the shadows, waiting. When will their chance come?

When will radio stop defeating itself—stop filling its house to overflowing with guest stars who secretly scorn its limited accommodations—shouldering out a talent that would more admirably serve its purpose of entertainment?

Let's shut the door to some of the laurel-crowned—and bring Brother and Sister in from the barn!



SKIN FEELS DRY AND "TIGHT" THESE COLD DAYS

SOFT IN AN INSTANT WITH POND'S VANISHING CREAM

Melt DRY "TIGHT" SKIN INTO SUPPLE SMOOTHNESS

"I use it for a powder base ... overnight, too, for extra softening"

Miss Nancy Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Whitney

BRISK cool days to tempt you out of doors for hours at a time! No wonder your skin feels dry and "tight" when you come in . . . harsh to the touch.

What happens is that dying cells on the surface of your skin dry out quicker. They begin to shed.

But you can make it smooth and moist in a minute. By *melting away* those tiny rough particles—with a *keratolytic* cream!

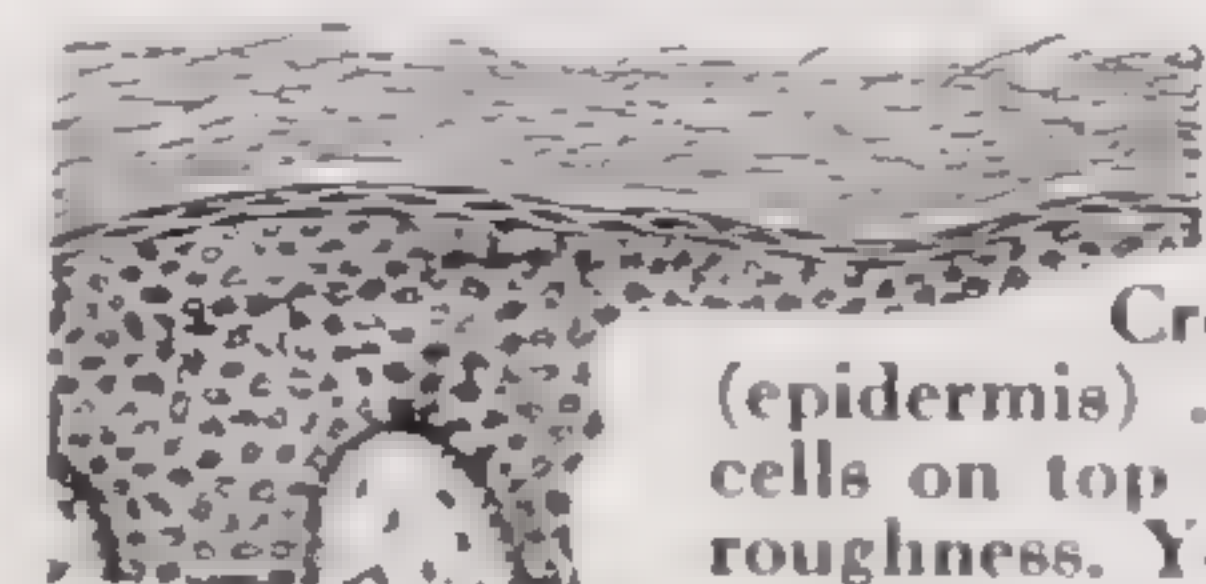
A dermatologist explains

A prominent dermatologist makes this clear: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches dried-out surface cells, they melt away. The underlying cells, moist

and young, come into view. The skin immediately appears smooth and fine textured."

That's why Pond's Vanishing Cream is such a wonderful skin softener! More than a perfect powder base, Pond's Vanishing Cream, applied regularly twice a day, starts you toward a young, fine-textured skin.

For a smooth make-up—Before you put on make-up, film your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It melts away flaky bits



Why skin feels harsh

Cross-section of outer skin (epidermis) . . . showing how dead cells on top dry up, flake off, cause roughness. You can *melt* them off.

. . . leaves your skin smooth for powder.

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night, after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It won't show, won't smear the pillowcase. It goes on invisibly—softens your skin all night through!

8-Piece Package

Pond's, Dept. L138, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!



**Waterproof . . .
far easier to use!**

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length . . . their luxuriance rich

with the enticing charm of *naturalness*!

Quite obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied*, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

Complete with brush in smart rubber-lined satin vanity . . . Black . . . Brown . . . Blue . . . 50c at the better stores. TATTOO your eyelashes!

TATTOO

Cream MASCARA

Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED

FREE 8x10 Inch
ENLARGEMENT
of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any Kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.



GEPPERT STUDIOS

Dept. 286
Des Moines, Iowa

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

Told by topnotchers of the air in reply to oft-repeated questions from their fans



Mr. and Mrs. Red Nichols enjoy a bit of tea in their charming home in Forest Hills, Long Island. Red's wife, the former Willa Inez Stutzman, was in the *Vanities* when she met the popular band leader. Red plays a mean trumpet.

Do you agree that the success of a broadcast depends almost as much on the presentation, material, and commercials as on the artistry of the individual performers?

Bing Crosby: "I'm still guessing."

David Ross: "I would say definitely that the presentation, material, and commercials can make or break a program."

Deems Taylor: "I do, except that 'almost as much' is faint praise. 'Two-thirds' would be more accurate, and the average commercial broadcast is seven-eighths performer and one-eighth the rest."

Thornton Fisher: "I would not say, 'depends almost.' I believe sincerely that it depends entirely on presentation, material, and commercials. The radio performer has a certain personality, certain individual talents. These are his assets. He (or she) is commanded by the sponsor or the director to perform according to the show. The tempo may be too fast or even too slow for the performer, based on his past performances. The man who writes the continuity, backed by the sponsor or agency, is responsible. The artist flops and the critics pan."

Loretta Lee: "I believe that presenta-

tion and material are very important, but do not think the commercial has much to do with the quality of a broadcast one way or another. The slogan, 'The play's the thing,' is practically a truism as far as I'm concerned, and while a great artist can make mediocre material listenable he needs much more than this for a truly great performance."

Parks Johnson: "Many a radio artist has been seriously held back, or completely eliminated, simply through poor presentation, cumbersome and stereotyped commercials, and poor material. However, sponsors generally wish to avoid such things, and I believe this situation is rapidly improving."

Art Van Harvey: "Emphatically yes. No matter how good the artist, if the material is poor the show will not be a success. On the other hand, no matter how well the material is written, unless it is portrayed properly it meets with the same results. Therefore, I should say it is about a fifty-fifty break."

Nino Martini: "Undoubtedly the presentation, material, and subtlety in which the commercials are included have a great deal to do with the success of any broadcast program."

Bernice Claire: "I certainly do agree. A smartly expressed commercial (not too long, please) or one that is brought in

in a subtle manner makes the whole program more pleasing. Many a beautiful selection is sometimes spoiled by an irritating 'and now ladies and gentlemen.'"

Ed McConnell: "Certainly. Without material suitable to his personality, there is scarcely an artist on the American radio who could hold the attention of the listeners. Presentation is also a big part of the success of any program. I believe the handling of commercials is an art in itself, and that they can be used in a way that promotes entertainment."

Olga Albani: "I thoroughly agree with you on this for I have often felt that the fine artistry of an actor or singer has been almost nullified by poor material and bad presentation."

Harry von Zell: "I believe that a program can attain a certain degree of success through the force of 'name appeal.' But lasting and complete success can be attained only if the material, commercials and production are designed to 'frame' the personality of the program's stars."

Lucy Monroe: "Most certainly. That's something that some actors never learn. In the last analysis, 'the play's the thing.'"

Lennie Hayton: "I do agree that the success of a broadcast depends as much on the presentation, material, and commercials as on the artistry of the individual performer. I only hope that more commercial programs will see the benefits derived from minimizing commercials."

From the standpoint of good advertising should commercials be injected into the scripts of the various members of the cast, or should they be entrusted entirely to the announcer?

Deems Taylor: "That depends on how they are injected. If they are done amusingly, as Burns and Allen do them, they are a thousand times more effective than the usual over-emphatic and humorless sales blather. If they are handled as badly as the average commercial is, it doesn't matter who does them. They're rotten advertising in either case. It's very dangerous for the performer, to hand him the commercials. He may become so identified with the product that he will have a hard time getting another job."

David Ross: "I believe it is unsound advertising to ask the cast members to step out of the rôles they have created, to have them do the commercials. It shocks the listener's sense of logic, and strains his credulity. Whereas, in the person of the announcer, the commercials sound logical and natural."

Helen Marshall: "I think that is purely a matter of individual likes and dislikes, but at any rate all advertising should be made as attractive as possible."

Igor Gorin: "I do not believe that real artists are suited to carry over advertising."

(Continued on page 76)

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!



See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By *Lady Esther*

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest

and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (27) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

(Continued from page 75)



Guy Lombardo—CBS maestro of Lombardo Time

ing material. This is much better done by a regular announcer, who is trained for the purpose."

Jimmy Fidler: "Both—but the artist should not overdo it. Announcers should read the commercials—but I think commercials should be interesting, both in material and presentation. They should by all means be brief. The artist may on special occasion endorse the product, and should. I wouldn't do a radio program for a product I could not personally endorse and I certainly don't mind saying as much to my radio listeners. On the contrary, I never cheapen my show by beating a commercial reader out of a job."

Ted Hammerstein: "The new personality of the announcer plus his individual popularity I think is much better."

James Melton: "Entirely to the announcer."

Andre Kostelanetz: "Commercial announcements should be left entirely to the announcer. The entertainment should be kept intact."

Hal Kemp: "I think dramatized com-

mercials are the most effective."

Fred Waring: "Depends on the technique employed, the popularity and ability of the performers, or the message itself and above all the product."

Jimmy Farrell: "Good commercial advertising is a field of its own and demand the undivided attention of at least one announcer and should be left to him—for best results."

Edward MacHugh: "I think the advertising should be left entirely to the announcer."

Conrad Thibault: "Certain set-ups do permit clever and unusual methods of injecting commercial script by members of the cast, possibly to some advantage, but it would not be a good rule to follow in the majority of cases."

Boake Carter: "It depends entirely on the product being merchandized."

Don Bestor: "They should be entrusted to a good announcer—one who doesn't put too much 'sell' into his voice and just gives the facts."

Be Wise—Alkalize

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains

30¢ 60¢
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS

TOO MUCH TO EAT—NO EXERCISE! **ACID INDIGESTION**

THAT'S JUST THE TIME TO ALKALIZE!

ALKA-SELTZER, FRIEND IN NEED! **MORNING AFTER**

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY—YES INDEED!

IT'S SILLY, DEAR, TO SUFFER SO. **HEADACHE!**

I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS LONG AGO.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 11318-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,350 C. P. A.'s

Sticky? NO!

Just isn't sticky

New Secret Ingredient does away with sticky gums found in old-type lotions. Penetrates quickly, leaving your skin satinsmooth. Next time ask for Chatterbox.

Chatterbox LOTION

AT 5¢ & 10¢ STORES EVERYWHERE

RADIO STARS

Ed McConnell: "I think this depends entirely upon the nature of the entertainment. On the whole I would say there would be less likelihood of danger to the entertainment if an announcer were used in conventional manner. I do most of my own advertising, but that is made possible by the nature of my programs. Incidentally, I am paid for being able to do this."

Nick Dawson: "The adroit insertion of commercials in comedy shows of the Benny-Allen-Cantor type, I should say, is good advertising. Their injection into the lines of a dramatic performance can result only in the destruction of the illusion and consequently resentment on the part of the listener."

Phillips Lord: "I believe commercials should be left to the announcer most of the time. An occasional logical and natural variation, however, should also be effective."

Irene Wicker (the Singing Lady): "In my opinion, commercials sound embarrassed and insincere when they are injected into the scripts of the various members of the cast. A good announcer with a simple straightforward style lends dignity and credibility to the claims of a sponsor. However, I think Jack Benny's style is the exception."

Kate Smith: "I believe that a commercial can be woven into the script without detriment to the show. On our A & P programs we do that but keep the commercial down to a minimum. This seems

to be important. The audience then does not become annoyed."

Ozzie Nelson: "I think it is O.K. for the performer, providing it is not the type of commercial that might cheapen the value of his name . . . but the tie up must be graceful."

Ray Perkins: "Can't be answered with



Irene Wicker visited Washington, D. C., recently, to gather material for a series in which she will depict, for children, the youthful days of the nation's presidents.

a yes or no. Depends on the type of product, audience appealed to, personnel of the program, and other factors."

Abe Lyman: "That is one question that should be left to the discretion of the sponsor."

Vaughn de Leath: "For the sake of the artist they should be limited to the announcer. From the standpoint of the advertisers, good results may be got by letting the members of the cast share the burden, providing the commercial material is cleverly interwoven."

John Barclay: "I think they should be entrusted to the announcer—except in the case of a comedian—Ed Wynne has a way of taking the curse off!"

Bernice Claire: "I like them as part of the script—if they are done cleverly—but otherwise let them be negotiated by the announcer—you see, there are so few Jack Bennys on the air!"

Teddy Bergman: "I believe the listener will 'take' a commercial from an artist more readily than from an announcer."

Bob Crosby: "If cleverly and entertainingly done, I believe the former method is the better, since announcers' commercials are apt to become wearisome, that having been the accepted procedure for so long."

Helen Jepson: "Entirely to the announcer—except, perhaps, in the case of clever comedians."

(Continued on page 78)

Yes - YOU WILL BE MORE BEAUTIFUL with

Princess Pat ROUGE

SUPPOSE YOU FOUND you were less beautiful than you could be . . . and then discovered a way to new loveliness . . . wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge certainly doesn't give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that "painted, artificial look".

Now let's see about Princess Pat rouge. You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat—if it can give you thrilling new beauty. And it does because it's duo-tone . . . an undertone and an overtone make each shade. It isn't just another rouge, but utterly different. **When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin!** Mysteriously, amazingly it has become such gloriously natural color

that no one can tell it is rouge. Do you want that? Color that seems actually to come from within the skin, like a natural blush. Only more thrilling—bringing out hidden beauty you never knew you had. Somehow, with such glamorous color, you radiate beauty, compel admiration. Your mirror tells you such a tale of sparkle and animation that confidence in your own loveliness bids you be irresistible . . . and then you *are*.



But remember this — only Princess Pat rouge has the duo-tone secret. It changes on your skin—matches your individual type. Try Princess Pat rouge. Until you do you will never know your own beauty.

GET THIS MAKE-UP SET — SPECIAL

The popular Princess Pat rouge, powder and lip rouge, easily two weeks' supply, in a novel, attractive Collegian Kit—for this coupon and 10c coin.

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 62-B 2709 South Wells Street, Chicago.

Enclosed find 10c for which send me the Princess Pat Collegian Make-up Set.

NAME _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

In Canada, address Gordon Gordon Ltd., 489 King St., W., Toronto.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

(Continued from page 77)



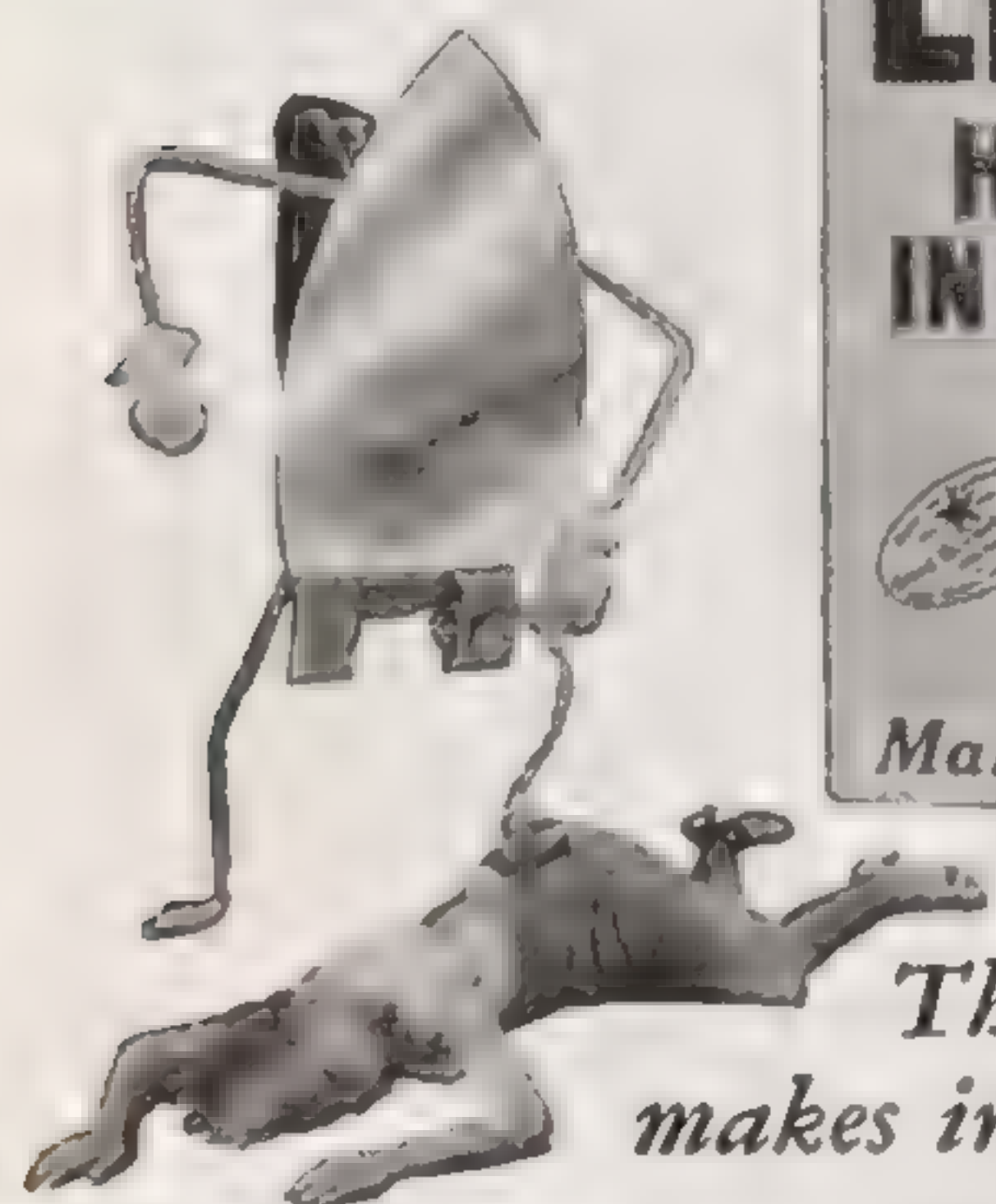
You never need to be embarrassed by stains and spots in a toilet bowl. You never need to rub and scrub to keep it glistening like new! Just get a can of Sani-Flush. Sprinkle a little of this odorless powder in the bowl. (Follow directions printed on the can.) When you flush the toilet, unsightliness is carried away. The porcelain glitters again. Odors and germs are killed.

Sani-Flush is especially made to clean toilets. It does a better job. It saves all unpleasant toiling with toilets. It cannot injure plumbing. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



YARN Send for 400 FREE Samples
Detailed instruction FREE. 4
Color Afghan Yarn \$2.64 lb. Pom-
padour and Saxony \$3.00 lb. Shet-
land \$2.25 lb. Tweed Coat Yarn
\$2.75 lb. All latest Yarns, 80 different kinds. Est. 20 yrs.
YARN NOVELTY CO. 42 (AJ) North 9th St. Phila., Pa.

**ESCAPE
NEEDLESS
EXHAUSTION**



FREE OFFER
*This way to starch
makes irons fairly glide!*

This new way to hot starch does away with boiling, mixing, straining and bother. It's a powdered starch... practically self-cooking. It contains gliding ingredients. Makes hot starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Write us, The Hubinger Company, number 279, Keokuk, Iowa, for small proof packet... ask for "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch". See how easy it becomes to press things to gleaming perfection.

Benay Venuta: "I like commercials in the script—and done in an off-hand manner—people are more liable to hear them that way. I don't think anyone pays the slightest attention to formal commercials."

Eddy Brown: "Under no circumstances should commercials be injected into radio scripts. All such advertising should be left entirely with the announcer."

At what point do you feel most nervous . . . at the beginning, during, or at the end of the broadcast?

Igor Gorin: "Every true artist is always at a tension at the beginning, during, and at the end of a performance."

Ozzie Nelson: "Just before the battle, Mother."

Parks Johnson: "I'm not of a nervous temperament. However, that hour just before the broadcast finds me quite on edge. I'm anxious to get under way! You see, I so thoroughly enjoy my broadcast, that I'm sincerely eager to get at it! Selfish, perhaps, for thinking of my own pleasure!"

Bob Burns: "When the act ahead of me is on."

Loretta Lee: "Usually at the beginning of the broadcast, for then I am not certain just how my numbers will go over. Once I get started, however, the uneasiness disappears and I concentrate on delivering the material to the best of my ability."

David Ross: "Always at the beginning, frequently during the broadcast, and sometimes at the end. On some occasions, all through the program."

Deems Taylor: "At the beginning, when I invariably have a running head cold, and a dry throat, which is one of the miracles of medical science."

Ed McConnell: "I am always nervous just before the beginning of a broadcast. Once I am into my program, I lose this nervous condition immediately. It's the 30-second wait before the opening that causes me the most suffering."

Art Van Harvey: "On those broadcasts where I did feel nervous, it was always at the beginning, especially a minute or so before I knew I was on the air. Usually, however, this quickly wears off once I am into the script."

Lennie Hayton: "My nervousness comes just before the beginning of a broadcast. Once the first note is played this nervousness usually leaves me."

Helen King: "It depends—have experienced all three."

Benay Venuta: "I am usually nervous on my first song, and on a big 'guest program' when they first announce me I have the old 'standing-in-the-wings jitters.'"

Virginia Verrill: "Just before my broadcast. The minute they start I am never nervous."

Nino Martini: "My most nervous state is just previous to a very important performance whether on the operatic stage, the radio, or a big concert. As soon as I get under way, any nervousness leaves, and never did I feel it at the end of a performance."

Olga Albani: "I am nervous at all times during a broadcast, but not distractedly so."

Nick Dawson: "I must confess that I am never nervous. I'm not sure whether this is accounted for by ego or by stupidity."

Elsie Hitz: "I am always nervous just before and at the beginning of each broadcast. I rarely have that feeling after reading a few lines."

Gogo De Lys: "Oh, those tense seconds before we go on the air!"

Ray Perkins: "At that zero hour, thirty seconds before going on the air."

Betty Lou Gerson: "The beginning. After the first few minutes any nervous feeling I might have felt has disappeared."

Tim Healy: "To be perfectly frank, I never feel nervous when broadcasting because I realize that those who tune in to hear me are friendly and I know that at most I am only talking to one little room and not to a great crowd of people. By this I mean that you may go into millions of homes, but, after all, you're just talking to one room and the few people assembled there."

Don Ameche: "I feel nervous at no definite point. Insufficient familiarity with the script might bring me general uneasiness. Unfamiliarity with the script of another character will also cause this uneasiness."

Thornton Fisher: "Always at the beginning. This needs some explaining. Having directed many of my own shows in which I play a part after having written them, I would say that my personal reaction is this: you come into a cold studio . . . there you find, perhaps, actors with whom you are unacquainted. The lines are read, sound effects tried . . . no dice! You're coming on the air . . . your voice sounds hollow . . . you grab hold of yourself . . . the show's got to go on . . . your sponsors are listening . . . well, it's like diving into the water to get your belly warm. You do. After that you're all right. I'm nervous before the show."

Harry von Zell: "Nearly always before and after."

Bernice Claire: "If at all, usually at the beginning."

Curtis Arnall: "'Mike' fright always before the broadcast."

THE RADIO HOSTESS

(Continued from page 57)

The culture of rice is mentioned in literature as far back as 2800 B. C. Genghis Kahn loved to concoct rare dishes in his spare time. His favorite was *Mongolian Curried Chicken and Rice*. Wonder if he also inspired the *Indian Curry* that Ripley praises so highly today—eight and a half centuries later!

The Arabs believe that the date palm is the "Tree of Life." Because plenty of water and heat are necessary to the growing of dates, the Arabs say that a date tree "must have its feet in water and its head in fire." The great need of the date palm for water caused the invention of the world's first irrigation system.

A Mrs. Tibbets is credited with giving the California Citrus Industry its start in 1873, by planting two small orange trees—one of which still bears fruit.

In the Battle Creek plant of a famous cereal manufacturer (*Kellogg's*), they use up daily the yearly yield of 675 acres of corn and 450 acres of wheat.

Charles the First of England was so delighted with the ice cream made by his French chef that he pensioned him. But with the understanding that the process was to be kept secret and the ice cream made only for the king.

Oysters have been under cultivation longer than any other shellfish. Such words as "crop," "farming" and "harvest" are used in the industry by the "under water farmers." The Chesapeake Restaurant in New York City employs a colored man during the R season especially to feed their oysters to make them plump!

Archaeologists recently found in the Pyrenees a reindeer bone carved with a picture of a salmon. But although salmon once were found in quantities in most of the rivers of Europe, today they are scarce everywhere in the world except in the Pacific northwest.

The life and habits of the salmon from the time it leaves fresh water where it was born, to travel in the ocean, still is a complete mystery. Some scientists think they travel thousands of miles in the ocean, others believe they stay close to the mouth of their home rivers. But it's a known fact that the Sockeye salmon returns unerringly in the fourth year of its life—almost to the day—to the riverbed or lake where it was born—traveling hundreds of miles to get there yet always gauging the time and distance just right, believe it or not!

RADIO STARS' Cooking School
RADIO STARS Magazine
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free leaflet containing recipes for Robert L. "Believe-It-or-Not" Ripley's unusual dishes.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

For that uncertain feeling—



Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?

If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM



BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM...
candy coating protects a pleasing
flavor... and, as you probably
know, pepsin aids digestion after
a hearty meal.

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM...
is so good it's the most popular flavor
of any gum sold in the United States.

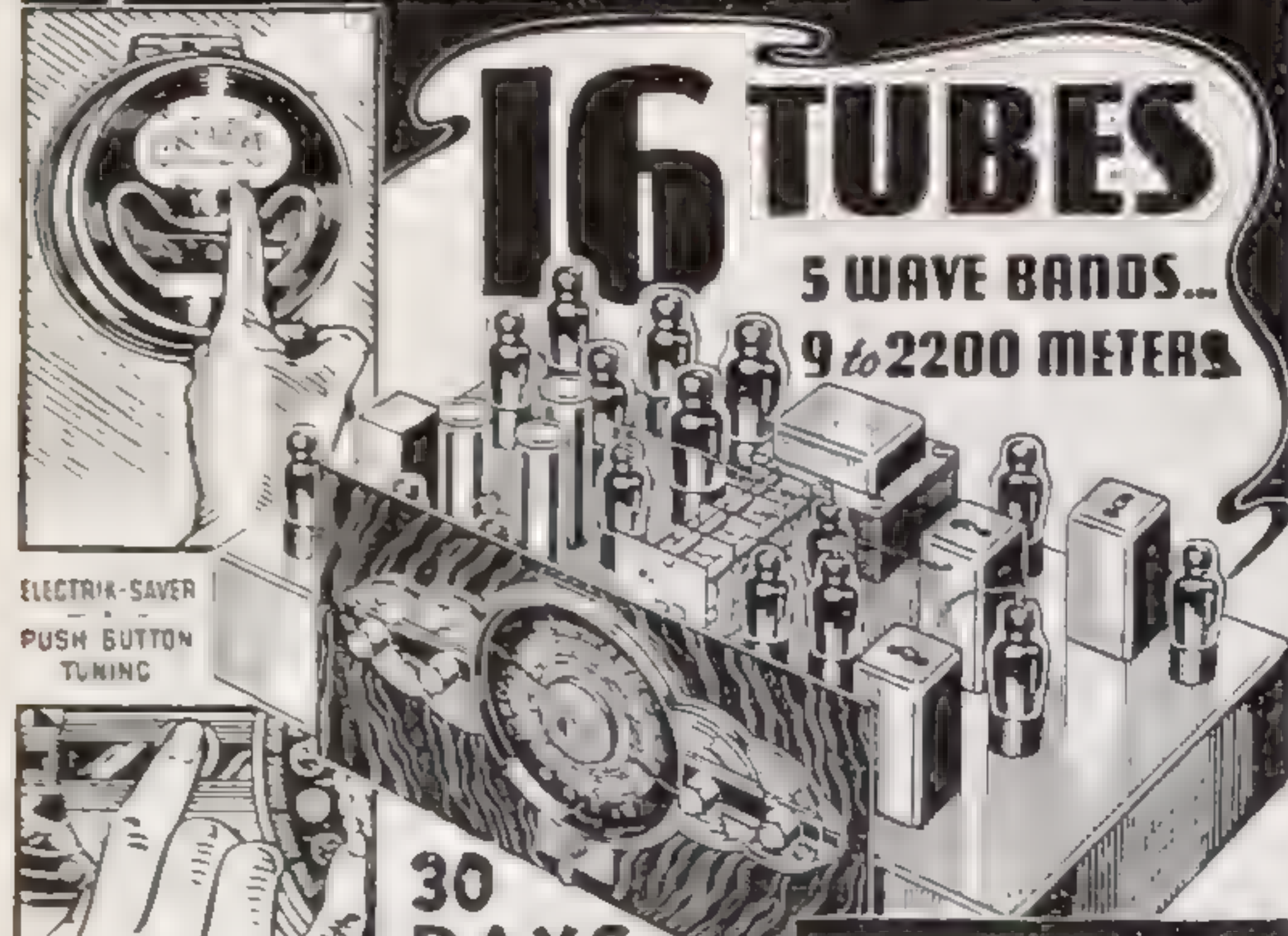
BEECHIES...another really
fine Peppermint Gum—
sealed in candy coating. Like
Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT...
especially for those who like a distinc-
tive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

ORALGENE... Its
firmer texture gives much
needed mouth exercise...
and its dehydrated milk of
magnesia helps neutralize
mouth acidity. Each piece indi-
vidually wrapped.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

**Only MIDWEST Gives You
PUSH BUTTON TUNING
plus ELECTRIK SAVER**



16 TUBES
5 WAVE BANDS...
9 to 2200 METERS

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL!

\$49.95 COMPLETE with GIANT THERM-SONIC SPEAKER
(LESS TUBES) TERMS AS LOW AS 10¢ A DAY

EVERYWHERE, radio enthusiasts are praising this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective 16-tube 5-band radio. Outperforms \$200 sets on point-for-point comparison. Before you decide, write for FREE 40-page 1937 catalog. Learn how you can save 50% by buying direct from the factory. Why pay more?

74 ADVANCED FEATURES

Scores of marvelous features explain Midwest super performance and assure thrilling world-wide all-wave performance. You can switch instantly from American programs . . . to Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . to world's finest foreign programs. Powerful Triple-Twin tubes (two tubes in one!)—give 20-tube results. Exclusive *Electrik-Saver* cuts radio wattage consumption 50% . . . results in Midwest radios using no more current than ordinary 7-tube sets . . . enables them to operate on volume as low as 80 volts. *Push Button Finger Tip Tuning* is made possible with the Midwest automatic push button tuning system . . . doubling your radio enjoyment.



SAVE UP TO 50% DIRECT FROM FACTORY

No middlemen's profits to pay—you buy at wholesale price direct from factory—saving 30% to 50%. As little as 10¢ a day pays for your Midwest . . . and you can try it out in your own home on 30 days FREE trial. You are triply protected with: Foreign Reception Guarantee, One-Year Warranty and Money-Back Guarantee.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for

Free 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and
40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR Free CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. E-17, Cincinnati, Ohio

Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Name

Address

Town

State

Special offer and prices prevail only when dealing direct with factory by mail.

REAL LIFE STORY



TIRED ALL THE TIME

SHE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO

FEELS LIKE NEW!
THANKS TO CLEVER WIFE..

HE wasn't himself. Had too many restless nights, too many tired days. Seemed to lose his ambition. But his clever wife was too smart to let this go on. She insisted that he try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and he found out what a surprising difference it made to use a laxative of entirely vegetable origin. He didn't mind taking NRs at all, they were so gentle, and non-habit forming. They simply made him feel like a new man. Get a 25c box at any drugstore today.

**NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT**

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 79S-16, St. Louis, Mo.

IF ONLY THEY HADN'T LAUGHED!

(Continued from page 45)

Phil laughed. "If you write that," he joked, "I hope my sponsor loses his glasses!"

Then the jester became again the thoughtful man with frustrated hope.

"Well, anyway," he resumed, "I told Mr. Aarons how I'd always wanted more than anything else to be a musician. We talked and talked—and three or four days later he called me up. He'd arranged a special course of study fitted to my peculiar needs! What do you know about that?"

"But I only took five of the lessons," Phil said ruefully. "How could I sit there and concentrate on what he was trying to teach me? All the time my mind would be back at the office, worrying about the gags for next week's radio programs! I finally had to tell Mr. Aarons it wasn't any use. I was just wasting his time and patience.

"But listen to me," Phil spoke almost fiercely. "Some day—within the next three years, before I'm forty—I'm going to let the radio and vaudeville and the stage and everything else run for Sweeney! I'm going to pack up and with my wife and kids I'll go off to Europe—and we won't know when we're coming back, either. I'll stay there till I've learned how to read music and learned something of its composition. I'll be a musician!"

"I know what you're thinking. I know!" he stormed. "You're thinking: 'He's going to do this, and he's going to do that, but he never will.' Well, I will—this time! Of course, when I first went on the stage, my idea was just to stick at it until I had enough money to study music. But then, that was different. I've learned my lesson. Money's wonderful and I'd hate to be without it—but it hasn't anything to do with success. And anybody can get more of a kick out of success than he can out of money.

"Maybe I'm nuts," he mused. "Maybe I'll never accomplish the things I want—but," he added grimly, "I'll keep trying until they have a funeral at our house and I star in it."

"But one of those boys asked you if you didn't love your work and you told him you did," I reminded him. "Well—do you or don't you?"

"I do. Too much," he flashed back. "That's why I'm so dissatisfied with it. If it were just a matter of dollars and cents, I'd be sitting on top of the world. The people I work with are nice. I've had wonderful luck with sponsors. Harry McNaughton—*Bottle*—is one of my dearest friends. But—

"All week we grub around for gags. We tear our hair hunting new ones. Then I get up there and do a program. And what have I done? What have I put into that microphone that people—"

"Why, you've made them laugh," I interrupted. "That's a lot, if you can make people laugh."

"Oh, yes. Maybe," Phil agreed wearily. "But then maybe the night I'm on the air they happen to be over at Cousin Emma's playing bridge. They don't hear

the gags we've worked and slaved over for a week. But the next night they hear Joe Doakes. He's stolen our gags. Or maybe it will just happen that a couple of the gags we use have been used by some other comedian the night before. So they say 'Gee, that guy's terrible!' and tune me out.

"You know, when I first went on the air, radio comedy was a novelty. It was new and untried. We had to find a formula—and we did. The customers liked it, or at least they didn't complain—much. So what happened? So every comedian who came to the air was tailored more or less to the pattern. You know how it goes. Everyone does now. It was something that had been tried out and was sure. But the radio audience is becoming more critical. Sponsors are, too. I think the old comedy cycle is about finished. Run its course. I think big changes are coming. Believe me, I'm going to be right on the job, and catch 'em before they catch me—and bounce me out!"

"When I come back to the air this fall, my program will be different."

Phil bound me not to reveal his ideas for his new program, but this much I can tell you. He plans the creation of a character through whom comedy, drama, and even the music on the program will be given a cohesive unity.

"Some day I want to do a five-day-a-week program on the air with *Bottle*," he confided. "Instead of just dragging a lot of gags into the program by the scruff of the neck, I want to do a sort of comic strip—something like *Mutt and Jeff* or *Jiggs and Maggie*—adapted to radio. After I've done that, I'll be willing to quit—and take that trip to Europe I was telling you about."

It seemed so unorthodox to hear a celebrated radio comedian who would not state, enthusiastically and without qualification, that he loved his work and would rather be doing it than anything else in the wide world. I knew how those boys had felt when Phil didn't give them the right answer. Maybe if I persisted. . . .

"But outside of being a musician, then, you'd rather be a radio comedian than anything else?"

"No!" his reply came explosively. "I want to be an actor. Now don't get me wrong. I am not one of those comedians who want to play Hamlet. I just want to be an actor, that's all."

Then he told me of another instance of thwarted ambition, gave me one more reason for that sudden outburst when he had denied that he knew success.

"Why just last week, I tried to land a role in a musical comedy that was going into production this fall. Maybe I'm nuts, but I'm just as keen to do a play as any youngster just out of dramatic school. This part I wanted was one I knew I could do, too. It was the sort of thing I'd been successful in before I came to radio—like *A Night in Spain*, like the part I had in the Follies, like *Pleasure Bound*.



Rosemarie Brancato, lovely young coloratura soprano substitute for Margaret Speaks on the Firestone program, will have her own program.

at sophisticated comedy. But I didn't
the part. Know why?
Because I'm a radio comedian!"

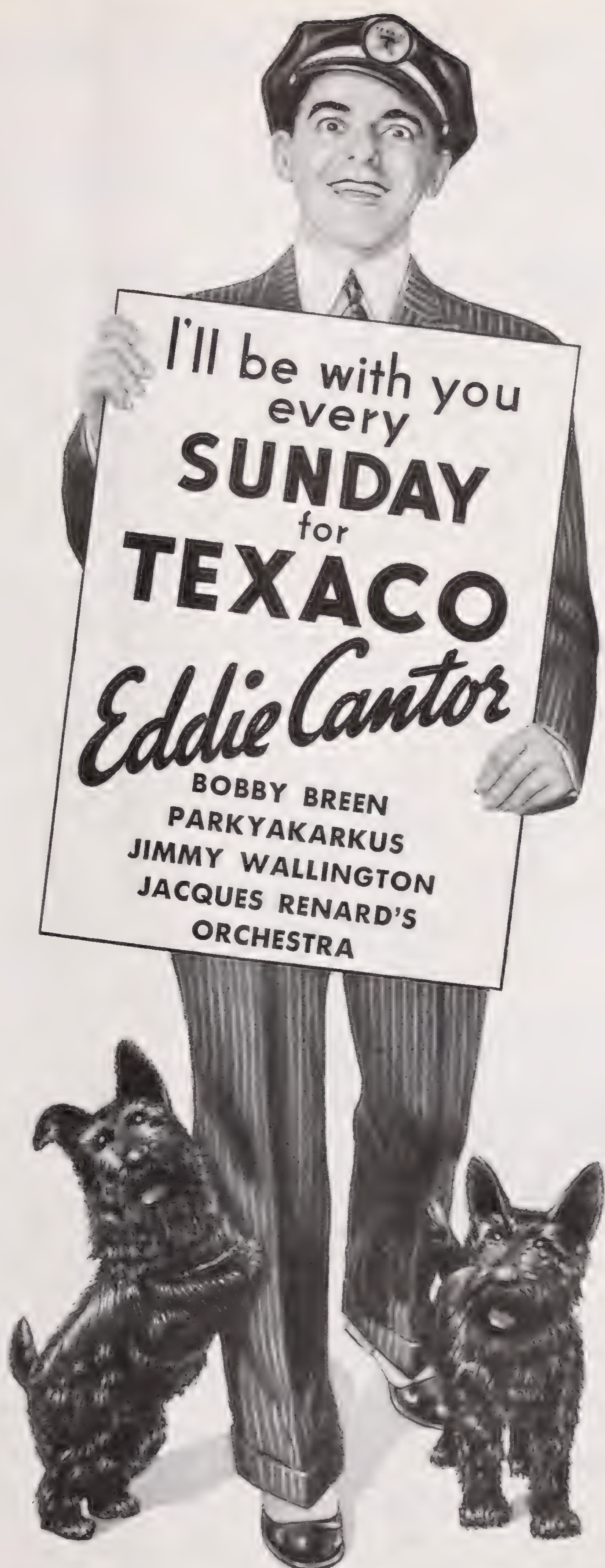
nce more there was hurt and bitter-
in his brown eyes. Too bad those
laughed slyly up their sleeves when a
of Phil's hard-won earnings went
season to finance the play, *Geraniums*
My Window, couldn't have heard that!
ey'd have understood. They'd have
own this ordinarily shrewd, cautious fel-
hadn't taken a "flyer" merely in the
e of fattening his already ample bank-
They'd have realized that he was
ing expression to an urge, a frustrated
pulse, a desire to create.

I guess if you come right down to
es," Phil reflected finally, "about the
thing I'd ever have picked, if I'd had
choice, would have been to become a
edian.

You know I told you I could play nearly
thing by ear, and on nearly any instru-
nt. Well, a booking agent told me an
he knew of could use an accordion
yer. So I practised on the accordion
a couple of days and got the job. I
t wanted a job then. But playing that
ordion made me want to learn some-
g about music. I wanted to learn to
d it, to learn all about harmony and
nposition. So I made up my mind I'd
t stick along with the act until I had
ugh money to quit long enough to
dy.

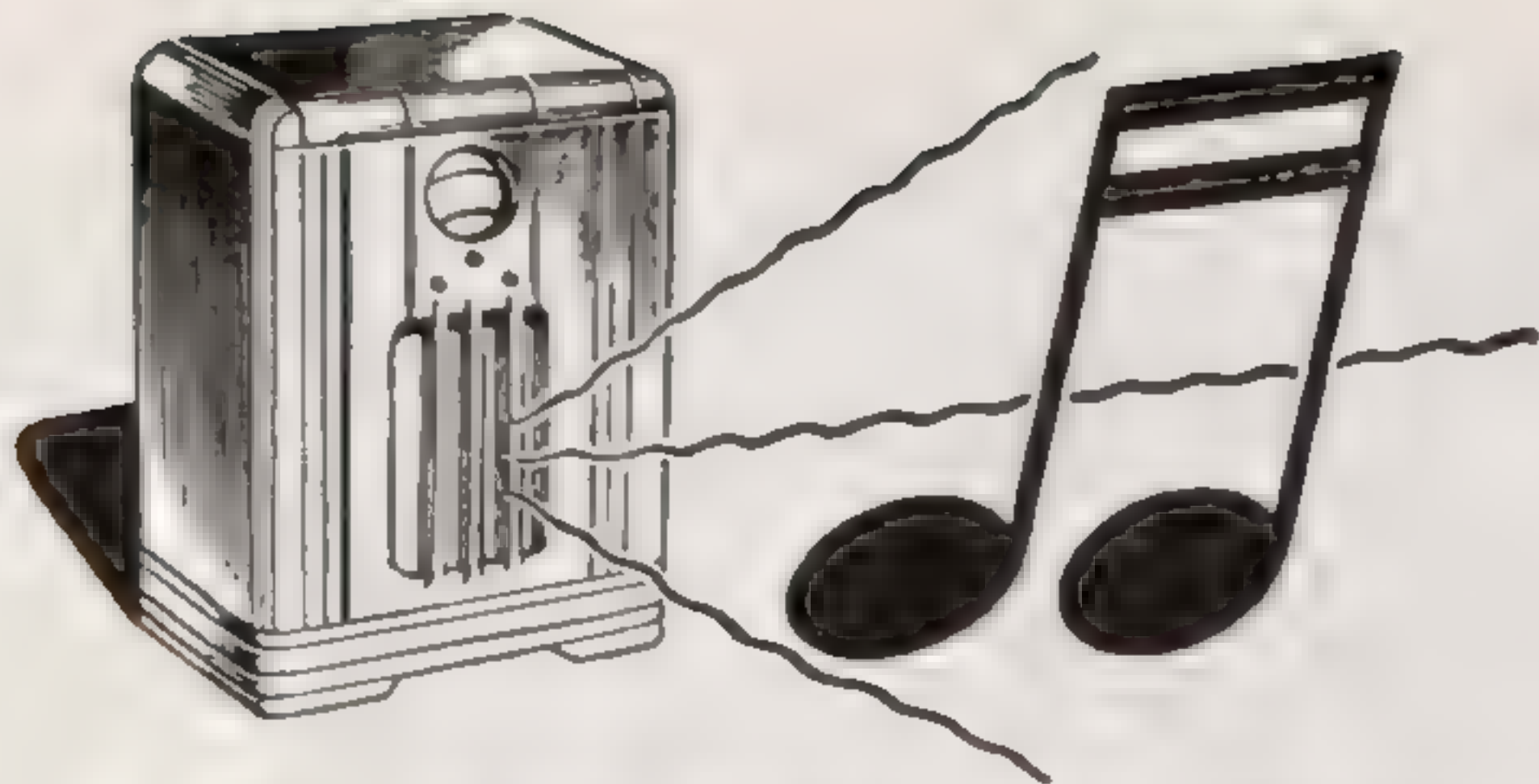
'It was a swell idea, but like a lot of
ell ideas, it didn't work. One day, by
ident, I told a gag. It wasn't a good
g, either. Talk about whiskers! It
s so old it was on crutches. But the
stomers laughed. If they hadn't—may-
I'd have been a musician today! But
ey did—so I'm not a success
'See what I mean?"

It started out to be a social call, pure
d simple. But here was a fellow with
palatial home in Mamaroneck, another
Florida, a bank balance as big as all
t-out, and growing every week. A fat
lio contract and sponsors waiting to
er him another when that runs out. All
t he has—yet he isn't a success. Why
t was a story!



EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT · COLUMBIA NETWORK

8:30	Eastern P.M. Standard	7:30	Central P.M. Standard	9:00	Mountain P.M. Standard	8:00	Pacific P.M. Standard
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When you hear the musical note . . . IT'S TIME FOR

Kellogg's

WHEN your favorite evening program ends and it comes time to retire—make your bedtime meal a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream. They're satisfying and delicious. Sleep comes quickly because they digest easily. Kellogg's are sold by all grocers.

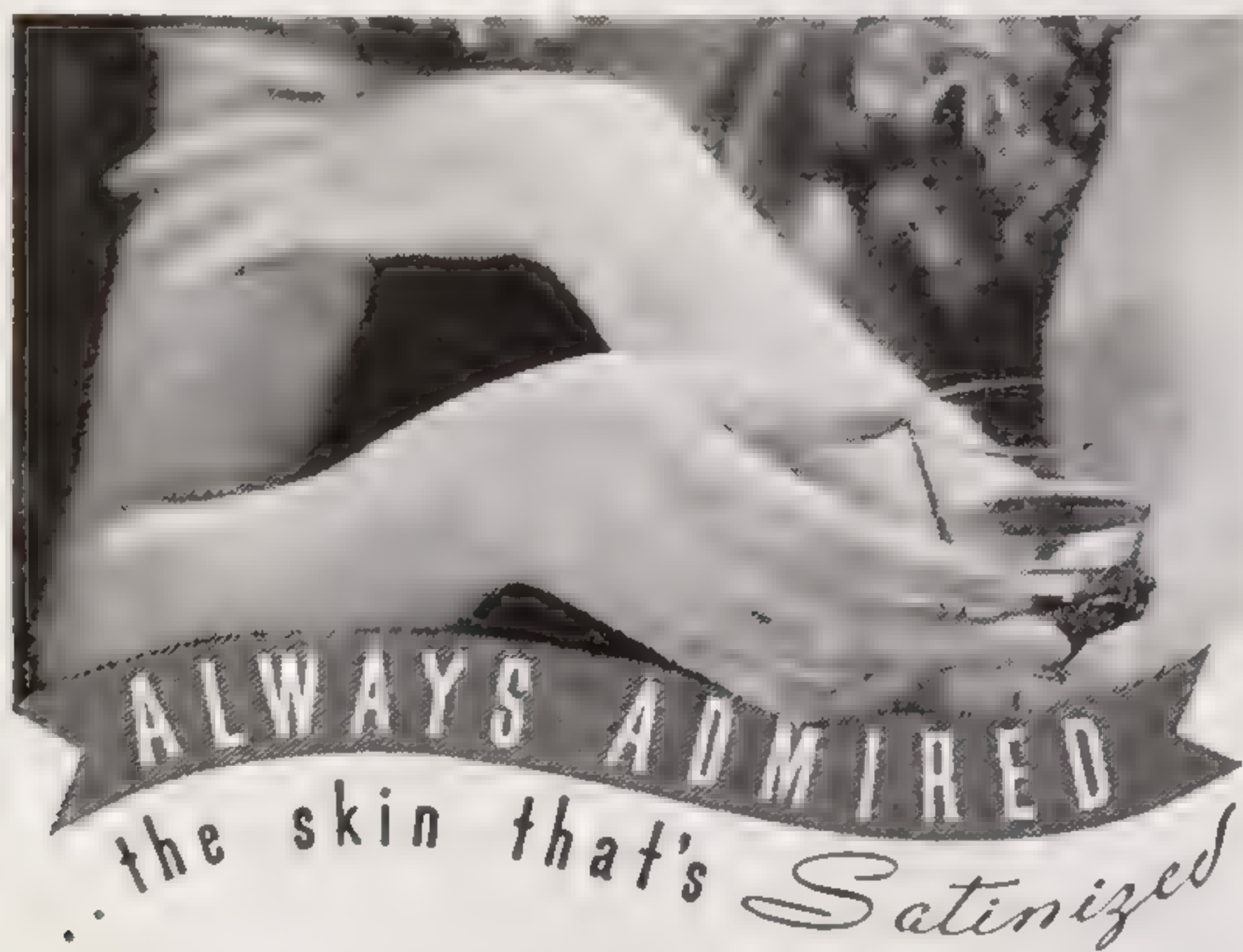
You'll enjoy these programs:

"GIRL ALONE." The story of one girl's quest for true romance. Every day except Saturday and Sunday 12:00 to 12:15 Eastern Standard Time over stations WMAQ, Chicago; WLW, Cincinnati; WTAM, Cleveland; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WBEN, Buffalo; WEA, New York; KYW, Philadelphia; WWJ, Detroit.

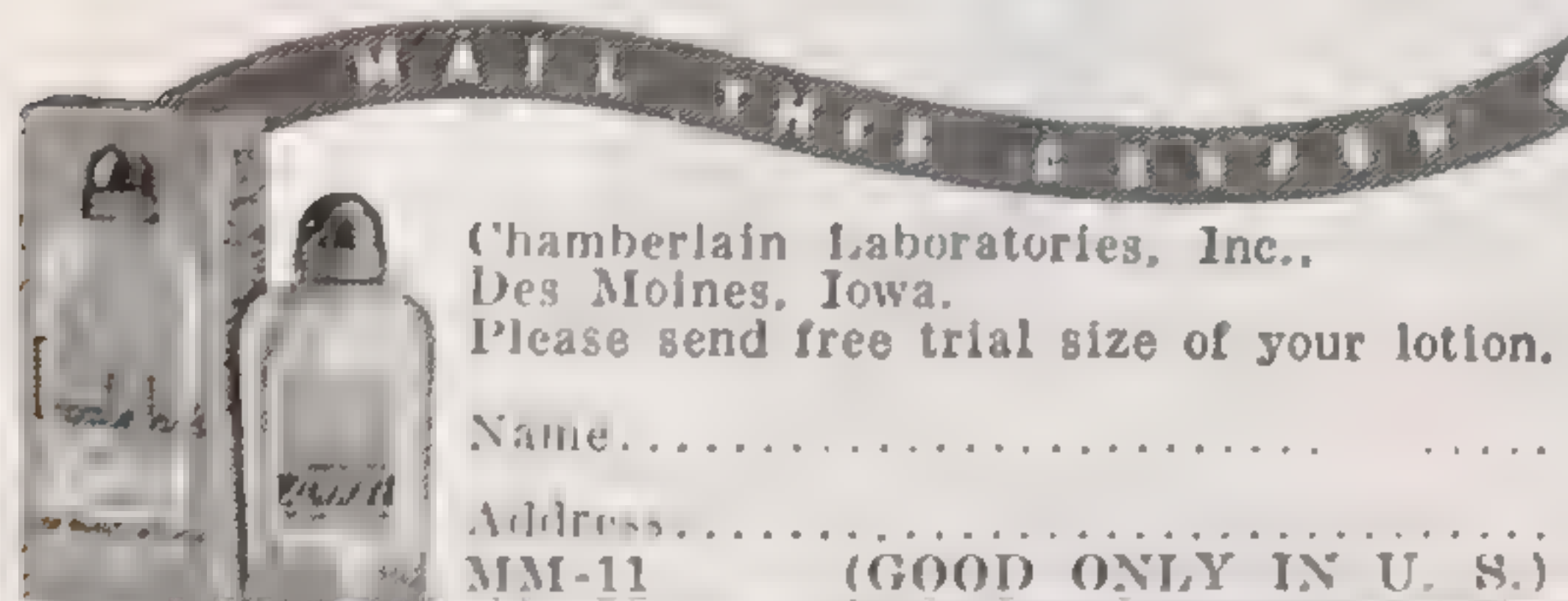
KELLOGG'S SINGING LADY: Every day except Saturday and Sunday—5:30 to 5:45 over the N. B. C. Basic Blue Network.

Nothing takes the place of

**Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES**



● Glowing with vitality, smooth and lovely, that's the way your skin looks when you use Chamberlain's—the lotion that *satinizes*. Ideal for hands, arms and skin, Chamberlain's smooths away roughness, irritation, chapping; reveals unsuspected beauty. Not sticky, greasy or gummy; it dries quickly. At all toilet goods counters.



Chamberlain's Lotion

JUNGLE BEASTS AT YOUR FIRESIDE

(Continued from page 39)

Bonbong station. Furthermore, it was a twelve-day trip from the jungle camp where I was to reach Bonbong. It meant crossing rivers, channels and even a stretch of the South Sea. Then I learned that weather conditions would have to be just right, if the broadcast were to go on through. All this discouraged me, for it meant losing about a month's work on the picture, so I gave up the idea."

What manner of man is this fellow Buck, who deliberately eschews the comforts of civilization and treks off to unknown spots on the earth's surface, pursuing wild animals with lariat and camera?

To begin with, Buck always has had a yen for animals. He was born at Gainesville, Texas, on St. Patrick's Day in 1884, which may explain his success with snakes. When the family moved to Dallas, his mother discovered little Frankie in the backyard trying to remove the fangs from a deadly copperhead with a pair of pliers. That convinced Mrs. Buck that the wide open spaces held too many allures for her son. The family moved to Chicago, which was much safer in those days, it being before the period of gangsters and machine guns.

Mrs. Buck attempted to swing the natural history bent of her son to birds, figuring that they were less deadly than the reptilian studies Frank had been conducting so informally in Dallas. She purchased him several books on bird-life and young Buck was a confirmed ornithologist long before he became an explorer.

Life as a bank clerk in Chicago was too tame for Frank and he embarked on his first jungle trip in 1911, penetrating the wilds of Brazil. He brought back with him many rare specimens of birds, sold them for surprising sums and decided that he had found his niche in life.

Buck has been going into the jungles ever since. And, in twenty-five years, he has gone through the wilds of Africa and Asia, as well as South America, but in recent years has shown a disposition to confine his adventures to the Malayan jungles.

His *No. 1 Boy*, Ali, with whom you're familiar if you're familiar with any of Buck's adventures, has been with Buck since his second year in the wilds. *The No. 1 "Boy"* is now thirty-eight and at present is in New York with his master. That Ali has served Buck so long and so faithfully is as much a tribute to the explorer's fairness as to the native's loyalty.

Buck's jungle trips have cleared up many legends about animal life. He insists that no wild animal will attack a man, unless it is hungry or provoked. All save the King cobra, a savage reptile, which rates just about with salesmen in Buck's rankings.

Frank never graduated from grade school, but later hired a tutor to round out the missing links in his education. His jungle books, pictures and radio programs have been shrewdly devised. Buck stays in the background, never intruding

himself upon his audience, narrating stories with others as the heroes.

He is rather proud of the fact that Sultan of Johore, a sixty-year-old potentate who has promised to visit Buck New York, has a pet name for him, *Mr. American Bluff*. "And he means that, too," says Frank.

Buck has done as well with his lines as he has with his vocation, which is the capture and sale of live animals. He has made three pictures. *Bring 'Em Back Alive*, which grossed \$1,500,000; *Wild Cargo*, which grossed \$1,250,000; and *Fang and Claw*, which has touched the million mark and is still showing.

And none of these cost more than \$100,000 to make, as Buck is careful to point out, whereas the production costs of an average Hollywood picture run anywhere from \$400,000 to \$1,000,000. After the actors in Buck's pictures, the monkeys, lions, pythons and hippopotami, work for nothing, and no Hollywood genius has been able to induce the Harlows, Gables or Loys to emote at those rates.

Buck's first writing was for the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1929. Since then he has collaborated on books, magazine and newspaper articles with regularity. Perhaps the biggest break he ever received was the title, *Bring 'Em Back Alive*, which appeared over his first book.

That title, which was arrived at in a round-table conference with his publisher, Simon and Schuster, and Ed Anthony, his collaborator, has served as his trademark ever since. It identifies him as readily as *Believe-It-Or-Not* identifies Ripley.

In the second year of *A Century of Progress* at Chicago, Buck met T. W. Loveland, a Minneapolis promoter, who sold him the idea of establishing an animal display there. The Zoo was such a tremendous money-maker that the city partners by now, decided to move it to Massapequa, Long Island, where it has been a continued success. It attracts from seven to ten thousand visitors on a Sunday and averages about 20,000 each week.

The Massapequa animal compound served as a base for Buck. He recently sold \$20,000 worth of animals from there to the famous Forest Park Zoo in St. Louis. Private sales are frequently made, for, with the lifting of the depression, millionaires again are stocking their personal zoos.

Despite his frustrations of a few years ago, Buck has not given up the idea of jungle broadcasts. "It will be only a question of time when radio engineers will mount the atmospheric obstacles," declared Buck. "And when they do, I like to make a commercial program of jungle broadcasts, say three a week, right from our camp."

"Can't you see what an attraction it would be? Reporting the progress of the pursuits of jaguars and other animals, telling of the traps we've set and relating what success or failure we've had. It's coming right from the heart of the jungle!"

LOOK OUT FOR THE "COMMON COLD"!

The "Common Cold" is the Common Forerunner of Pneumonia and Other Serious Diseases!

The Sensible Thing in Treatment

How often have you seen it—a cold today and something worse tomorrow.

Almost every case of bronchitis, bronchial pneumonia and influenza has its start in the "common cold."

According to recently published figures, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the "common cold."

A menace to life and health, the "common cold" is also a severe tax on the public pocketbook. Statistics prove that the average person loses ten days' work a year on account of colds.

Something to Watch

If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it.

Don't take *any* cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sneeze or a snuffle today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection*.

As an internal infection, it is patent that a cold requires *internal treatment*. Mere surface measures—mere local treatments—may temporarily alleviate the symptoms, but to get at the real trouble, you must get at a cold from *within*.

An excellent thing to take for a cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Fourfold Effect

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is expressly a cold tablet and not a

preparation good for a number of other things as well. It has only one purpose, the treatment of colds.

Secondly, it is internal in effect and does four definite things of vital importance in the relief of a cold:

(1) It opens the bowels, an admittedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

(2) It checks the fever in the system.

(3) It relieves the headache and fever.

(4) It tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

A fourfold treatment, in other words, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine accomplishes definite and speedy results.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine imposes no penalty for its use. It contains nothing harmful and is perfectly safe to take.

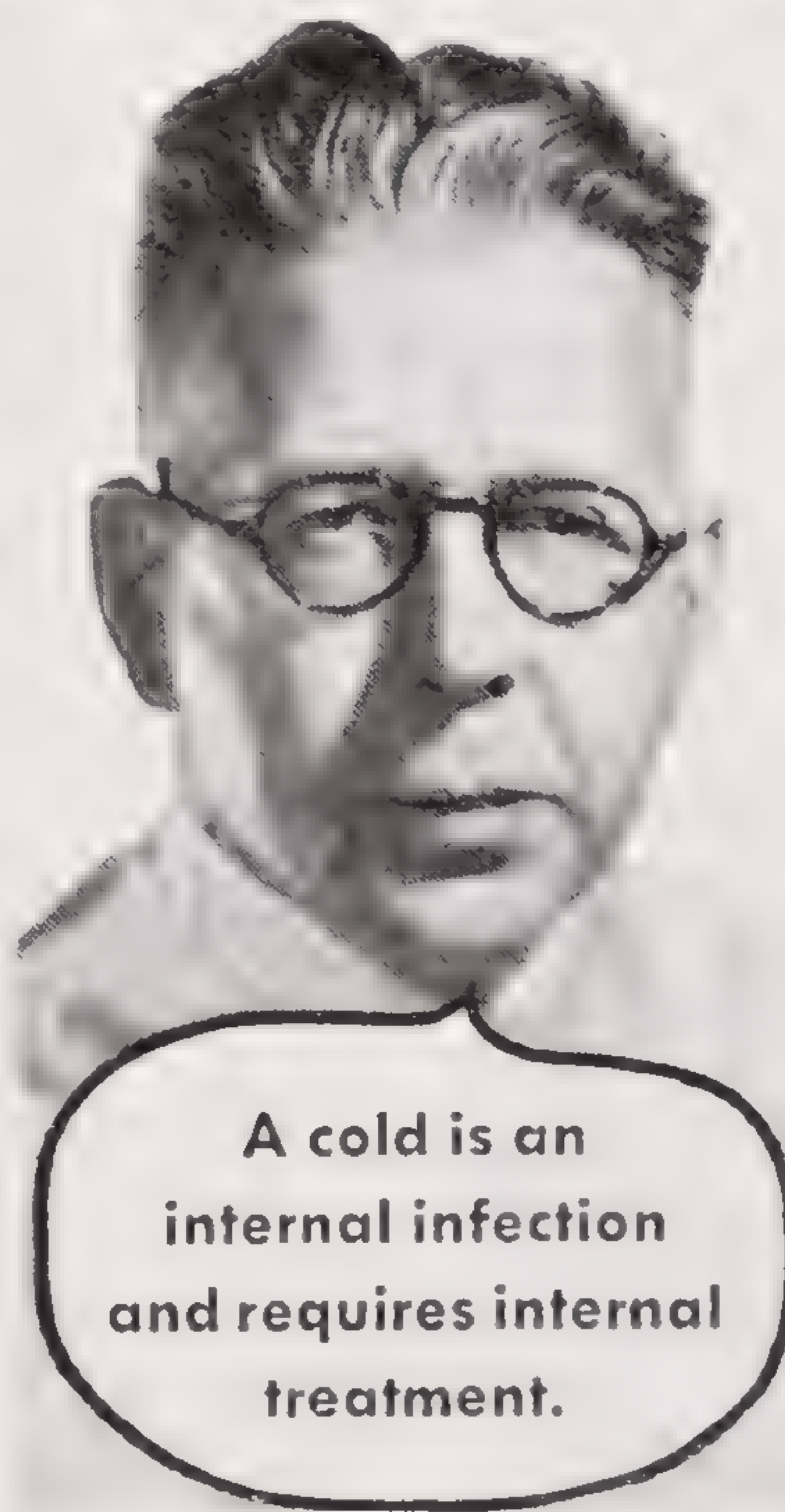
Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated are exactly the same as the regular, except that the tablets are coated with sugar for palatability.

Don't Procrastinate

When you feel a cold coming on, do something about it right away. Don't dally, don't compromise. Go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

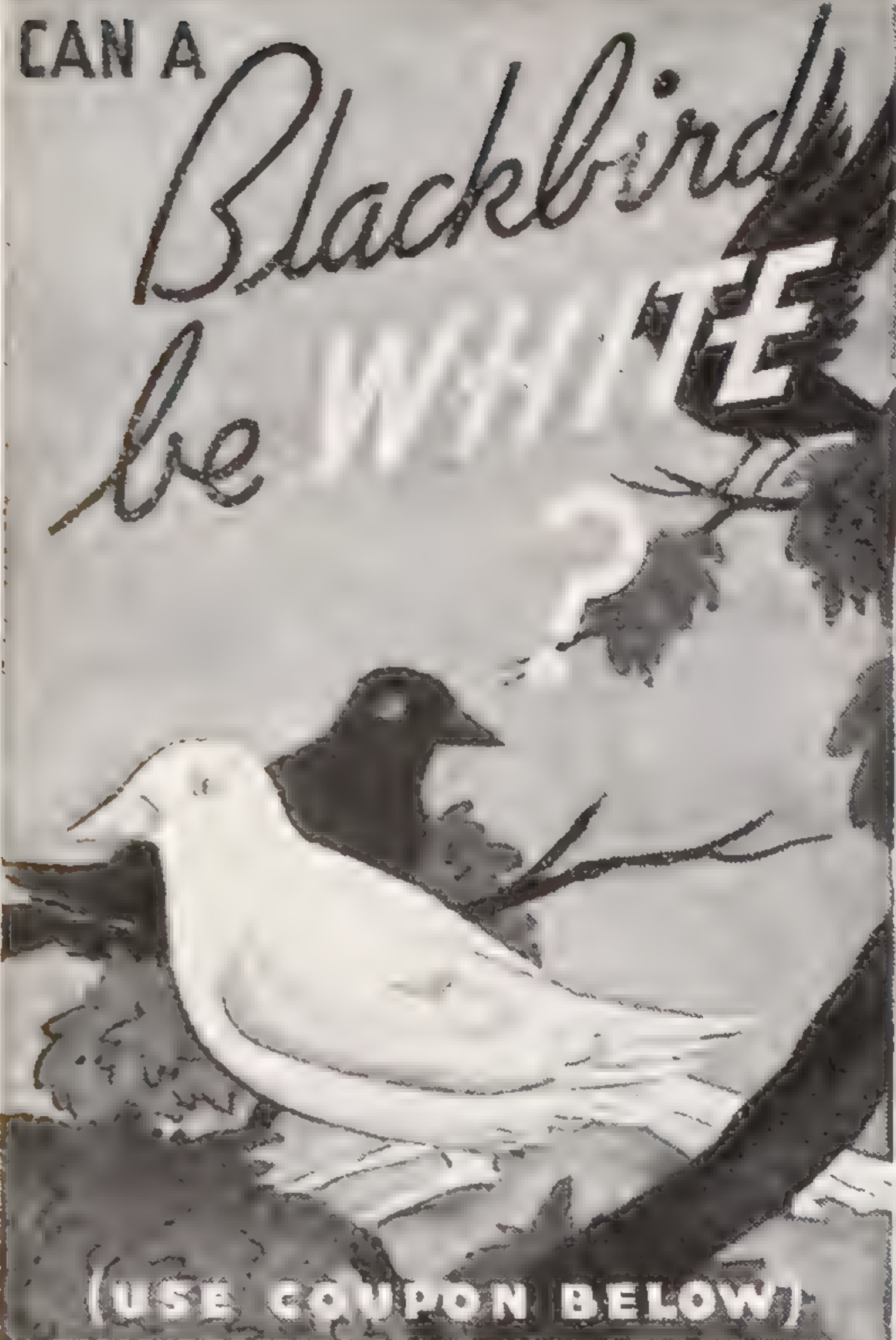
Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Usually, if taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will check a cold in 24 hours—and that's the action you want for safety!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, insist upon getting what you ask for. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot of anxiety.



A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

RADIO NOTE: Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.



● Yes! Such freaks or albinos do occasionally occur.* And a woman's skin can be *white* and *free* of chapping all winter long, also, by using ITALIAN BALM, regularly each day. Italian Balm spreads widely—lasts surprisingly long—saves your purse. Try it at Campana's expense—then *you* be the judge! Mail the coupon for FREE bottle *today*! (*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge"—Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., A. L. Burt Co.)

Campana's
Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

FREE

CAMPANA SALES CO.
1401 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.
Gentlemen: I have never tried
ITALIAN BALM. Please send me VANITY
bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name

Address

City State

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., MM-1401 Caledonia Road, Toronto



**PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE
CREAMY MASCARA**
*gives your eyes the natural-
looking beauty that stirs men!*

Here's the way to frame your eyes with long, heavy, lustrous eyelashes—to give them *natural-looking* beauty without a hint of an artificial made-up look! Use Pinaud's Six-Twelve Creamy mascara—the mascara in a convenient tube! Its creaminess does away with brittleness and matting, too! It won't run or smudge. Colors: Black, brown, blue and green.

THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS

LOVE FOUND A WAY

(Continued from page 50)

right here. I am not afraid.'

"Not many wives who would meet a drastic change as calmly as that. She was so sure that her husband would succeed!

"After six months of loneliness here, I wired Mickey to come on with baby Kenneth, who then was only a year old. She had to borrow money for the train fare. When she arrived in New York, I met her. But I had to be back at the studio in a half hour. A page boy, who had been one of the few New Yorkers to befriend me, had his car and he took Mickey, her sister Beulah, who was then fifteen, and the baby out to the apartment in Jackson Heights. She was bewildered by the new city, the strange person taking her to that new home, but she was swell about it! It had been tough bringing a year-old baby on that long train ride, too." Harry laughed a little wryly, remembering how he had to greet his young wife after a six-months' separation of three thousand miles! "I had only selected the apartment that afternoon. But it was a home! I had been living in a tiny room—the cheapest I could find in the city."

The gradual changes in the Von Zell households are a graphic description of the slow but steady climb of the announcer's success. After a year in the cramped quarters of four rooms, a six-room apartment in Jackson Heights was theirs for a year. Then came an eight-room duplex in Flushing. From there they moved into a nine-room house in Bayside.

"Kenneth was growing up and we wanted him to go to a nice school. We had a yard in which baby Jeanne could play, too." He spoke eagerly of these changes, made for the best interests of his children, in spite of the fact that they required more of his time, commuting to and from the city. And he had so little spare time.

"We had a maid, too," he went on. "Because Mickey was exhausted. The years of little sleep and hard work were telling. She looked ill. Oh, she never complained," he added quickly. "It was I who insisted that she have help. It meant that she could sleep in the mornings."

Then came the beautiful Norman Tudor house in which they now live.

"This house has a projection room—something of which Mickey and I have always dreamed!" Harry Von Zell radiates happiness when he tells about this new home. "We have a game room, a bar, and we're near the water. What a joy that is! How we have wanted that!"

Mr. and Mrs. Von Zell are beginning to receive the dividends on their hard work and sacrifices. No longer is it necessary for them to worry over each penny that is spent. No longer need they wonder how they are going to meet the demands of growing children. Harry now has time to spend with his little boy and girl.

"I never really knew Kenneth until lately," he said wistfully. "And the only

thing he knew about me was that I was his father, a father whom he saw a few minutes once in awhile. And I have time to play with little Jeanne. I can watch her grow up—something I missed with Kenneth.

"I feel as though I am on a vacation," smiles the genial announcer, the man who has been singer, actor, ukulele player, commentator, and lately comedian, over the airwaves. "For the first time in our eleven years of married life, I have time to spend with Mickey. With Kenneth who is seven and Jeanne, who is five. The children are really getting to know me for the first time.

"Even though I have been on this easy schedule of only two weekly programs for a year," continues the sandy-haired announcer, "Kenneth said to me the other night: 'Daddy, are you going to be home after dinner tonight again? Don't you ever have to work?' He is continually surprised that I have time to spend with him, to be a normal father."

You and I might not consider his weekly schedule of work a vacation, but Harry Von Zell smiles with pleasure when he considers his business week.

"On Mondays, I get to the office at 9:30 in the morning. I work all day on the scripts of the *Town Hall* program with Pat Weaver of the advertising agency." Harry acts as director of this show and supervises all script changes. "I reach home at about five in the afternoon," he continues. "That gives me time for a swim or a bit of golf before dinner. Tuesday is spent in a somewhat similar manner except that all last minute changes on the script are made on the day and I leave the office at about eight in the evening. Then I rush home and have the whole evening there."

To the man who, up to a year ago, never saw his home before midnight, Sunday included, a whole evening at home is a real treat. Wednesday finds Announcer Von Zell in his office by nine in the morning, settling last minute details of the *Town Hall* script. All afternoon is spent in final rehearsal of the show which goes on the air that night. It is two-thirty Thursday morning before he reaches home because of the rebroadcast of the show at midnight. And he calls this business a vacation!

"Yes," he insists, "because Thursday I am at home all day. You can't imagine what that means to me, after ten years of grinding for as many as sixteen or eighteen hours every day of every month of year after year! As a matter of fact I think I hold the record for any announcer for continuous long hours.

"When I was at top speed, a few years ago, I once worked for four days and three nights without stopping. I never even had my clothes off during that entire time. I had two shows going at the same time, with rehearsals almost conflicting. I was making shorts for Warners and Pathé at the same time. I raced from one place to another, with hardly a second to spare. Believe me, after work-

ke that, I appreciate the kind of life I'm leading now."

Harry Von Zell sincerely considers himself one of the luckiest men in the world. He spends Fridays at the office until five in the evening. Saturdays are spent sometimes at home, sometimes at the office, working on the Phil Baker show script. Sunday is no day of rest for him. He is working at the studio all afternoon and most of the evening, on the Baker show.

But compared with the years that have gone before, this seems like play to Harry Von Zell. When he was on the *Columbia Broadcasting System* announcing staff, he had twelve weekly commercial programs. Besides this, he was on call for all routine announcing, station identifications—all the routine duties required from regular staff announcers.

But life is sweeter now.

"And Mickey looks and feels better than she has in years," remarks this man who gives full credit to his wife. "All the time I was having such hectic hours, she adjusted her life to suit mine. In this way we could be together for the few hours that I wasn't working. But it meant double duty for her. When the youngsters awakened in the morning, her day started. And her day ended at two or three the following morning when I came home. We had no maid at that time. It certainly is a treat to see her feeling so much better now. For the first time in our married life, she is rested."

The Von Zell household now boasts of two servants, a maid and a nurse for the children. Harry doesn't say "nurse." He explains: "We have a girl to look after Kenneth and Jeanne." But it has been a long slow upward grind. Their eleven room house in the swanky Great Neck Estates of Long Island is a far cry from the four-room apartment in Jackson Heights to which Mickey was literally dumped back in 1930.

"We both like to do the same things. Outdoor exercise is our favorite pastime. And we do everything together. You see, Mickey is free to be with me, now. We go horseback riding, we play golf, we have a few sets of tennis. And we go swimming with the youngsters."

Truly a family man! And one of those unusual men who shies from all praise, from all credit for the place in radio which is his today.

"It has all happened because Mickey is such a good sport," he says. "She is the one who has made it possible."

His hobbies?

"Anything that I can do with the family," is the reply of Harry Von Zell, the radio announcer who at last has time for leisure.

His dreams didn't all come true—but when one dream died, another took its place. Now Horace Heidt, leader of The Alemite Brigadiers, thinks of another ambition he hopes to realize!

Read his absorbing story in the December issue of

RADIO STARS

AH!

**HERE'S THE WAY TO
GET 10 WINDOW
SHADES
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!**

THIS IS THE NEW
CLOPAY LINTONE
THAT LOOKS
LIKE LINEN!

YES AND MANY
OTHER SMART
PATTERNS AND SOLID
COLORS AT 15¢ —
INSTEAD OF \$1.50!

15¢ CLOPAYS LOOK COSTLY .. WEAR AMAZINGLY AS MILLIONS ALREADY KNOW

**Solve Clean
Window Shade Problem . . .
Easiest Way on Record**

IN actual tests, 3 out of 4 people seeing a new Lintone processed 15c CLOPAY beside a \$1.50 shade only four feet away thought the CLOPAY was the *cloth* shade. That's remarkable evidence that CLOPAY Lintone has a beauty usually found only in more expensive shades.

Yes, *all* CLOPAY window shades have a rich appearance which belies their small price. And they *wear* wonderfully, as millions of women have already proved. So why pay big prices for shades, when

15c CLOPAYS "fill the bill" completely?

Made of a tough, yet pliable fibre material, by a special process, CLOPAYS just don't crack, ravel or pinhole. They hang straight, roll evenly, wear longer than ordinary shades. And CLOPAY's price is so small that you actually get 10 shades for the price of one. You can afford to replace soiled shades frequently and have windows always attractive. So see the new CLOPAYS now in leading 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. Smart patterns and solid colors. Write for free color samples to:

The CLOPAY Corp., 1277 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio



15¢ CLOPAY

*America's
Fastest Selling*

WINDOW SHADES

SHE WEARS WHAT SHE LIKES

(Continued from page 15)



**DON'T LET YOUR HANDS
"DATE" YOU!**

SOFSKIN CREME Quickly Restores
Their Soft, Youthful Allure

TRY THIS AMAZING NEW CREME 10 DAYS FREE!

Maybe you don't do a stroke of real work. But just because they're in water so much oftener, your hands age faster than your face. Old hands sneak up on you before you know it—dry, veiny, rough-fingered, with wooden palms that repel a handclasp. What a tragedy while your face is still so young!

Now Science steps in with a marvelous new youthifier, SOFSKIN CREME. Your hands absorb its youth-renewing elements instantly. You can actually see them grow whiter, softer; harsh lines smooth out. So fragrant, so dainty, you'll love it. Leaves no shine or stickiness. Just soft, white, gardenia smoothness. You can wear gloves at once.

Already 12,000 Beauticians recommend SOFSKIN, use it themselves. It gives hand allure like nothing ever known before; SOFSKIN also gives arms and throat enchanting whiteness without powder; yet it is a perfect powder base. Get 35c or 60c black and gold jar at your Beauty Shop, Department or Drug store. Or, send coupon now with 3c for FREE 10 DAY TRIAL JAR.



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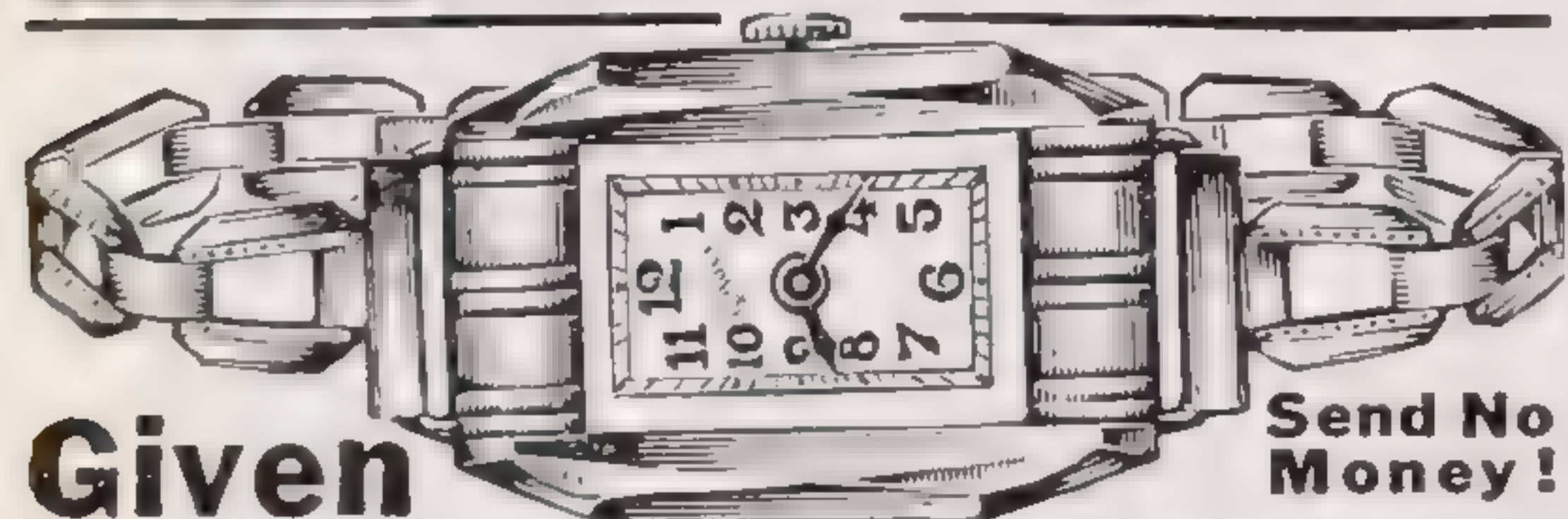
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tailored shoulders—a little padded and squared—and she has the waistlines slightly shortened and nipped in.

Gladys willingly posed in several suits from her personal wardrobe to show you how they look. There's a new suit for daytime wear about Hollywood—it's made of an imported English woolen in Oxford gray striped in pearl gray. The skirt is cleverly designed with the stripes running vertically, except for a gored front in which the stripes are worked diagonally to form a panel. This gore also gives the flared effect which is new and important in daytime skirts. Her jacket is a one-button style with rounded front and a nipped-in waist to stress the narrow-waisted silhouette. A brown woolen shirt, brown suede gloves with opening on the back of the hand, brown suede pumps and bag are the accessories she chooses to complete the suit. However, her rolled brim hat is a medium gray felt trimmed with a darker gray band and a swagger tilt to the brim.

Still another suit, which she has just bought, is made in a smooth beige-and-gray blended woolen. Gladys is using lots of beige and gray—these are shades to watch, as they are due for a great popularity next spring. This suit is softly tailored, with a single-button closing but a straighter cut to the jacket and a less close fitting line than the other suit shows. With this suit, she wears a peaked-crown hat of gray suede and carries a matching pouch bag with drawstring handle. Her blouse is the same as that worn with the striped suit and she wears the same brown pumps. This knack of combining two or more tones in her accessories is something to jot down in your own fashion notes.

When the weather turns cold, Gladys doesn't pack her suits away till spring; instead she wears them constantly by topping them with warm coats and furs. She often has both skirts and slacks made to match a single topcoat. Incidentally, she never wore pajamas, shorts or slacks until she went to Hollywood, because she prefers feminine clothes. However, like so many stars who have adopted Hollywood ways, she finds that slacks really suit the climate when you have to rise at six in the morning to go to work.

The furs she likes best to wear with her suits are the four-skin scarf she carries with the striped suit on page 14, a three-quarter length fur cape of opossum that has a girlish Peter Pan collar, or a muskrat swagger coat in which the skins have been worked like mink.

Beige, as a color for both costumes and hats, is brought out again in a very attractive two-piece wool dress. The top is a fitted basque-like jacket of homespun which combines beige, green and brown in the weave. A rough selvedge edge is cleverly used as the sole trimming. Goring, a detail she adores in all her clothes, gives the circular fullness to the short beige tweed skirt. The rather peasant-like quality of this costume is in line with

her particular preference for this style in sports clothes.

And the very new looking beige felt hat, with its high crown tilted backwards is just mad enough to suit her. She has worn high crowns since early last spring and now that they are the current millinery rage, she's having a perfect fling!

You'll notice that Gladys has several pairs of those wrist length suede gloves that open on the back of the hand—they're beige for this outfit to match her hat, brown for another and gray for still a third. She loves amusing gloves and finding a pair she likes, she duplicates them in several colors. She has a giddy pair of black ones, trimmed with ermine tails. And she has been seen wearing bright-colored cotton gloves to the opera with an ermine wrap. No, they didn't look silly, they looked grand!

In fact, Miss S. wears what she personally likes, regardless of the trend of the moment, but her cleverness shows up in this because she never looks conspicuous nor out of step. She says that she never buys a dress just because it is in the current style, she buys things that suit her individuality and figure. Just because it happens that princess lines, high waists and full skirts are in at the moment has nothing to do with Gladys' preference for them—she has worn this silhouette in some version for many seasons because she finds it flatters her miniature waist.

She likes misty tulle for evening—in gray or white. And so, Travis Banton has designed the romantic dress you see here this month for her to wear in *Champagne Waltz*. The voluminous skirt tapers up to a tightly-fitted, low-cut bodice. Great sleeves, adroitly made in sections, narrow toward the wrist. White daisies trim the shoulder and corsage with a matching bunch caught in her hair. Gladys almost always wears flowers in her hair at night and simple blooms, such as daisies, charm her. That is why Travis Banton used them in designing the evening gown shown in this picture. Gladys often wears one or two large ones in the buttonholes of her suit jackets—she says they have a fresh quality that suits her.

And if you have wondered what she wears when she broadcasts, it is this—a long-sleeved, high-necked and full skirted evening gown cut with a deeper neckline at back.

Did you know that there is a clause in her screen contract that demands the preservation of her specially designed coiffure? Neither did I, till she told me, but it seems that her coiffure, with its center part and high curls at the sides, has become almost a Swarthout trademark! There's a hint for all of you, too—get some quirk to your hair or costumes that is so completely you that you are famous for it.

Gladys told me that her mother taught her, as a young girl, that the way you put on clothes is important. Her early training has told because her clothes always

fit to a T and she keeps them beautifully. It's a family joke that she is positively prim about hanging everything away herself. There is no appointment or interview so important that she won't take time to put her hat on the shelf and her dress on a hanger, despite maids ready to do it for her.

Just as she likes fresh garden flowers better than exotic orchids, so she prefers simple jewelry to the more elaborate.

She loves silk handkerchiefs, especially in gay peasant prints, and she usually has one tucked in her pocket. She never wears scarfs high about her neck, because her throat can't stand swaddling. She likes sheer, supple woollens and the new dull, wool-like silks. And stiff rustling silk taffetas in gray and bronze are her idea of an elegant costume. She loves blue—even the bedroom of her New York apartment is done in a gray-blue color. There are over two hundred shades of blue and it is safe to say that Gladys probably has worn all of them!

Her individuality, youthfulness and flair for simplicity with a dash of drama have put her upon the list of the ten best-dressed women in America today.

While lingering in Hollywood, I can't overlook the mention of several popular radio stars who have looked unusually smart at recent social affairs. Gracie Allen and Mary Livingstone attended a premiere together and both were dressed in very charming all-white costumes. Mary wore a white satin ensemble consisting of a simple evening gown topped by a matching cape. A large jeweled clip was the only ornament on either dress or cape and the only color accent was a contrasting satin hand bag. Gracie wore a white metal cloth dress with high neckline and long sleeves. Grape clips of pearls were her only jewels—a white fox cape was her wrap.

Gracie seems to prefer the long-sleeved dinner dress to the more formal type of evening gown. She wore, at a recent party, a lace dress with long sleeves but very low front décolletage. A velvet sash and twin-jeweled clips as accent.

Frances Langford, the popular *Hollywood Hotel* star and now making *Born to Dance* with Eleanor Powell, also likes all white for her evening appearances. At a recent opening she looked stunning in a white-beaded gown topped by a full chiffon cape.

Be sure to fill out the coupon below because I have some very new ideas and suggestions for you in my November Shopping Bulletin.

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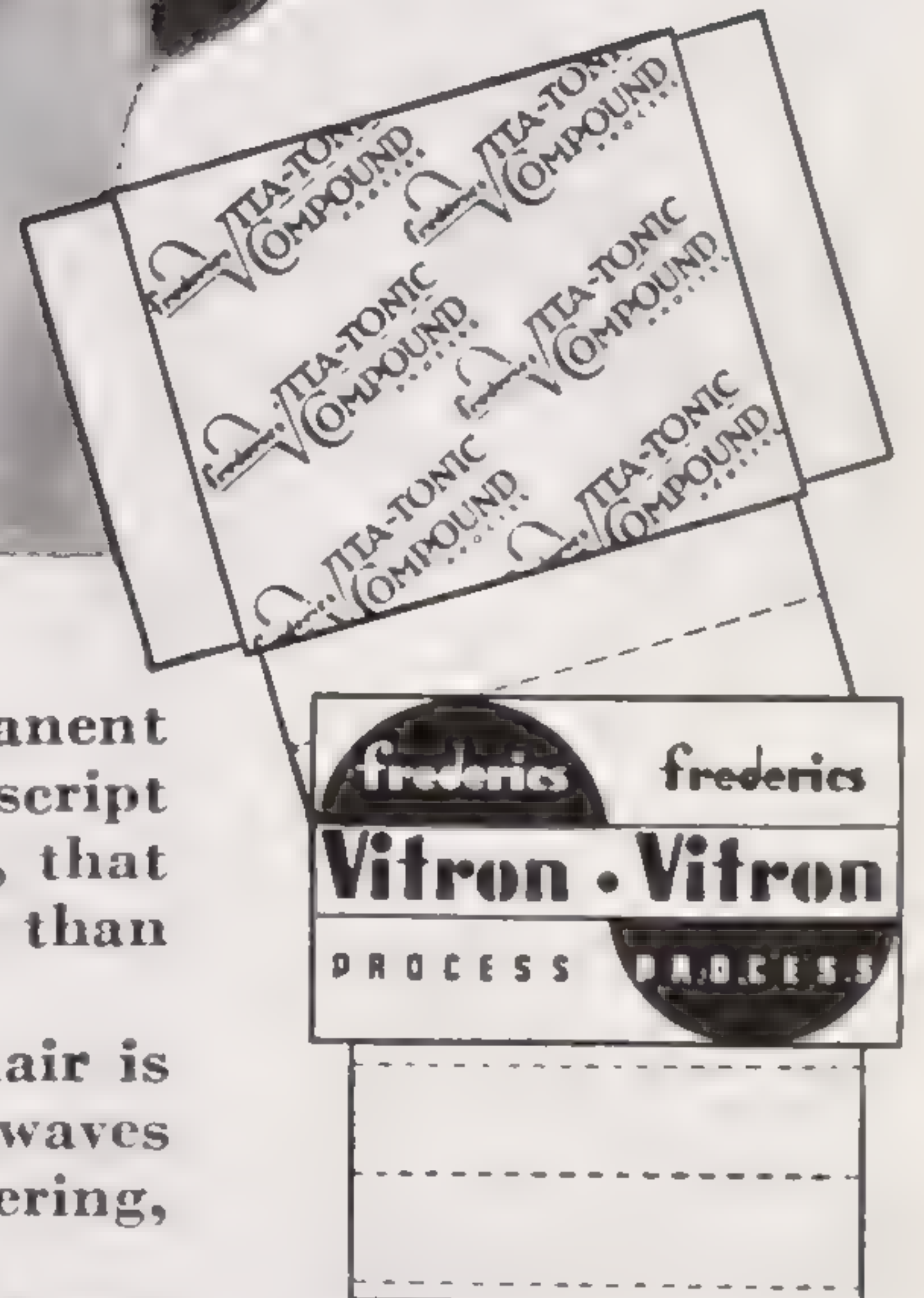
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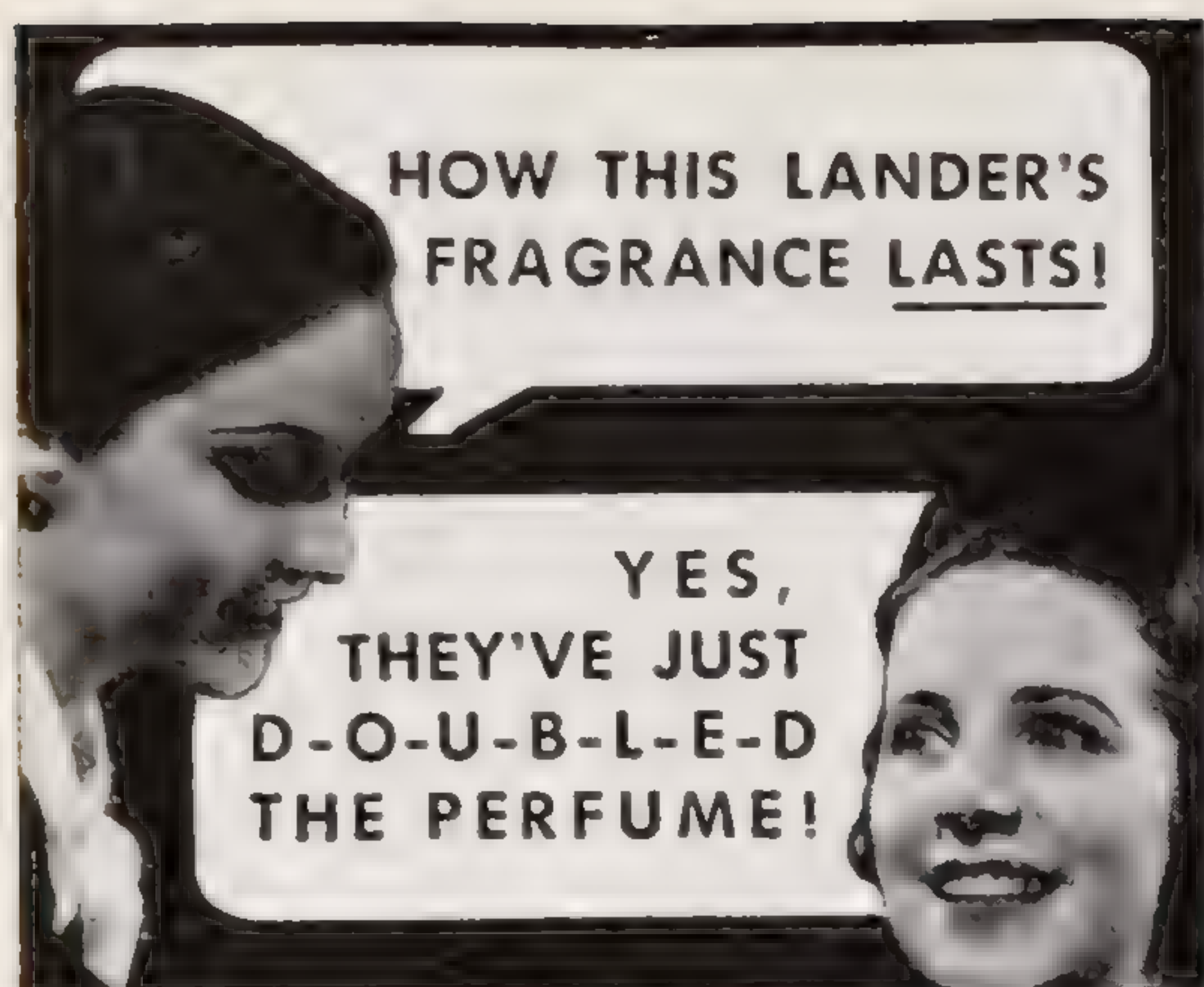
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HE DOES EVERYTHING BUT TAKE THE TICKETS

(Continued from page 33)

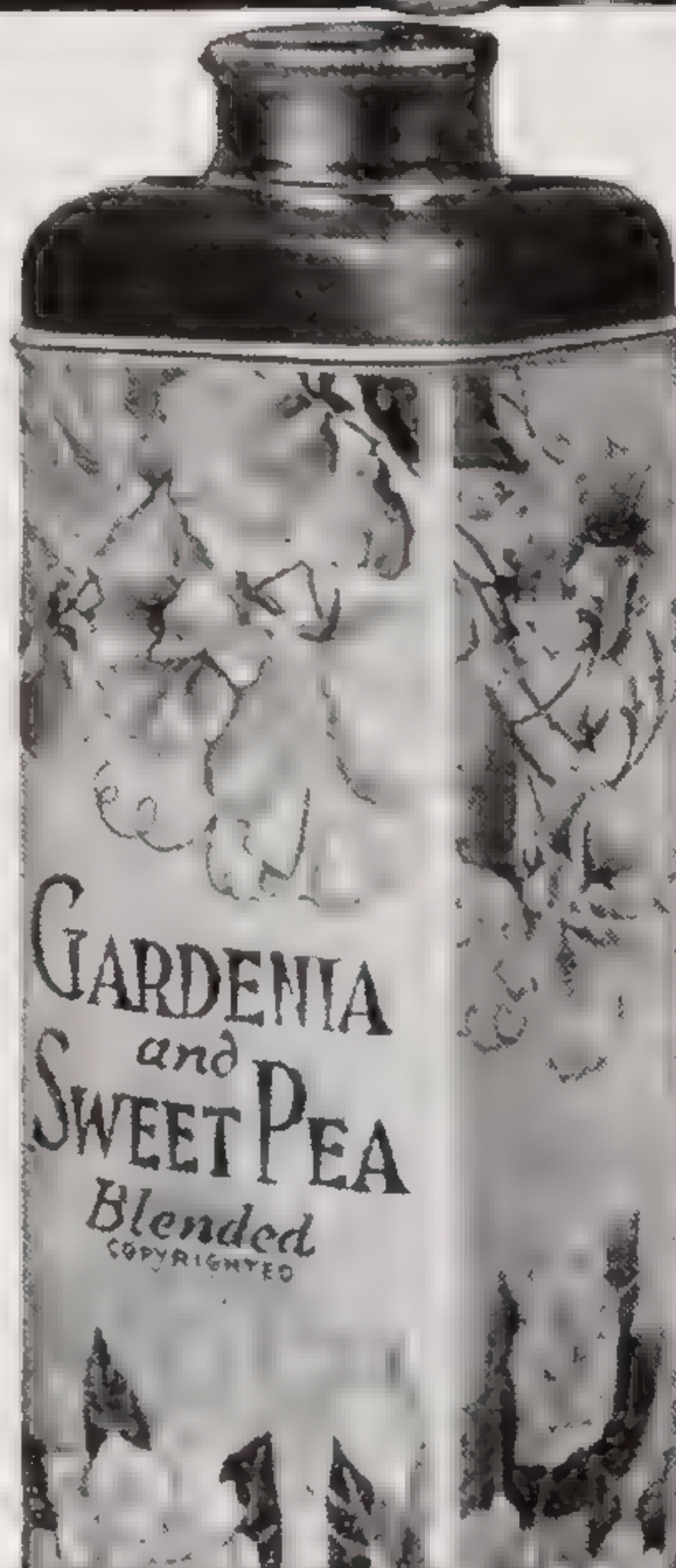


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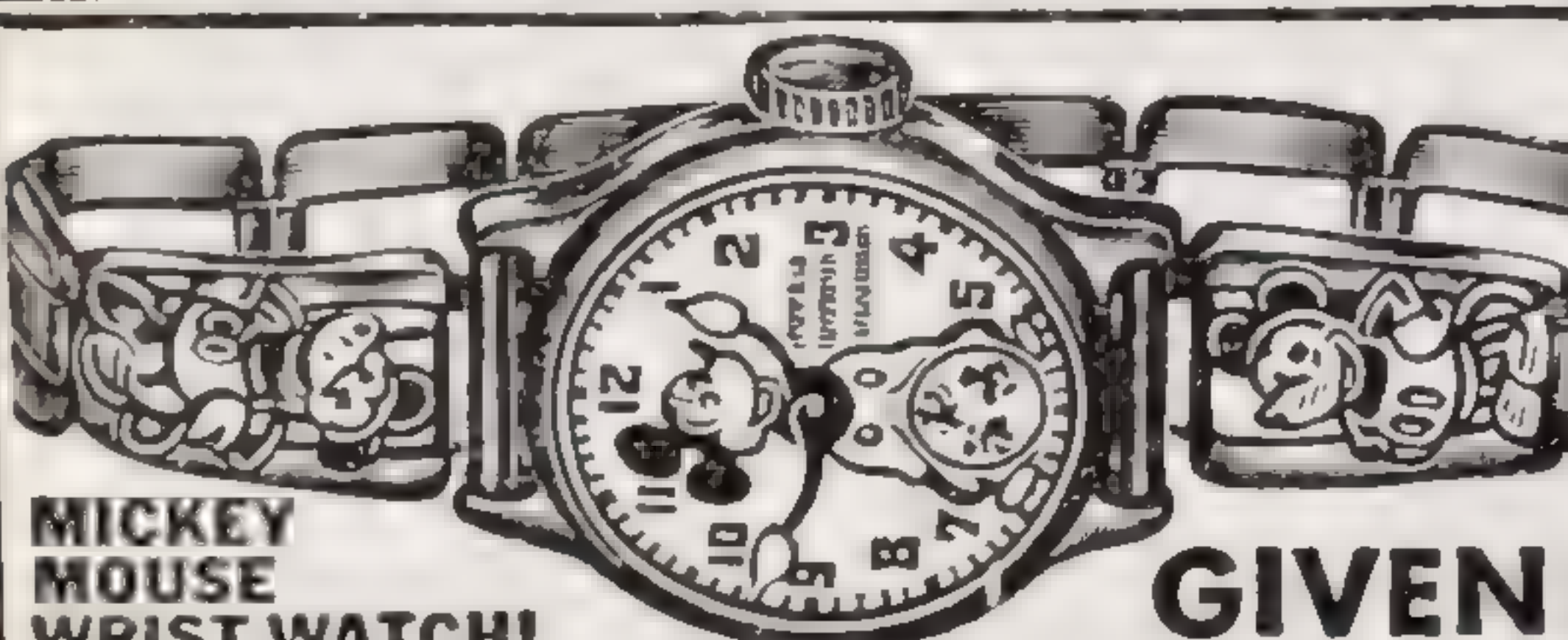
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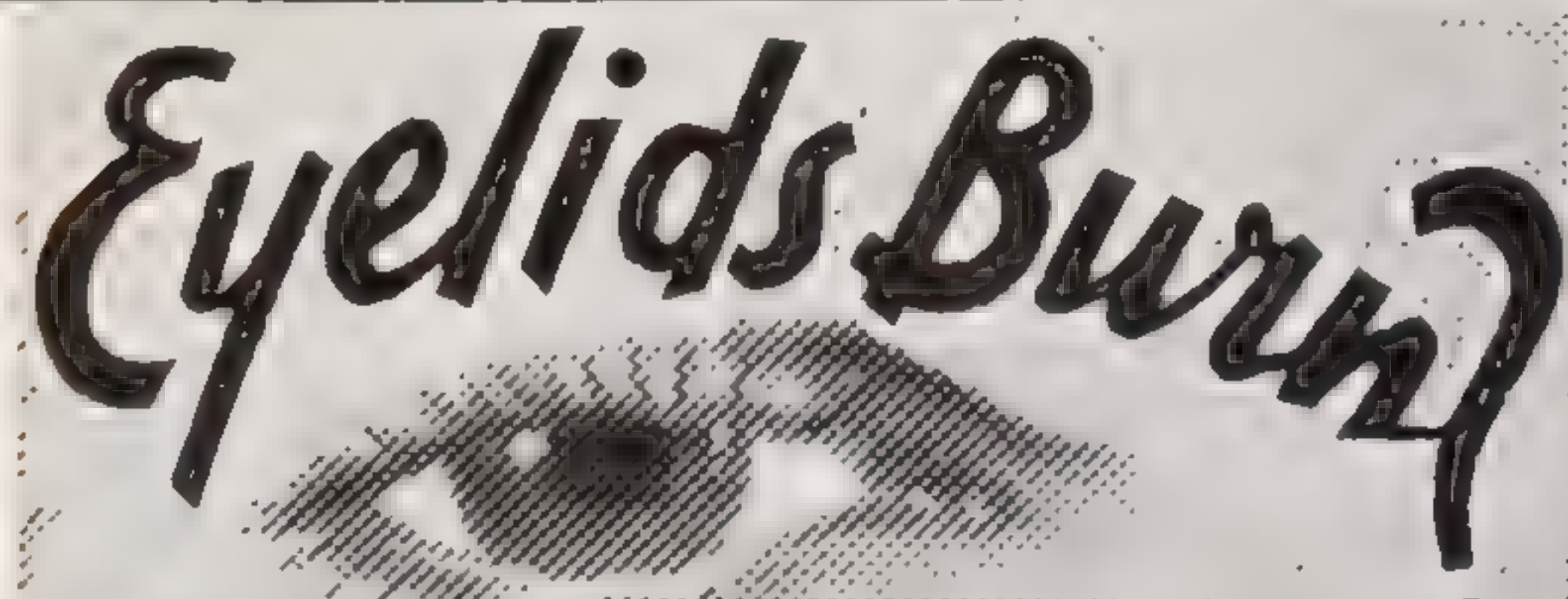
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understood that in bringing talent to the microphone he's being neither The Great Discoverer nor a Good Samaritan. The people who appear on his program will be there not because they need a helping hand but because they definitely have something to offer the radio audience. There'll be no talk of struggle or self-sacrifice.

So much for that end of the program. Let's have a talk with the star, Or rather let's listen to him.

"One reason I'm so enthusiastic about radio is that it gives me an opportunity to contact an enormous new audience. From the radio public's reaction I hope to learn many things that will help my picture work."

Fred Astaire, incidentally, is probably the only guy in the world who thinks his picture work needs help. Most of us who watch him on the screen regard him as stupendous, amazing and colossal, and let it go at that. But not Mr. A. He worries. He worries all through rehearsals, because he thinks the new steps he originates aren't so hot. He worries all through the picture, because he's convinced he's terrible. And he continues to worry after the picture is released, and in the face of critical raves, because he's sure he didn't do his job as well as he'd planned.

He never sees previews of his pictures. While everyone else is having a swell time watching the Astaire routines, their creator sits home hoping he won't be as bad as he's sure he's going to be. When people tell him he was great, he thanks them and thinks they're kidding. And he's on the level about it. He's always been that way and, from all indications, he's going to stay that way.

Watching Fred Astaire making pictures is always a pleasure. On the set you'd never guess he is the star of the production. Take the present Astaire-Rogers opus, RKO-Radio's *Swing Time*. If a scene doesn't come off he gets angry at only one person—himself. If a step goes wrong it's always his fault. To a stranger in those parts he appears to be a novice trying his best to make good in pictures—a contest winner from somewhere, perhaps, hoping he'll pass that dreaded first option time.

Between scenes he never retires in solitary splendour to his dressing-room. You'll always find him sitting around with three or four friends—workmen on the set, as a rule, or someone from the studio publicity department. When he's not in costume he wears a pair of old white pants, a blue shirt and a straw hat. And the tie which should be around his neck is busy holding up the Astaire trousers. All this in spite of the fact that he's often been called The Ten Best-Dressed Men in America.

Most of you probably know all about the Astaire personal history—how he and his sister Adele came to New York, became the Astaires and did their first *Off to Buffalo* routines on vaudeville stages all over the country. You also know that



One of radio's continuously popular programs is *Hollywood Hotel*, with Dick Powell and guest stars and its previews of movie attractions. Here is Dick, dancing with Ruby Keeler.

their fancy stepping led them to the musical comedy stages of Broadway and London, and that Fred eventually landed in pictures, to be "discovered" by Hollywood, which never recognizes any talent east of Phoenix until it's been proven in front of a camera.

The Astaire success on the stage and on the screen is now about to be repeated over the air. It can easily be said that of all the stellar names in Hollywood, he stands for the most diversified talents—he is without doubt the finest all-around entertainer Hollywood ever has given to radio.

Just take a look at his equipment: as a personality—he has an informal, ingratiating style which is bound to win him countless radio fans. It's good because he's not acting—he's being Fred Astaire. As a dancer—well, name a better one. As a singer, Fred is the first to admit he's neither Tibbett nor Crosby. But how many guys are? At the piano, he can turn out swing stuff that pleases even the fastidious Fats Waller addicts. Besides, he's going to play a lot of his own numbers. As you know, he's already turned out one hit number—*I'm Building Up To An Awful Letdown*. Since then he's written several songs, two of which, *I'll Never Let You Go* and *Just One More Dance, Madame*—are coming into prominence at this moment. There are other numbers in the Astaire trunk which will be polished off and given a hearing at the microphone, and you can be the jury.

Add it all up and it means there's a new star on the air. He sings, he dances, he pounds the piano, he runs the show—he does everything but take tickets, and that's because there aren't any to take.

THE GOOD WILL COURT ON TRIAL

(Continued from page 37)

the end of her endurance and wanted to offer the child for adoption. How should she go about doing this?

It was all very simple. Judge Goldstein advised her where to go, and watching her there with bent head, nervous and amazed at the things she had told, it seemed strange that she had voluntarily gone through this ordeal to get advice a police sergeant could have given her.

Another case was called. Here was a woman apparently in her late thirties, lip-picked and rouged, confident in her anonymity and shiny black satin piped with white. She talked and, though before the broadcast had begun the small audience had been warned against making any disturbance, a few scattered giggles rose into a crescendo of laughter as she unfolded her story. She seemed to be an amateur Fannie Brice.

A suit had been left at the cleaner's and, when she had come to call for it, she had been told the place had been robbed. The owner refused to compensate for the loss of the suit. What should she do now? She really didn't think the place had been robbed at all.

There was nothing she could do, Judge Goldstein informed her. The law did not hold a business responsible for customers' possessions unless it could be *proved* there had been no robbery.

"If you had gone to a reputable concern, this would never have happened," he told her judiciously. "Of course, if people insist on going to cut-rate places . . ."

She straightened indignantly.

"It wasn't cut-rate," she protested. "I paid fifty cents."

Even Fannie Brice couldn't have brought it a more appreciative laugh.

There were more cases. One, an aged beggar who had lost one hundred and two dollars through trusting her bank account to her daughter, who had since died. After her son-in-law's instigation, the daughter had drawn out the money and given it to him. And now he refused to make restitution, though he had promised his wife she would.

Nothing could be done for her, the judge told her. Through ignorance of the quirks in the law she had authorized her daughter to be her agent.

One hundred and two dollars. It doesn't seem much, perhaps—but it was her life savings and she was destitute. The court had given her carfare to come that evening.

No one was laughing now.

Another woman came and sat before the judges, lips close to the microphone. She was sure her pet dog had been poisoned. Now she was sure her baby's milk had been tampered with and she had taken it to the local police station, demanding that it be analyzed. The police sergeant had refused. Somehow, listening, you felt that this woman had made many similar visits and many similar demands upon the sergeant. You could almost see how,

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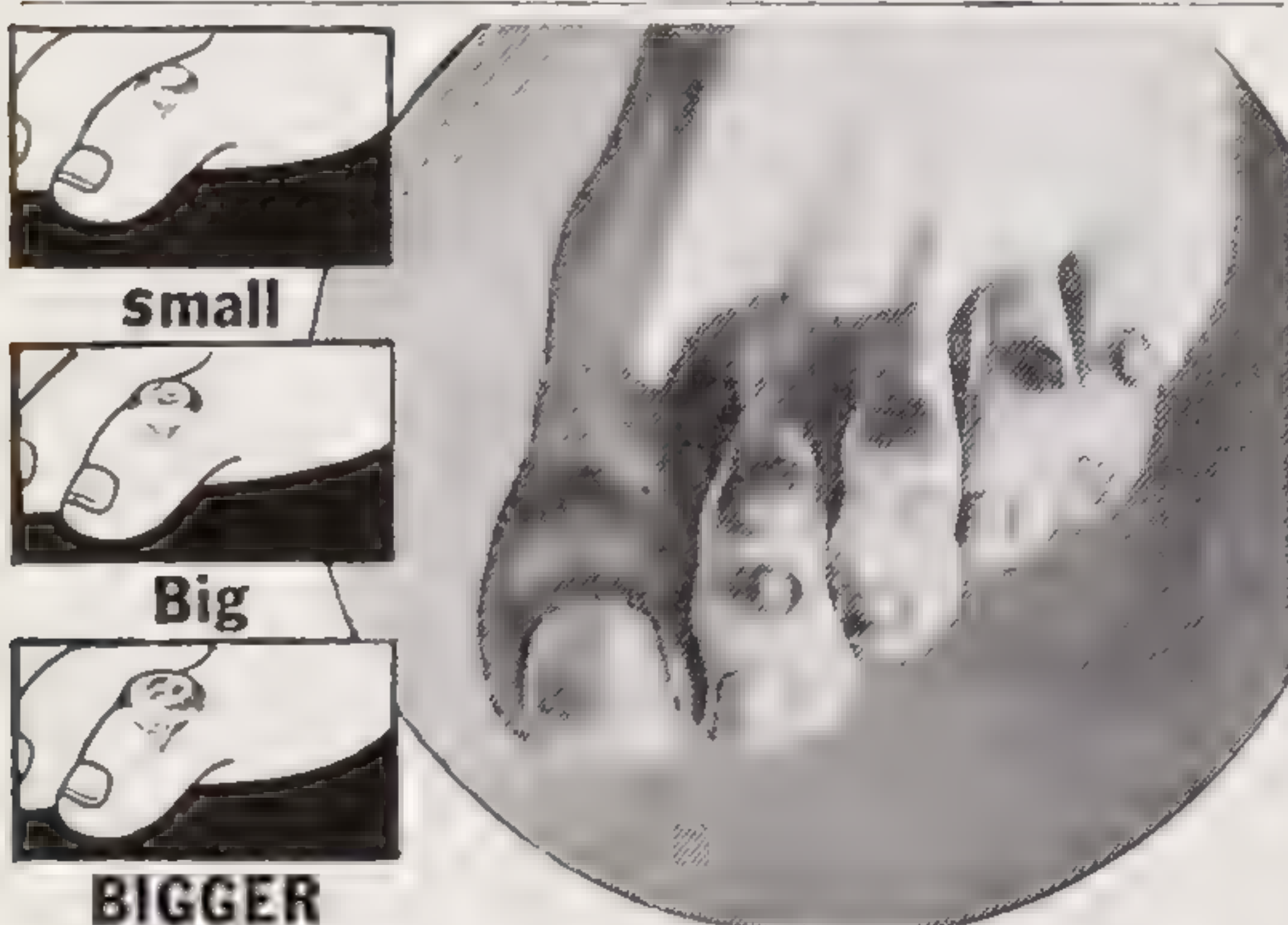
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bit by bit, she had worn down his patience.

"Judge," her voice quivered, "he told me he couldn't analyze the milk until the baby died!"

Laughter again and the judge's voice, more soothing, more conciliatory than he had been with the others. She had misunderstood, he explained. No action can be taken at a police station unless a crime has first been committed.

The woman hardly listened to him before plunging into her other grievances. The sergeant had refused to send a policeman to guard her apartment and catch the person who had been tampering with her milk.

"Tie a string around the milk bottle and hold on to it," the Judge advised her. "When you feel someone tugging at it, open the door and catch him."

She took the advice literally.

"Can I sock him with something?" she asked.

"I'm sure the police department would give you a medal for it," the judge assured her.

And so the cases went on. Some talked in a strained, patient way and some were excited and voluble, so that they had to be constrained from going on and on and on. And others were so querulous and complaining that you felt your sympathy, which they were demanding so strenuously, automatically go to the absent ones they were accusing, who weren't having this chance to tell their side of the story.

After all, every altercation, every tragedy has another side, a side that might prove justification if it could be heard. But of course the *Good Will Court* can hear only the side that is presented to it.

The Court went on after the broadcast had finished. There were one or two who wanted to discuss their cases further with the judges, there were others who had been invited to stay for more detailed instructions. The telephone kept ringing. A lawyer called to offer his assistance in a case that had interested him. A woman called, wanting to adopt the baby. But most of the calls came from listeners who wanted to bring their own troubles to the *Good Will Court*. To all of them, to those asking for help and those wanting to give it, there was the same stereotyped answer:

"Put what you have to say in writing, send us your name and address and we will let you know."

Mr. Alexander picks the cases heard on the broadcast from the hundreds of appeals that come to him every week. He talks to them before they go on the air, but there is no rehearsal, there are no prepared scripts. So the result, as you hear it, is spontaneous, dotted with unconscious humor, punctuated by homely, halting phrases that tug at the heartstrings more than studied self-conscious ones possibly could.

Go to any night court, to any local police station in the country, and life in this same manner will unfold before you. With this difference: In court the cases will come to you as they are presented. You may have to sit through many dull, boring litigations to have your emotions stirred either to laughter or tears.

But the *Good Will Court* is presented by a showman with an eye on the box office, a man who, himself, has had stage

experience. It is built on the formula that has made Broadway successes, that has made best sellers of novels, that has enabled Hollywood to turn out one hit after another. A laugh following a tear—that's the formula. It's just as simple as that.

The laughs in the *Good Will Court* are provided mostly by the neurotics coming to it with their imaginary troubles. Psychiatrists know these people well. Some one is always waiting to harm these people. Someone is always talking about their troubles. That these fears are only in their own minds does not make their troubles less real.

"We can't really help these people," Alexander explained. "All we can do for the neurotics and misfits is to humor them, tell them we'll put the G-men on their enemies' trails, or something like that. They are the most heartbreaking, for nothing can be done for them."

These are the people some of the radio audiences have thought to be experienced actors or actresses brought into the program for the humor they might give it. But they are as legitimate as are the others. There are no "ringers" or "phonies" on this program.

To the disinterested listener it would seem that since nothing could be done for people of this sort it would be better to give the time they take up to cases that could be helped. Even if these cases prove duller, less interesting. Even if the advice given wouldn't give a chuckle to those listening in. Imaginary troubles, even laughable ones, aren't liable to be heard in a real court of law. Police officers, lawyers and judges have an unerring eye in discerning what is real and what exists only in a sick mind and call in psychiatrists who can really help them.

It is interesting to know that, of those who want to tell their troubles to the court, there are three women to every man.

Thirty per cent. of the cases are those involving domestic relations, and a great part of these concern trouble between husbands and wives.

Letters received from listeners show the interest in these cases and in the advice given by the judges. They protest the fact that men and women, suffering mental torture, or humiliation at the hands of their husbands or wives, are told that it would be impossible to get a divorce for such grounds in New York.

"If the answers in these cases do not seem helpful it is because the law does not permit any other," Mr. Alexander explained. "We often have to advise contrary to our own instincts to keep within the law. It's really a case of legal fact against human emotions."

"We hope that, in time, as a result of placing the spotlight of public attention on these divorce cases, many listeners will protest against unfortunate laws that exist in some of the states. That, in time, laws will be passed making it more difficult to get married and easier to get divorced. Laws such as these would do away with much of the unhappiness and tragedy brought to the *Good Will Court* today."

There is no doubt that New York listeners have got a better idea of legal technicalities from this program than they could in any other way except by a

ending a regular court proceeding. Through the misfortunes of others they have learned what it means to sign papers they haven't read, to buy things on the installment plan and discover that in not keeping up the payments they have promised in writing they can lose the article and still find themselves obligated to further payments. They have learned other things, too. Things that undoubtedly will be of help to them, both in social and business contacts.

But in presenting it as a nation-wide feature, this very element that has helped New Yorkers to learn obscure legal facts will probably be bewildering to residents of other states whose laws differ from those of the state in which the *Good Will Court* presides.

Every mail brings appeals from unfortunates wanting to air their troubles. It seems strange that so many people are willing to bare in this Court secrets they have guarded so zealously from everyone—when they could get similar advice by going to the Legal Aid Society or to a local police station.

More than one listener has remarked that no problem is really solved except in clear-cut cases where one of the judges has told them they had no ground for suit against offending parties.

Mr. Alexander explained this: "The purpose of the Court is in no sense to trespass upon the rights and functions of properly constituted courts or upon the rights and provinces of members of the bar," he said. "If we provided complete solutions in cases in which it were possible, we should find very quickly that we would

be in hot water with proper authorities.

"After all, people cannot expect to involve themselves in all sorts of bewildering and unfortunate entanglements that take months and years to create and then expect, merely by telling their story over the air, to have some one say *hocus-pocus*, and relieve them of their problems."

It seems as if there might be danger in the faith these people have in this radio court. Danger that people going through trouble of some sort would flock to the broadcasting station from all over the United States. Getting there any way they could, as so many participants in radio amateur hours have done. By hitch-hiking or selling their possessions, only to receive in the end advice someone could have given them in their own home territory.

A lawyer whose opinion I sought on the *Good Will Court* made this observation:

"I have listened in to this program and feel that in some cases it really has helped those asking advice. In others its only help has been in telling these people where to go or whom to see for more detailed instructions.

"A danger, as I see it, lies in the fact that often the legal opinion given was not a sufficiently well-considered opinion. And in one particular case it was not correct.

"This case I speak of was one in which a man had had a dispute with his partner and was told to go to the City Court. It happened that this particular court would have no jurisdiction in his case. He should have been sent to the Supreme Court.

"But, as I have said before, it has proved of value to some cases and of aid to others. For, of course, there are people with so

little general knowledge of legal law that it probably would not occur to them to seek help from the Legal Aid Society on their own initiative."

At the conclusion of the broadcast we were attending, J. E. (Dinty) Doyle, radio editor of a New York morning newspaper, pointed out to Mr. Alexander that on its present schedule the program goes on the air at ten o'clock at night, an hour in which children are in bed. But on its national hook-up it will go on the air at eight o'clock in New York and the differences in time will make this hour an earlier one for mid-western and western listeners-in. In Los Angeles, for instance, the program will be heard at five o'clock in the afternoon, an hour in which children will be listening in. And certainly a great many of these cases should not be heard by them.

Mr. Alexander thought for a moment before he replied that of course any children listening in would be considered and that cases which might prove objectionable for too young ears would be stricken out of the program.

That, of course, takes care of the children. But what of the adults listening in? Will this program prove as absorbing, if it is censored to such a degree?

As you read this, the *Good Will Court* has had its first broadcasts over a national hook-up, under the guidance of an important sponsor.

Too soon still to see if it will receive the nation-wide popularity its New York success would predict. Too soon to see if this broad slice of life and suffering will be accepted as radio entertainment.

The EYES that had to have "IT"!

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PRETTY FACE
NO GLAMOUR
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MISERABLE. I'VE FAILED

NOT YET DEAR,
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SHE'S GREAT... GET
THAT GIRL QUICK!

YOUR EYES CINCHED IT, MISS
BROOKS . . . SIGN HERE . . . AND NOW
LET ME WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS

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A CONTRACT!
YOU WERE RIGHT
AND SO WAS WINX

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NO! NO! A HUNDRED TIMES, NO!

(Continued from page 41)

seemed the more important then, to considerable social success in that particular sector of St. Louis' younger set."

The determined young woman decided that her appearance must be changed. Mother Nature must be given a helping hand—and that took money. A five-dollar weekly allowance from her father wouldn't go far. One day a friend called her up to ask if she'd play for her dancing class.

"Three dollars an hour," Kay replied in her most businesslike tone.

"Three dollars an hour!" the friend echoed in amazement. "Why that's preposterous! The usual rate is a dollar-fifty at the outside."

"Not my usual rate," Kay responded sweetly. "I always get three dollars."

Now the strict truth of the matter was that she never before had received a cent for playing—nor for anything else. However, her very effrontery won her the job—as she was to find later that effrontery often would. After a while she found she had accumulated five hundred dollars—and she went to the best beauty shop and the best modiste in the city.

"Make me look like Carole Lombard," she commanded, because Carole Lombard was her favorite screen actress. And they did. The St. Louis edition of Carole Lombard walked into her amazed father's study that night.

"I won't need my allowance any more," she told him. His startled cries—at her appearance, not her announcement—had brought the family on the run. They just stood and gaped.

"I guess I learned then," she told me reminiscently, "that all you have to do is to keep 'em guessing and you've got 'em! That goes," she added profoundly, "for men—and everything."

"With my new appearance, my collection of fraternity pins jumped by leaps and bounds. I've got more than fifty tucked away at home. Of course, social success will interfere with a young girl's education. Perhaps that's why I left college, er—involuntarily, so to speak. I mean they suggested it. But college was getting boring, anyhow. There weren't any eligible men left to conquer. I felt like Hannibal. Or was it Hannibal?"

"Oh, yes. I did have one ambition unfulfilled. I didn't have a *Phi Beta Kappa* to my credit. I managed to get back into school again, and set about getting one. In the process I developed my first real "crush"—on an assistant instructor. He was terribly attractive and the *Phi Beta Kappa* key on his watch chain was like a piece of hamburger in front of a kennel.

"Our first date was a terrific success. He quoted Shelley and Swinburne and I thought I'd found romance for sure. We drove into the country, and under a full moon he stroked my cheek. 'Kay,' he whispered, 'your skin is as smooth as velvet!' Which was hot stuff for St. Louis in those days!

"Well, a week or so later he called one night and I was out. So he took Marion for a drive. That night when we were going to bed she said to me: 'What do

you think that fellow said? He told me my skin was as smooth as velvet—and the way he said it!'

"I knew what she meant, and I mimicked it for her."

"Yes! That's just how," she said.

"So the next day, when he called up, Marion got on the upstairs extension and I got on the downstairs phone. 'Oh, darling, your skin is as smooth as velvet!' We both shouted at the top of our lungs. He hung up—and that was the last we ever heard of him."

Kay was pretty much fed up with St. Louis by now. She felt that her talents demanded a wider field. Opportunity fell right into her lap—aided slightly by ingenuity. Her sister Blanche had copied from advertisements a long list of summer camps. Blanche wrote to them all for a job as counselor and, by dint of giving a lot of high sounding though non-existent references, plus a wonderful, if wholly imaginary, account of previous experience, she landed a job on Catalina Island in California. But before it came time to take it, she had a new beau—to whom she now is happily married, by the way—and she didn't want the job.

"But it's a shame to leave a nice job like that kicking around," Kay protested. "I'll go and take it."

"But you've had no experience," her family argued.

"Neither had Blanche," Kay replied reasonably. Not only did she get the job—but they hired her again the following summer, so she must have made good. Back in St. Louis at the end of the first summer, though, she was more or less at a loose end. But not for long. Kay never would be in that state for any length of time. It happened that she went one night to dine and dance at the Coronado Hotel. Her escort was busy proposing.

"I don't want to get married. I want to be a professional singer—with a radio orchestra like that one," she insisted.

"But you can't just say you want to become a singer and become one," the young man insisted.

"Why can't you?" Kay demanded. "I'll bet you I can."

"You're nuts," the young man said in disgust.

Later in the evening Al Lyons, the band leader, came over to their table. Kay struck up a conversation.

"I have a friend who was a sensation at the Coconut Grove, and she'd love to sing with your band," she told the leader. His eyes sparkled at mention of the famous west coast hot spot.

"Bring her in and let's hear her," he invited.

"Tomorrow afternoon," Kay agreed.

The following afternoon she presented herself at the Coronado.

"Here I am," she said, walking over to the piano. There was not much Mr. Lyons could do about it, so he had to listen. She sang with his band for the rest of the season and then, the next summer, she went back to the camp on Catalina. That fall, instead of coming home

she went to Hollywood.

"I expected to love Hollywood—but it was awful. I thought it would be gay and interesting, but I found myself hating it. I stayed there for two years. There were parties and all that sort of thing. But Hollywood is so provincial. They think movies and live movies and talk movies. After I'd been there a while I knew I didn't want any part of movies.

"You know, there's a funny thing. You take the thousands of girls—and a lot of them talented, too—who go to Hollywood with only one ambition. To break into movies. And they never get to first base. Yet, because I *didn't* want to break into the movies, I had a dozen offers."

"But why," I interrupted, "did you stay there that long?" I knew this girl was definitely not the sort to stay in a place she didn't like without a very good reason—and a man is always a very good reason for pretty nearly anything inexplicable that a beautiful girl does. Perhaps here, at last, was romance. . . .

"Yep. You're right," Kay nodded vigorously. She had shrewdly guessed my thought. "That was the first time I ever was tempted to take the plunge into matrimony. He was quite a bit older than I, and if he'd been—well, a little more impetuous, it would have happened. You know what I mean. If he'd been one of those men who carry a girl off her feet I was tottering so it wouldn't have taken much to carry me off mine. But he wanted me to give up my career—which really hadn't started yet, anyhow.

"He was a brilliant man and I admired

him immensely. But I was doing a lot of radio work on the coast, and I was sure I'd found my groove. I certainly didn't want to quit."

Kay sighed.

"Well, I'm happier now than I was then, anyhow. I'm getting all the fun out of life I always craved."

She was silent a while.

"And a few weeks ago, he came east. We had dinner together—and we both agreed that maybe it was best, after all, that we hadn't married. Maybe we'd both have been unhappy."

When Kay was casting about for an opportunity to leave the coast and come east—and that, I gathered, was when the romance with the capital "R" had gone *pfift*—she had a providential telephone call from Fred Waring.

"He'd heard me on the air in California and wanted me to come to New York for a talk," she said. "After we had the talk, he said: 'I'd love to use you—but I need a girl who can form and handle a choir.'"

Kay looked at him in wide-eyed astonishment.

"Why, isn't that the luckiest thing!" she exclaimed. "I've been working with some girls and just hated the thought of leaving them stranded if you did take me. They're just the very choir that you're looking for."

Now as in the three-dollar an hour episode and the colossal Al Lyons bluff, Kay was chucking a bluff the size of a grand piano. The "some girls" she'd been working with were, in truth, her sisters Blanche and Marion. But Kay always has

had a knack of ironing out such petty kinks when they occur in the pattern of her life.

"I didn't know a soul in New York," she said, "and even yet I don't know how I managed to get a girl choir together for an audition. But I did—and we got the program, after two of the most nightmarish weeks in my young life. And what a kick I've got out of it!"

The "kick" comes in five and six-hour rehearsals every day—Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays included.

"I have to work so hard I haven't time to get bored," she explained. "I love the struggle and competition—even the worries. When I have time I relax—in dancing and at parties."

At that moment a nice young man appeared in the restaurant. He was carrying a bag for Kay. It contained her evening clothes, in which she was to be photographed. She thanked the nice young man prettily, and then, to his very obvious embarrassment, kissed him resoundingly. On the way to the photographer's studio I thought of the nice young man.

"Who is he?" I ventured to ask her, bluntly.

"Well," she replied a little vaguely, "he's the hundredth."

We rode along in thoughtful silence for a while.

"But you know," Kay said speculatively at length, "there is always the hundred and first."

Once more she raised one sophisticated eyebrow, while a glamorous lash fell across the other larkspur blue orb.

Busy days...Glamorous nights



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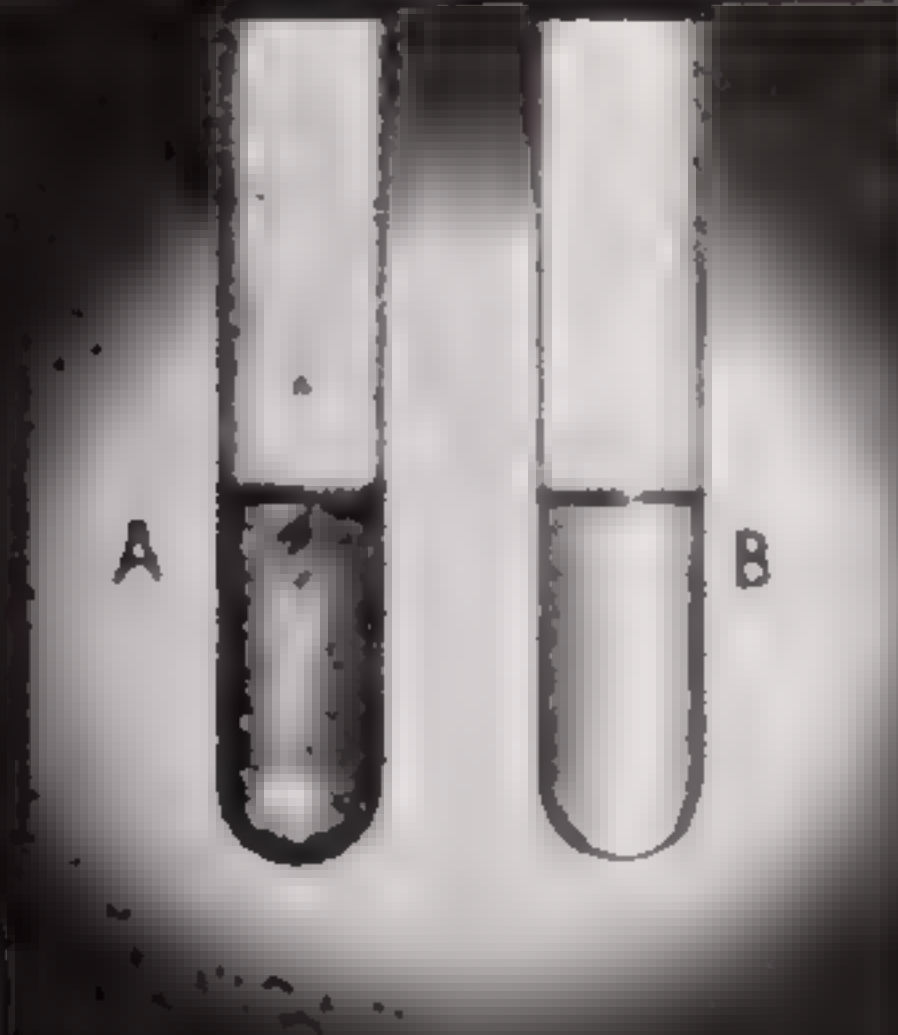
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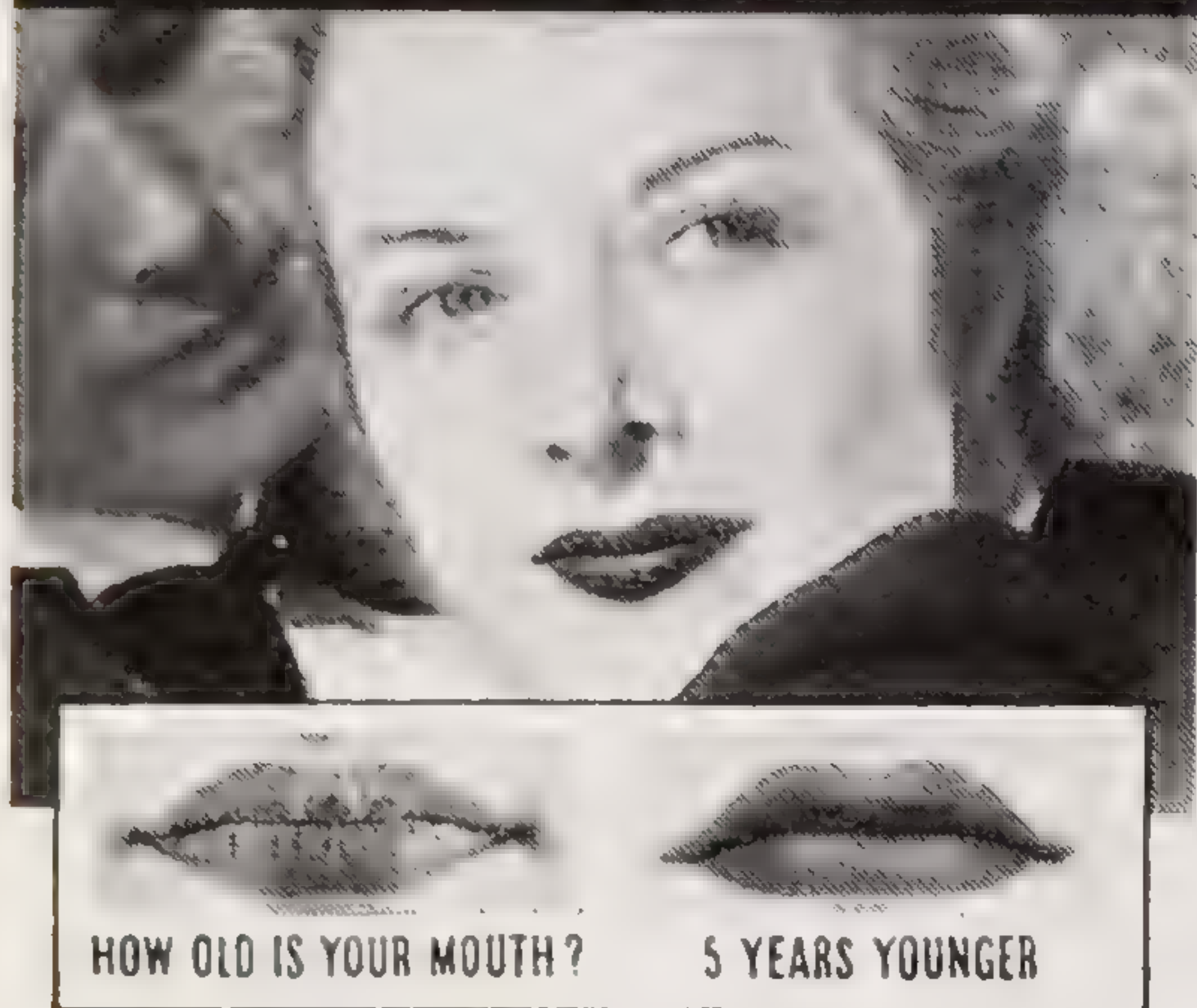
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THE LOW-DOWN ON LOWELL

(Continued from page 17)

and tie were faultless. He told us to go down in the garden and meet the distinguished guests.

They were Lyman Beecher Stowe, grandson of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and his wife and Carveth Wells, who was his guest speaker that evening. Wells regaled us with a sketch of the cruise that he and Lowell had once made with Count von Lückner on his full-rigged schooner, down through the Indies. The astute and industrious Lowell Thomas got three best-sellers out of that adventure and association with *Count Lückner, the Sea Devil*, as he entitled one of them. Then Mr. Stowe related how, when he was associated with Doubleday, Doran, the publishers, he had spent many days in a vain search for the then less known Lowell Thomas, with a blank contract in his pocket, but never found him. The party was broken up on discovering Mrs. Lowell Thomas on the lawn in front of the house signalling for us to hurry. It was 6:38.

When we arrived at the spot, Mrs. Thomas was calling up the stairs, just a little anxiously: "Tommie! Tommie! You've only got four minutes, I tell you!" She turned to us: "He's always that way—just arrives the very last minute."

"And never failed them yet!" Mr. Thomas hurried down the stairs. "Come on, folks, if you're going. The show must go on!" He leaped into the station wagon and the six of us piled in, or at least two of us stood on the running-boards and we were dashed lickety-split in the direction of the barns, fetching up with a screeching brake. "One hundred and fifty seconds, folks! You'll have to hurry!"

A timid pair had just got out of a run-about. "We wondered if we could listen to you broadcast—L—Mr. Thomas?"

"Where you from?" asked Lowell, never stopping.

"Pawling. I'm a telephone operator."

He was one of the local "family." "Sure. Come along. I'm a friend of all telephone people."

We burst into a gymnasium. At one end was a screen, at the other an asbestos motion picture booth, for Lowell often gave impromptu illustrated lectures here to his Pawling "family." He paused at a corner room that was fitted up with all the regular radio sending apparatus. The *National Broadcasting Company's* control room operator was looking at the clock a little anxiously. "One minute and forty seconds," he said.

"Time to burn," remarked Lowell, and dashed through a door that had a sign on it: "Halt! Have you turned out the lights!" The now eight honored guests came tumbling after and then we came to a sudden halt, astonished, balked. For Lowell Thomas and his man Friday, Mr. Culbertson, were just disappearing through a trap door in the ceiling! A twelve-foot ladder—or worse still, just cleats nailed to the wall—was the only way to get up! We made it in record time, even the somewhat unathletic ladies in their dressy full-length frocks.

"Forty-five seconds," announced Mr. Culbertson.

We panted and looked around. We were up among the rafters that were covered with sound-proofing. There was a single screened window and it was hot! We sat on benches. Lowell took his seat before the table with the mike on it. We seemed all ready to go, when Lowell sprang up and gave battle to a wasp that was buzzing against the screen. "One of those babies stung me once—right in the middle of the broadcast!"

Mr. Culbertson's hand was solemnly raised and he was looking straight at Lowell. "Loop this string around your wrist," whispered Lowell, handing it to one of the ladies. "When he gives it a final jerk, it means that I'm off the air." He gave it a pull himself, loosened his collar and put his face close beside the microphone: "Good evening, everybody!"

It was the same good old voice plus, for here was Lowell himself, smiling and shaking his head at points of emphasis, his eyes a-twinkle. Opposite him, sat Culbertson, with a stop watch before him. At the end of each minute, he would lay a large square of paper on the table in line with the speaker's line of vision, designating in black figures the radio time: "45"—"46"—"47." We never knew that a minute could be so long! A rooster crowed under the window several times and we wondered if you listeners out there on the air got it. As for ourselves, we sat on our benches in a hot huddle, fixed and painfully silent: "58"—"58½"—"59"—"59½." "And so long—until tomorrow!" The string on the lady's wrist was given a violent tug.

"It's all over," said Lowell. He hadn't turned a hair, or shown the least sign of nervousness. "It went from here across the Hudson, where it was picked up and carried to Bound Brook, New Jersey. And, I'm telling you, this is the biggest audience that my little padded cell ever accommodated. I hope you men took off your coats."

It was harder getting down than it had been to get up, and the air below, by comparison, seemed frigid.

Lowell and ourself went out to look at the stock, where he met a stableman whom he was evidently laying off. "I'll be seeing you in town now and then," said Lowell.

"I hope so, sir—and that there'll be a job soon for me. I'd rather work for you than anybody!"

"So long, Barney."

Back at the house again, Lowell begged to be excused a minute. "I get pretty hot and bothered. I'll change my shirt, if you don't mind." He was wearing a natty double-breasted linen coat when he came down.

Applejack cocktails and then dinner in a large and elegant dining-room, well-furnished with antiques. "Democrat or Republican?" someone asked him.

"President Roosevelt has been my guest here," was his smiling reply.

"And he and Mrs. Roosevelt are neighbors of ours—just across the river in Dutchess County," added Mrs. Thomas.

There was nothing more said about politics after that.

Something was said about going to the nearby country playhouse, the Starlight theatre, but the matter was dropped and an infinitely better show was put on. We journeyed for coffee to a Southern pillared portico which had been added the year before. There we found a big round-faced moon looking down upon us over the neighboring hills. It was altogether a genre picture, a happy family scene, which graciously included all of us in its homey atmosphere. At intervals, we were content just to smoke in silent contemplation of the scene and enjoyment of our surroundings.

We sat round in a circle. Sonny, the twelve-year-old son, sat in the centre playing with a spaniel pup who was barking at his own shadow. Lowell sat on a straw cushion, blowing smoke clouds from his cigar. Mrs. Thomas and her mother were in the swinging seat.

"Remember when I was looking for you in vain—with the contract, Lowell?" asked Lowell.

"You bet I do—for I was down at the office signing it. I walked away with \$15,000 in my jeans."

"That was the happiest Christmas I ever had," put in Mrs. Thomas. "Imagine finding \$15,000 in your stocking on Christmas morning!"

"There was more to it than that," added Lowell. "I made my first payment on this place with that money. I had seen the place and gone crazy about it. I gave them a thousand dollars for a short-time option on it. It left me stone broke, in fact I had borrowed the thousand. The whole thing was crazy, I tell you! Then I got the right idea of trying to get an advance payment of \$15,000 on my next book. I went to all the publishers in New York, and they all told me I was daft. Then, the very day that the option was due to expire, I got it! All you need is ambition, nerve and a little luck!"

We all knew that he had something beside that, but we had him reminiscing now, and no one interrupted.

The story of his discovery of T. E. Lawrence in the Arabian Desert was inevitable. And how he had come back and eventually told England about the man who had roused the Arabs against the Turks, the man of whose existence the average Englishman otherwise would never have known. The part never told before, and which throws new light on Lowell Thomas's character, and radio career, is now, even at that early date, our Lowell was speaking in Madison Square Garden, New York, about his wonderful adventures in Arabia, when a British impresario heard him and made the proposal that he come to England and give the same talk. Lowell felt flattered, but he took little stock in it all, although he signed a 50-50 contract. Finally Lowell told his backer that he would not consider going to London unless two requests were complied with. First, he must receive a personal invitation from the King; second, he would appear only in Covent Garden, London's sacred temple of music and Shakespeare. Then Lowell forgot about it. It was all so absurd. Shortly afterwards, he received a cable saying that both his demands had been met and to come along and give his show! With everything against him, Lowell Thomas took London by storm. He spoke twice a day to packed houses. After

A Page from Fashion's Notebook

FALL and WINTER 1936

TINTEX BRINGS PARIS COLORS!

NEWEST DECORATING EXHIBITS have Emerald Green, Pumpkin, Peacock Blue, Tartan Red splashed everywhere. Don't let your home look drab and dull. Tintex quickly makes everything fashion-right... faded curtains, drapes, table runners, cushion covers, bedspreads. 43 Tintex colors to choose from. At store counters ask to see the Tintex Color Card. It gives recipes for the



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FASHIONABLE DEPARTMENT STORE names "Forest Green" the leading color this fall, and shows two huge windows of dresses, millinery and accessories in this stunning green. Forest Green is a standard Tintex color!



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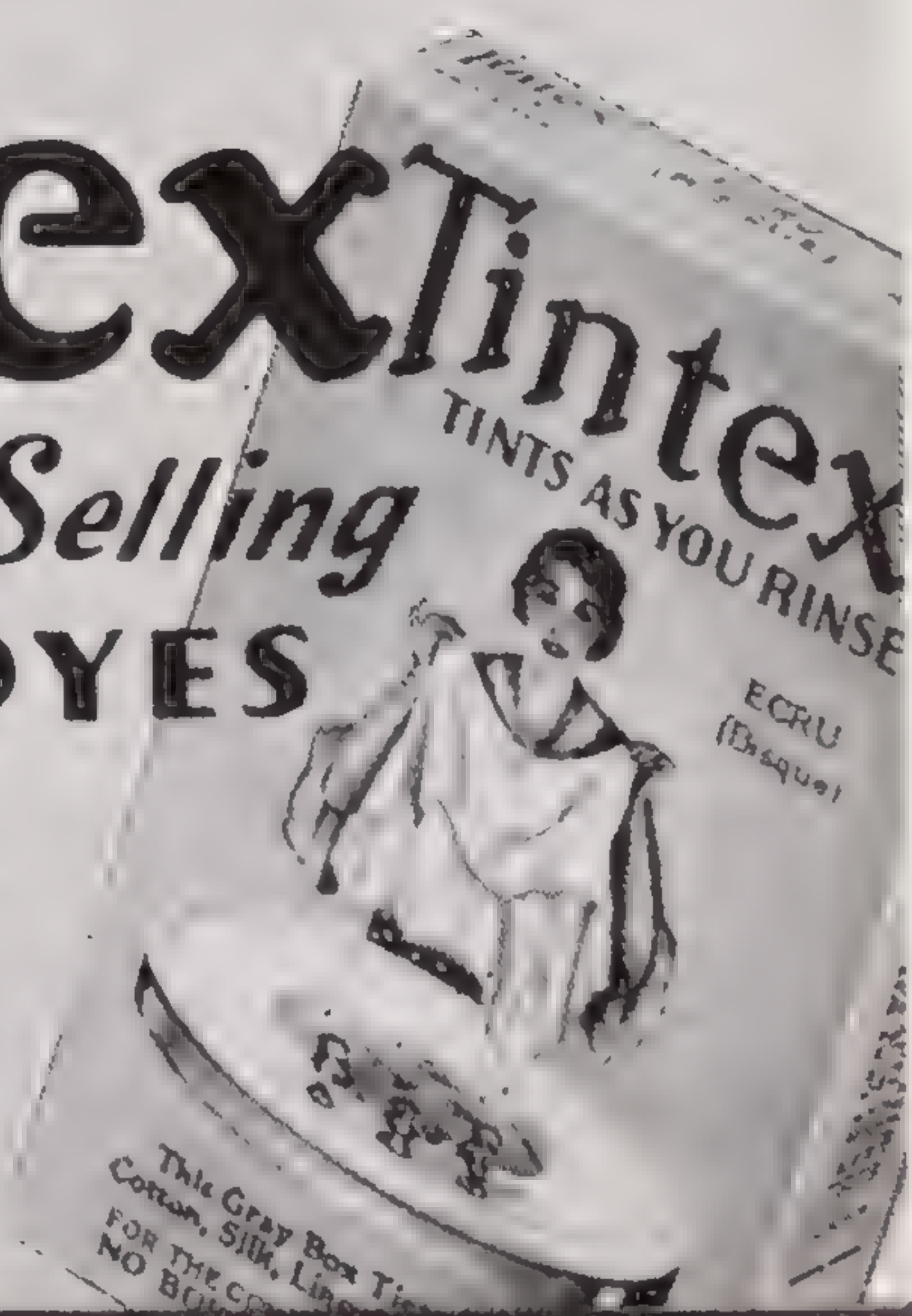
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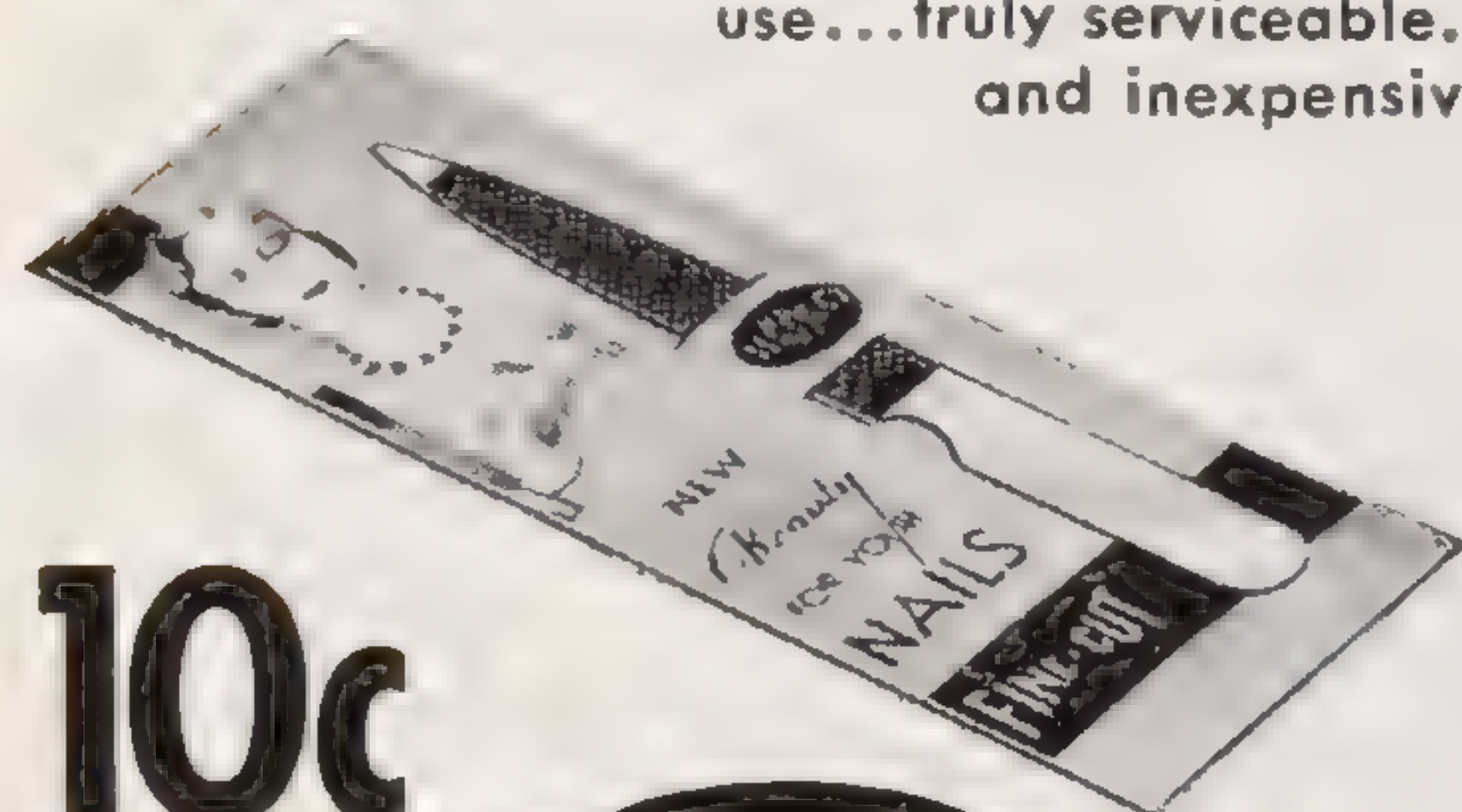
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Ask for HENCO Nail Files and Tweezers (10c)... Manicure Scissors (20c)...at drug and 5 & 10c stores.

STOP Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING In One Minute Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, quickly yields to Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

Tint away the STREAKS of GRAY

(Test Bottle **FREE**)



Have ever-youthful looking hair this **SAFE** way. Merely combing clear liquid through hair brings desired color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Gray goes—streaks disappear. No fear of washing or rubbing off on garments. Hair stays soft, fluffy. Takes wave or curl. Ask druggist for full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee.

Insist on Mary T. Goldman's. Or test it Free.



FREE TEST ~ We send complete test package Free. Snip off a lock of hair... Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2321 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....



Lowell Thomas, globe trotter, writer, explorer and radio news commentator, was reared in Cripple Creek, Colorado, in a mining camp. Before he was eleven, he was working under ground in the old gold mines. He attended four colleges, working his way through. He has been broadcasting since 1930, is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and of the American Geographical Society and has other honors. He has taught in four universities, but prefers to be known as a newspaper man and world traveler rather than as educator.

that he gave his Lawrence-Allenby lecture 4,000 times before 4,000,000 people, in nearly every English-speaking city in the world. There must be something about the speaking personality of any man who can do that! Ask the many more millions whom he addresses over the air daily, what it is.

"Why, I've been a public speaker ever since I was fifteen," Lowell said, giving an explanation of himself. "Was lecturing in Princeton a few years later. Just a gift of gab, I guess. Once or twice I went in for some coaching, with my old friend, Dale Carnegie. Away back in my cub reporter days, I was given an assignment in Chicago where there were two speakers. One put them to sleep and the other spell-bound them. I asked the latter what was his secret.

"Be humorous' he said, 'from the very start.'"

"Another time, I asked the same thing of a United States Senator famous for his

speeches.

"Always remember the interest of human beings in human beings,' he said.

"I've never forgotten to make use of both. I tell you, you've got to make every thing dramatic without being too theatrical," he went on. "I don't think I would ever have put my show over on the British public if I hadn't made it dramatic. True, the subject-matter of my adventure with Lawrence in Arabia was exciting, but I made it a spectacle. To my knowledge I was the first person ever to make use of sound effects as we know them today. said it with music!"

And a few minutes later we saw him standing there in the moonlight in front of his lovely country home, with a wave of the hand and in that familiar friendly voice saying: "So long!" We somehow felt like a member of the Pawling "family," just as he makes us feel at home with him on the radio.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 18)

THE WORD IS PERFECT

Speaking of illusion—for us, the most perfect sense of it ever produced by any radio offering was achieved by Cornelia Otis Skinner's one-woman dramas on the Bergens program this summer. Why, we wonder, don't we have more of this on the air? To us it seems the perfect radio drama.

NONCHALANT NUANCES

Lucy Monroe, considered one of the prettiest singers in kilocycle circles, consistently refuses offers to star in the movies, preferring to remain unseen, but heard, in radio. . . . Ozzie Nelson has a secret yen to write and illustrate sporting articles for the newspapers. Harriet (Mrs. Ozzie) Hilliard explains that it is because of his association with Believe-It-Or-Not Bob Ripley. . . . Eddie Duchin, CBS orchestra leader and one of the world's greatest pianists, has his hands insured for \$100,000.00. . . . Rudy Vallée, whose boyhood ambition was to be a mail carrier, celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday this summer at his lodge in Maine. . . . Robert Simmons, Phillips Lord and Voice of Experience are clergymen's sons. . . . Lowell Thomas' home, near Pawling, New York, is a rendezvous for explorers, adventurers and men prominent in public affairs in this and other nations. . . . Bob (bazooka) Burns' Christian name is Robin. Privately he spells his last name without the final "s". . . . Tim Ryan looks like Pat O'Brien of the films. . . . Fashion experts consider Elza Schallert, NBC movie reviewer and commentator on Hollywood happenings, one of the best-dressed women writers in Hollywood. She is married to Edwin Schallert, drama editor of the Los Angeles Times, and their three children, William (13), John (9) and Roy (7) are talented musicians. . . .

BEFORE FAME

An obscure cub reporter, Eddie Guest, supplied a local actor with lyrics for two songs—and was paid twenty-five dollars for them. . . . Virginia Rea earned her first dollar at the age of fifteen, as soloist in a Des Moines, Iowa, church choir. . . . Twenty-three years ago Erno Rapée, conductor of the Radio City Music Hall Sunday concerts on NBC, arrived in America with twenty dollars. He had to borrow an additional five before he could land. Rapée was born in Hungary. . . . Fifi D'Orsay began her stage career at sixteen, as a chorus girl with the Greenwich Village Follies. . . . Durelle Alexander, vocalist with Paul Whiteman, was playing in the movies at the age of seven. Andre Kostelanetz was the foremost and youngest opera conductor in pre-war Russia before he came over here to be the leader of the largest dance orchestra in radio. . . . Barbara La Marr, contralto on the Mutual network, was a former theater cashier in her native New Bedford, Massachusetts.

(Continued on page 99)

EVERY NIGHT SHE CRIED HERSELF TO SLEEP



**—then she learned how
thousands have gained
10 to 25 lbs. QUICK!**

NOW there's no longer any excuse for thousands to remain skinny, laughed at and friendless. For hosts of people who thought they were "born to be skinny," and who never could gain an ounce before, have put on 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with this new, easy treatment—in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery given them normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Why it builds up so quickly

Scientists recently discovered that no end of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 311, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional models

12 lbs., clear skin in 3 weeks

"In 3 weeks I have gained 12 pounds. I used to have pimples and black-heads, but now my friends ask me what I've done to clear my skin and put flesh on my skinny bones. I just say, 'Try Ironized Yeast'."

—Anna Looksick, Pittsburgh, Pa.



New GRIFFIN BLACK DYE

Time to dye your white and colored shoes with GRIFFIN BLACK DYE... a new formula that guarantees a jet black finish which will not wear off. Easy to use... non-poisonous... leaves no odor.

Gives you a new pair of shoes at practi-

cally no cost. For sale at 5 and 10 cent stores and shoe repair shops.



10c BOTTLE

GRIFFIN MFG. CO., INC.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

© 1935, C. M. CO



BE A NURSE

MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 37th year. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write now. **CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**
Dept. 2311, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

IF RADIO WERE UNDER CAROLE'S THUMB

(Continued from page 25)



Richard Crooks returns as tenor soloist of the *Voice of Firestone* programs. He is wearing the costume in which he appeared in *The Fortune Teller*.

the program's dramatic sketches.

The Fleischmann Hour. Mainly because Rudy Vallée is an expert master of ceremonies.

The Kraft Music Hall. Because she's a good friend of Bing Crosby and because she likes his easy manner of delivery. The program sometimes impresses her, however, as being too informal. And for the advertising department, there are no kind words.

And with radio under her thumb, Carole would bear down on:

All hillbilly quartets from the hills of Brooklyn.

Most masters of ceremonies. The majority of them think all they need is a microphone and a script. They should be forced to learn it's a specialized art, by listening to Jack Benny and Rudy Vallee.

At least half of the amateurs. Some of the amateur programs are good, some are funny and some go beyond all comprehension.

Recorded dance programs. Because between each two numbers you are reminded at length that for ten cents down and for ten cents a week you can be the envy of your set with a complete outfit in fashionable mackerel cerise.

Sunshine hours. This is usually an early morning atrocity. You get out of bed, still half asleep, to be greeted with a cheery good morning from some one whose voice has a phoney ring to it. All cheerful philosophers probably beat their wives.

"Frankly, I'm terribly fond of radio. There's more excitement about it, for a

performer, than either the stage or the screen. When that little red light goes on you know you have to go out there and turn in a performance, because there are no retakes in radio. You're either good—or you're aromatic, to put it mildly.

"My first radio appearance was with Bing Crosby and it was, to say the least, an experience. I was so frightened my hands froze to the script, my voice wasn't in its customary place and my knees knocked right through a pair of five dollar stockings. I was supposed to be doing comedy, but I raced through that script like Sir Malcolm Campbell going to a fire. Since then I've calmed down a bit, and—in case any prospective sponsors are listening—I can now face a microphone with what might even pass for aplomb.

"My favorite radio day? Sunday, by all means! On Sundays I get everything from symphonies to Walter Winchell, with stops along the way at Major Bowes and wherever else I happen to flip the dial. Maybe I'm wrong, but every program sounds good on Sunday. Could it be, as I suspect, because they *are* good?"

"Perhaps," we suggested, grabbing the rest of the Lombard cigarettes, "it's because Sunday is always so far away from last Monday."

"It can't be that, because next Monday is always just around the corner. Like television. Tell me, what do you know about television?"

We don't know a thing about it. So if anyone hears any rumors, please wire us collect, because we'd like to see Miss Lombard again.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 97)

THE MAN'S HEADACHE

Maurie Erskine, author of CBS' *Renfrew of the Mounted* series, relieves nervous tension following long script session, he says, standing on his head. He discovered an upside-down cure accidentally, while covering a box of matches from beneath a couch. Now he declares that he can smoke his pipe, and even read, in this position.

THEY SAY

Jessica Dragonette: "The soul is dyed in the color of its leisure thoughts."

Rosario Bourdon: "Search diligently the depths of your mind and you'll never turn without some treasure."

Connie Gates: "Lor', little chile, when I ain't got no education, yuh jes' naturally got to use your brains."

Ken Darby: "While the vulgar fret, the gentleman remains calm and spacious."

Dick Malone: "Tell a woman a secret and she will promise to tell everybody not tell anybody."

THE LITTLE WOMAN

Peter Van Steeden, musical director of *Own Hall Tonight*, is married to Mary Wells, his childhood sweetheart. . . . Edna D'Orsay, French singing comedienne, the wife of Dr. Maurice Hill, a former doctor. . . . Willie Howard is the husband of the former Emily Miles, whom he first met in a New York Winter Garden production. . . . Tim Ryan and Irene Nothman became mister and missus while both were employed by a traveling musical comedy company. Tim was press agent of the show and Irene the ingenue. . . . Marion Bailey is married to Michael Rauchisen, German singing teacher and coach. . . . Ted Waring is the husband of the former Evelyn Nair. . . . Hal Kemp eloped with the socially prominent Betsy Slaughter of Texas. They're still mister and missus, so poppa and mamma. . . . Mark Waring met Sylvia Rappaport at a fire and married her not long afterward. . . .

IT'S THE GYPSY IN HIM!

Locked in his room, walking up and down, up and down, Harry Horlick, conductor of the *A & P Gypsies*, plays softly on his violin to bring back memories of his native Russia. This is his ritual before each broadcast. In thirteen years on this same program, Harry never has taken a vacation, finding his escape from the commonplace in the wild romance of gypsy music.

"There are at least fifteen types of gypsy music," says the Gypsy maestro. They come from plainsmen and rovers, from Hungary, Spain, Russia and the Latin countries. . . . I contend, too, that there is American Gypsy music—in the Negro spirituals, the hillbilly and cowboy songs and in the older American folk-ballads, the same romance rings clear and true."

(Continued on page 100)



"LIBELED LADY"

Her reputation was worth \$5,000,000—and she made up her mind to collect from the man who called her "husband-snatcher." But she reckoned without her heart—the heart she couldn't control! The full-length novel, based on the picture, "Libeled Lady," starring Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Spencer Tracy, appears in the November SCREEN ROMANCES.

*

Among the sixteen other stories illustrated with actual scenes from the important productions are:

"Champagne Waltz," starring Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray.

"Dodsworth," with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor.

"The Plainsman," starring Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur.

"Green Light," with Errol Flynn and Anita Louise.

"Born to Dance," with Eleanor Powell and James Stewart.

"Pennies From Heaven," starring Bing Crosby.

*

WIN A NORMA SHEARER JULIET GOWN . . .

Read the details of the contest in the November

SCREEN ROMANCES

What Do You Do with Your Little Finger?

—when you pick up a glass or cup? . . . You know from watching others that charm and poise can be destroyed instantly by the misuse of hands. And by the same token, the correct use of your hands can become a tremendous social and business asset. Great actresses accomplish much of their poise by proper hand action.

The makers of Frostilla—the famous skin lotion that keeps hands, face and body smooth and lovely—asked Margery Wilson, the international authority on charm and poise, to tell

- how to hold a cigarette
- how to pick up cards
- how to shake hands
- and how to make hands behave to the best advantage on all occasions

Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on *How to Use Your Hands Correctly*. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it *without charge* to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30th, 1937.

Just mail coupon with the front of a 35c, 50c or \$1.00 Frostilla Fragrant Lotion box (or two fronts from 10c sizes) and your copy will be sent **FREE**.



"FROSTILLA"

412 Gray Street, Elmira, N.Y.
Here is the box front—send me my copy of Margery Wilson's book on hands.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



NOW! Beautiful NAILS

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

Set of 10
20c
At all
5 and 10c
Stores



NU-NAIL CO.

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Marvelously natural-looking. Try them!

NU-NAILS

ARTIFICIAL
FINGER NAILS
CHICAGO, ILL.

The **RIGHT** Lipstick Shade
makes **SUCH** a Difference!



TRY THESE 3 LIPSTICKS FREE

Find your most flattering shade with the Triple Indelible FLAME-GLO Test Set, consisting of three exciting new shades—yours **FREE** for the asking! Send for it **TODAY**; uncover **NEW BEAUTY** with this genuine dollar quality lipstick. To make new friends for FLAME-GLO, we'll send you the three **FULL** trial sizes without charge . . . just send 10c to cover the mailing cost! Do it **NOW!**

Flame-Glo
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., Dpt. D4, 395 B'WAY, N.Y.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks:
enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

10c and 20c
AT LEADING 5 & 10c STORES

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 99)



Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, seems puzzled by the type of microphone used by his orchestra on the initial program of *NBC* on November 15th, 1926. Bernie has been on *NBC* networks since the early days of radio and will celebrate the tenth anniversary of *NBC* this Fall.

Horlick, at present, is orchestrating four new numbers which he bought in manuscript from a Gypsy fortune teller and compiling a book of *Romany Romances*.

Serious musician that he is, he cherishes one frivolous hobby—he loves to demonstrate his skill as a ventriloquist.

HOME TOWN HIGHLIGHTS

Howard Price, soloist with Harry Horlick's Gypsies, hails from Scranton, Pennsylvania . . . Lois Ravel is from Baltimore, Maryland . . . Fred Allen was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and his wife, Portland Hoffa, in Portland, Oregon . . . Richard Himber comes from Newark, New Jersey . . . Irene Noblette is a native of San Francisco and Tim Ryan is a Bayonne (New Jersey) product . . . Alois Havrilla was born in Pressov, Czechoslovakia . . . Helen Marshall comes from Joplin, Missouri . . . San Antonio, Texas, was the birthplace of Irene Hubbard (Maria of Show Boat) . . . Fibber McGee and Molly hail from Peoria, Illinois . . . Dr. Frank Black is a Philadelphia boy.

WHO LAUGHED LAST?

Pick and Pat were indulging in a particularly good joke. . . . Bill Robinson, King of Tap, was driving along Hollywood Boulevard when the joke tickled his ears from his car radio. "Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Bill heartily. Crash! went his car against the fender of a shiny new Duesenberg. Bill tried to explain to the Duesenberg's irate driver—but the latter couldn't laugh at the joke until he had recovered

the price of a new fender from Robins

"YOUR ANNOUNCER IS—"

Howard Clancy. . . . Ex-art student and Shakespearean actor, he went from Carnegie Tech into the army in 1918—the Armistice stopped his sailing. He studied architecture, sculpture, painting and drama. In New York he stumbled into stage job and thence to the *NBC* drama staff. He became an announcer in 1924. Howard is single and was born in Pittsburgh in 1898. He still does some painting, and occasionally sells a picture.

Ken Niles . . . Was born in 1906 in Livingston, Montana, and studied at the universities of Montana and Washington. His first radio experience was as a crooner with the orchestra of Vic Meyers, who now is Lieutenant-Governor of Washington. Ken joined the Henry Duffy play and was en route east to accept a drama scholarship when he dropped in at *CH* studio *KHJ* in Los Angeles—and never has left there. You've heard him on the Hollywood Hotel Hour and the Burns and Allen series. Ken has blue eyes and dark curly hair, stands five feet eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. But—he's married, girls!

Ben Grauer. . . . An ex-juvenile, Ben began acting in the movies when he was eight years old. For many years he acted on the stage. He appeared also in radio plays, but didn't like the juvenile and villain rôles assigned him. So, in 1930, he auditioned and became an *NBC* announcer.

at same year he won his B.S. degree City College in New York and the ndham prize for extemporaneous speaking. He excels as an ad libber. Ben was rn on Staten Island, New York, in 1908. e is a book collector.

Cornelius Westbrook Van Voorhis, Jr.
 . "Time Marches On. . . ." That's Van's accato voice. He attended the U. S. aval Academy, but left when he received legacy of one hundred and fifty thousand llars. The money went the way of most rtunes, and Van went on the stage, got job on a small New York radio station nd later joined CBS. He is on many programs, under a number of aliases. Van as born in New York City on September st, 1903, and has dark brown hair and ray eyes. He weighs one hundred and fty-five pounds.

FAN MAIL AND FRIENDSHIP
 Ken Darby, leader and arranger for the ing's Men Quartet, tells us that he has rmed many interesting friendships ough fan letters. In San Francisco here is a Chinese laundryman with whom en corresponds regularly. The chairman a regular listener and writes Ken his omments on a laundry ticket. Another f Ken's regular correspondents is a light- ouse keeper in an isolated post off the east of Maine. Incidentally, the young omposer believes that hotcha singing is n the way out. "Listeners," says Ken, are becoming more discriminating. It : my opinion that melody will rule the irwaves this fall."

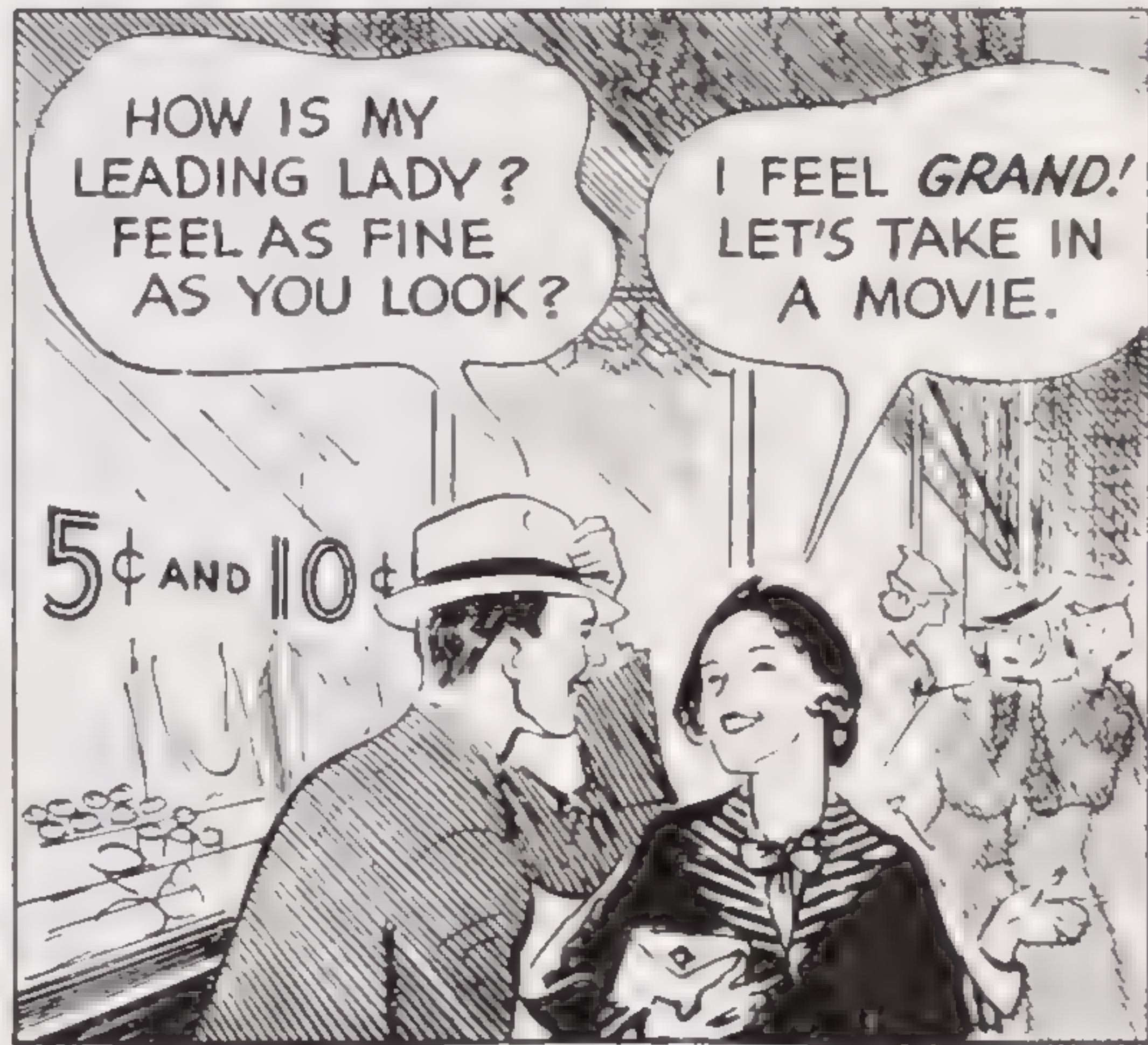
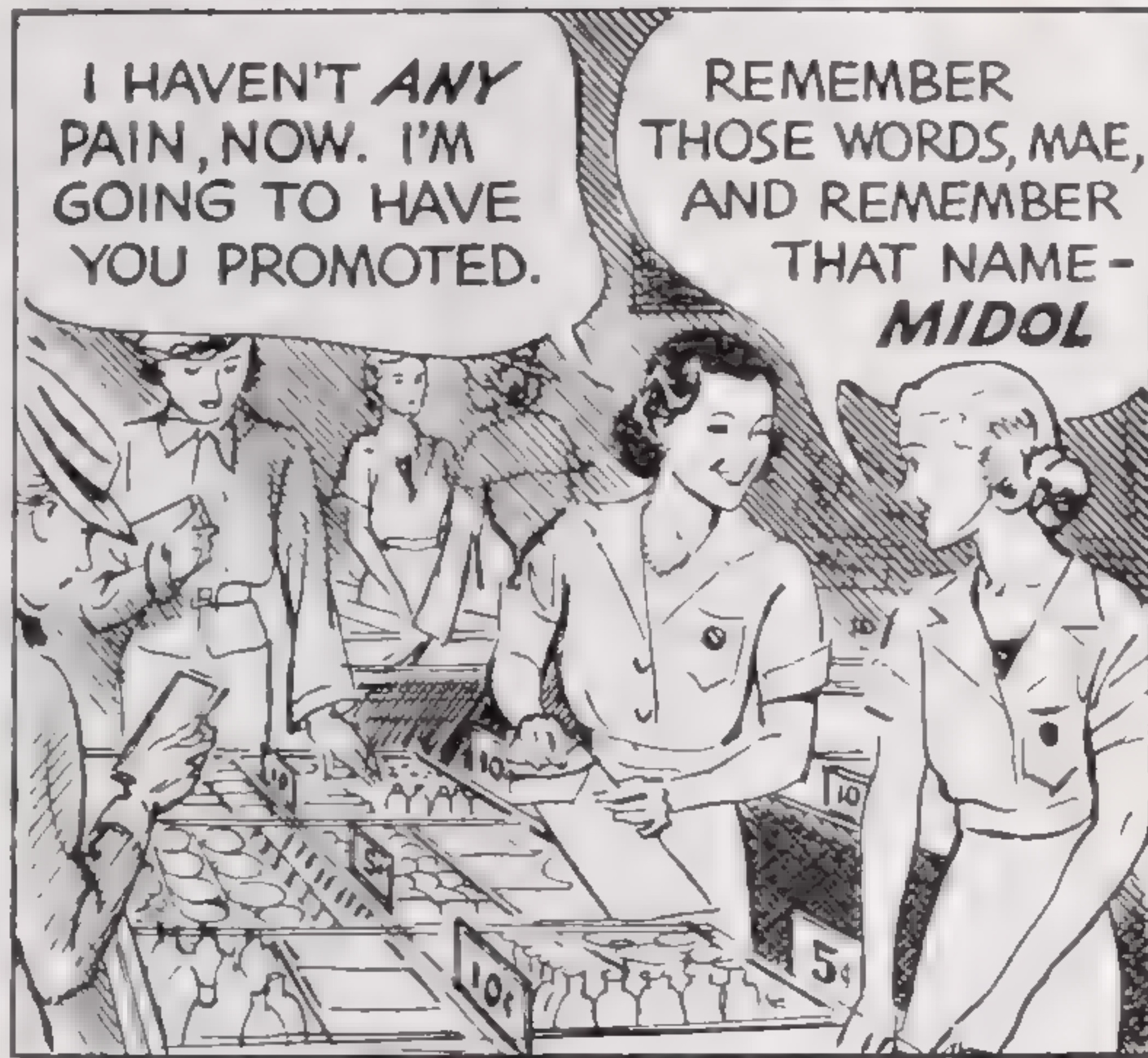
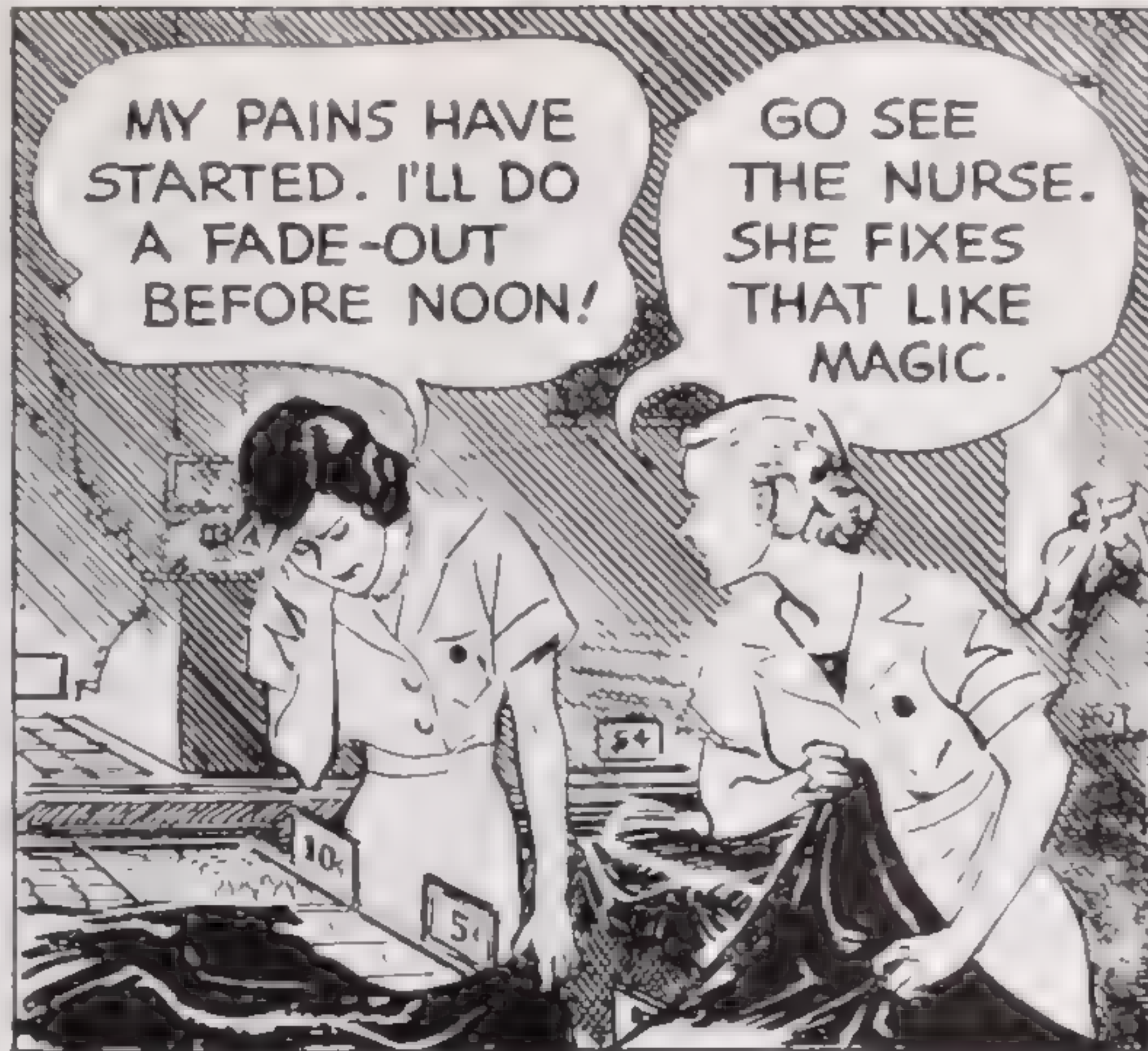
CONCERNING JESSICA
 You may have thought of her as a ssue-paper angel, taken out of a card- oard box on Friday evenings for the ities Service Concert, and carefully put ack again when the concert is over. But essica Dragonette is a very human little irl, enjoying normal friendships and rec- eations when she is not working or study- ing. She takes great pleasure in sports nd is said to excel many men in horse- ack riding. Also she is a proficient aqua- lanist and loves to swim in rough surf. he delights, too, in taking long walks in he country. Strenuous exercise, Jessica elieves, keeps her in fine condition for her eekly concerts on the air.

Recently Jessica met a stiff test of her nettle, when she flew to Cleveland to sing t the Great Lakes Exposition. Her plane as met at the Cleveland airport by a elegation of two hundred persons, headed y Mayor Burton, and Jessica was hurried o City Hall, given the keys to the city nd made an admiral in the Exposition leet. Then, for the next six hours, she ttended one reception after another, with- out break. The next day she was fêted at a civic luncheon in her honor, visited a hos- pital where a friend was ill, and then re- earsed up to the hour of her broadcast. After which she shook hands with hun- dreds who stayed to greet her—and then went the rounds of the Exposition.

Good stuff in this little hundred-and-five- pound songbird!

BALLOTS WITHOUT BULLETS
 Seems we're going to elect a president pretty soon . . . Don't forget to cast your vote!

"FIVE-AND-TEN"



JOIN the modern women who no longer give-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period, including women who have always had the hardest time

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" on certain days of

every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not*. And its relief is prolonged; two tablets see you through your worst day.

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom you hadn't thought possible!



"SING, BABY, SING!"

Sing the most popular songs of the month. In the November issue of POPULAR SONGS are gathered together the words and music of the songs the whole country is singing. The featured numbers from seven currently popular musical movies are included with dozens of radio's most played pieces.

Here are some of them: "Afterglow," "Empty Saddles," "And They Said It Wouldn't Last," "Hidden Valley," "If We Never Meet Again," "Love Will Tell," "One Rainy Afternoon," "Sing, Baby, Sing," "You Turned the Tables on Me." Feature stories on Helen Morgan, George M. Cohan, Marian Talley, and Frances Langford, and eight more stars of the air-waves appear in the November issue of

POPULAR SONGS

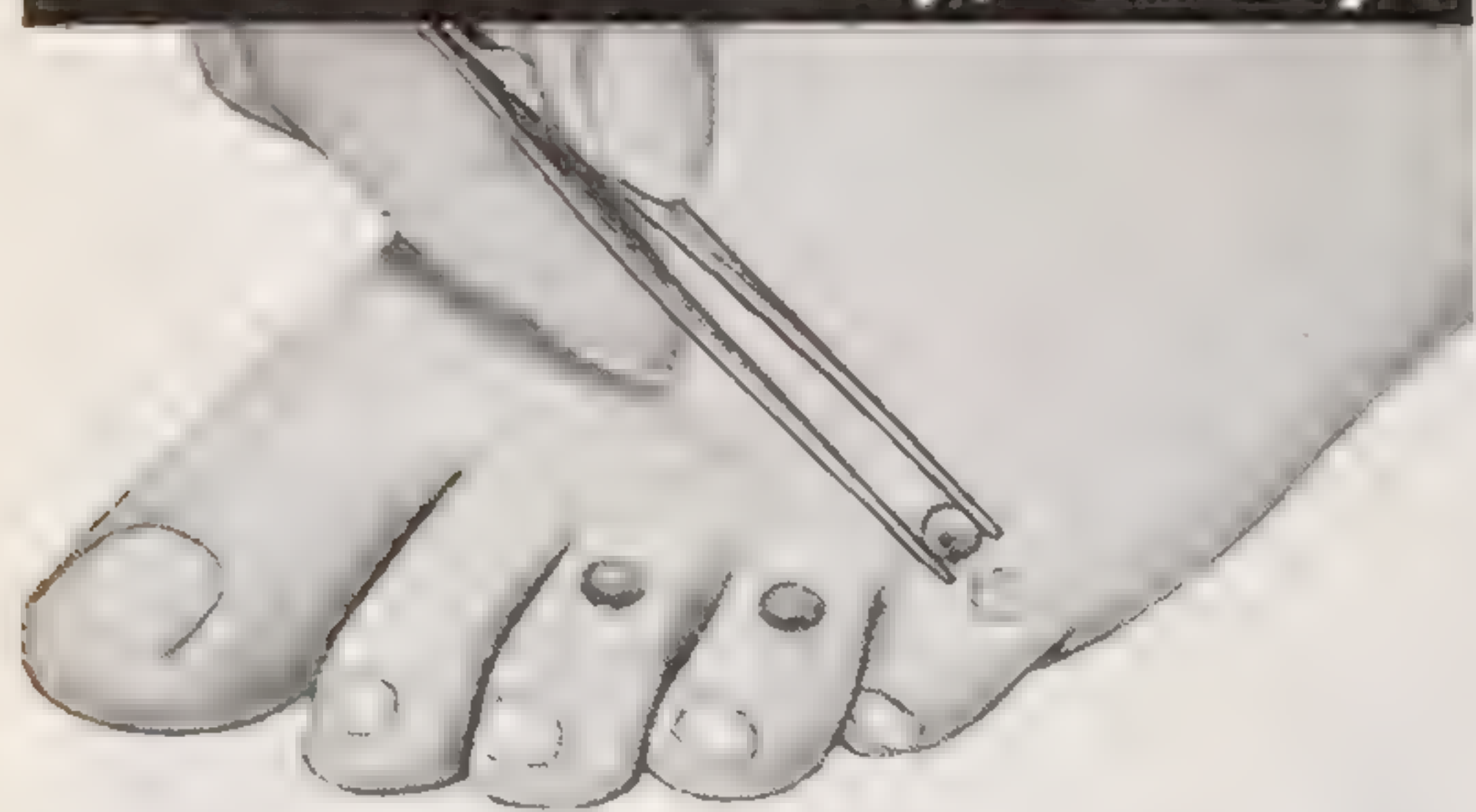
10c

On Sale at Your Favorite Newsstand

10c

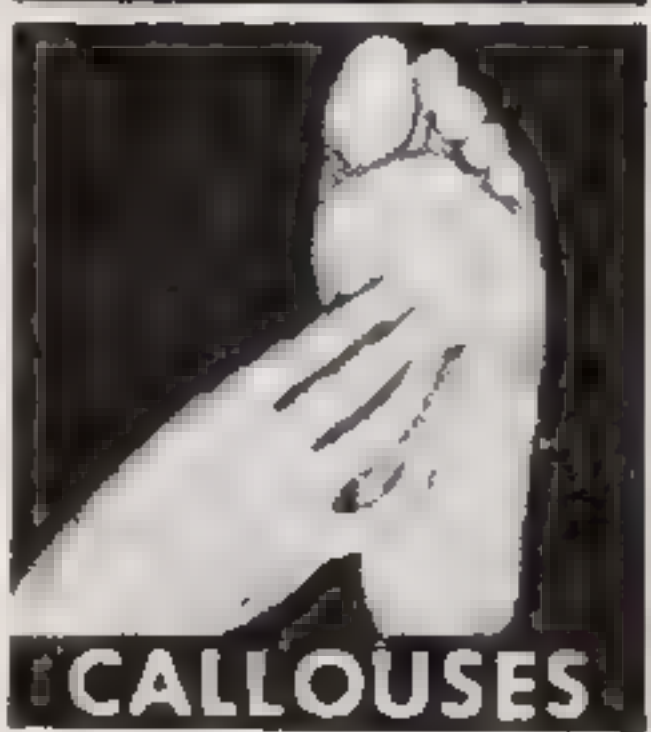
CORNS

LIFT OUT Easily, Safely!



Pain Relieved in ONE MINUTE!

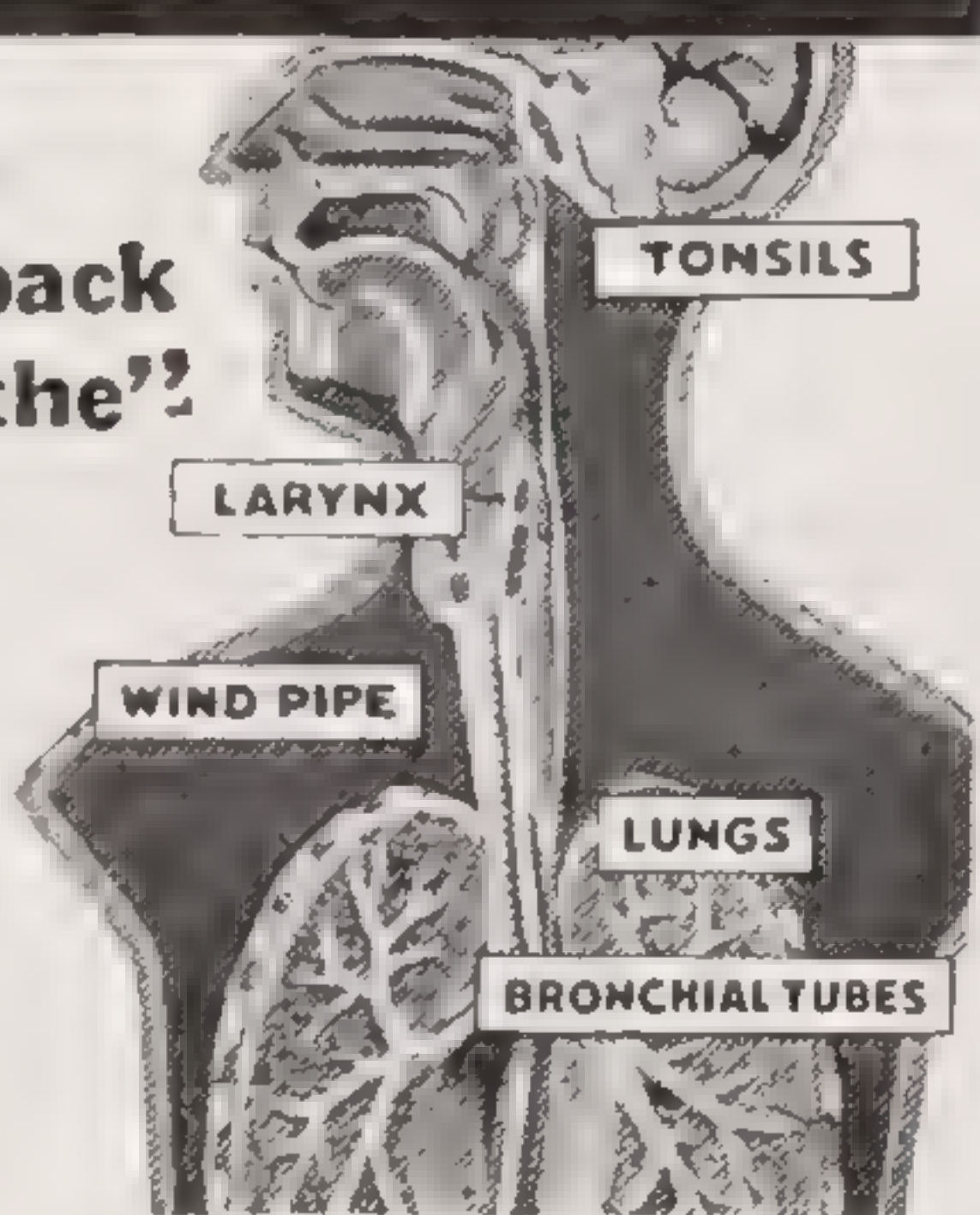
No waiting for results with triple-action Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! In one minute pain is gone—forgotten. In a few days your corns or callouses lift out with ease. Apply these thin, soothing, healing, shielding pads at the first sign of sore toes from new or tight shoes, and you'll stop corns before they can start! No other method does all these things for you. So don't accept a substitute. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are *medically safe*, easy to apply. Don't stick to stocking or come off in bath. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

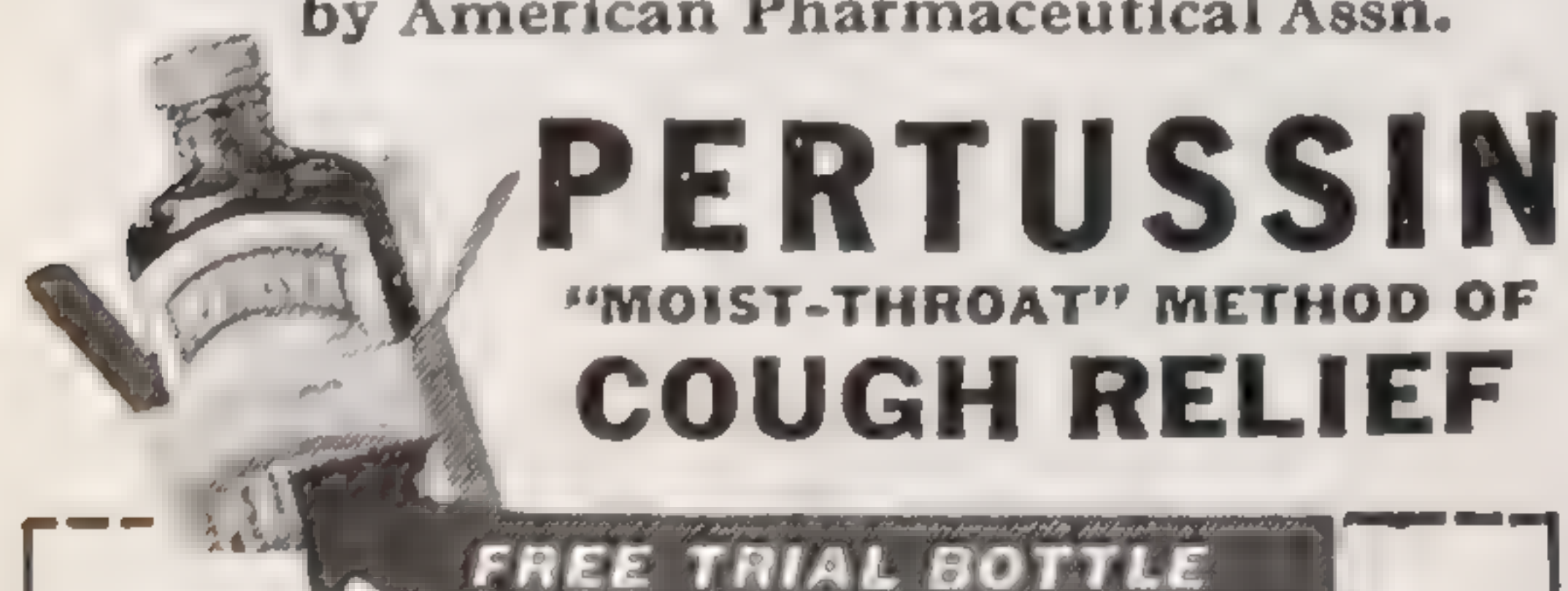
Relieve COUGHS quicker by "Moist- Throat" Method

Get your throat's
moisture glands back
to work and "soothe"
your cough away



THE usual cause of a cough is the drying or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and wind-pipe. When this happens, heavy phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

Get after that cough today—with Pertussin. Over 1,000,000 prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year. This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.



PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name _____ Dept. W1
Address _____

WEST COAST RAMBLINGS



Versatile veteran *NBC* announcer, Graham McNamee has been prominent on many studio programs and sports and special events broadcasts. Graham is a good builder-upper for any program on which he figures.

Amos 'n' Andy are completely sold on California. At least Andy (Freeman Gosden) is, and as soon as Amos (Charles Correll) recovers from a recent bill he'll like the place again. All the sunshine went to his head, Amos contends, that was his trouble. He became outdoor-conscious from the minute of his arrival, to such an extent that he invested in a swanky Beverly Hills home with the customary swimming pool. Amos never enjoyed anything so much as that pool—until the first of the month. The water bill was \$63. Nowadays Amos is taking long walks around Beverly Hills for that outdoor feeling.

spotted—you guessed it!—the front row and Dick Powell.

Some Hollywood folks in the five-figure salary range do manage to live with their incomes. Bob Burns, for instance, has been putting out \$27.50 per month for rent since his arrival in town. But the other day the landlord decided on a five-dollar raise. We offered our sympathy to Bob but found him philosophical even in the face of such adversity. "Wa-a," Bob said without a trace of bitterness, "that's the price of fame."

The Bob Burns Day at Little Rock, Arkansas, on July 27th, was attended by the Van Buren sage and his bazooka person. Three bands, plus all the Burnkinfolk, greeted the plane which brought their Local Boy home. Governor James W. Futrell escorted Bob around town and took him to Hot Springs the next day to address the visitors at the Centennial Celebration. The pay-off, however, is that Governor Futrell is the same gentleman

It must be love. That's the only possible explanation for the way Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are acting these days. Attending a Hollywood Hotel program one Friday evening, we spotted Joan's blonde head right up in the front row of seats. And the next evening, while attending the Shell Chateau broadcast where Joan was playing in Dinner at Eight, we

who expelled Bob from school years ago.



Eddie Cantor and Samuel Goldwyn have definitely come to the parting of the ways. Seems Eddie has had a yen for some time to make *Three Men on a Horse*, but Mr. Goldwyn doesn't feel the same about it—and he owns the picture rights. Another bone of contention was an agreement whereby Eddie would receive \$150,000 per picture and 10 per cent. of the profits. But there weren't any profits. So Eddie will be making eyes exclusively at mikes for a while. But that hardly means the bread-line for the Cantors, since that Lux airing alone brought him \$8500.



All these rumors of the movie studios being at war with the radio studios have been squelched once and for all by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They have just appointed Eddie Mannix as head of their radio policies, thereby insuring coöperation of their stars for air shows.



Jack Benny isn't sold enough on California yet to get a house and mortgage out here. But he has leased a very nice little place of fifteen rooms in Hollywood for the coming year. Says he signed it in a coma, though, since the real estate agent cornered him the same day he purchased that triple star sapphire bracelet for Mary.



Jack had a grand vacation this summer. He spent it playing golf—six different varieties of golf. "The golf ball industry," Jack said, "has already declared an extra dividend on the strength of my tee eccentricities."



Frances Langford felt so gala after signing that two-year contract for *Hollywood Hotel* that she put on an impromptu party that evening in her Beverly Hills home. Over a hundred guests agreed that this was the only way Frances should ever put on a party. The wind-up was a baseball game organized by Benny Goodman, and costumed by Dick Powell and George Raft. The Langford rugs and draperies were pressed into service by the costume department with startling effects.



At the Hollywood Hotel rehearsal the other day we noted a young and handsome young man was getting all Frances' attention between numbers. Young and Handsome, we found out later, had come all the way from Minneapolis just to spend an afternoon and evening with Frances.



Lily Pons received one of the biggest ovations ever accorded a Hollywood Bowl artist when she sang there in August. Andre Kostelanetz conducted the entire concert. He and Miss Pons planed in from New York the day before the concert and announced that they would be married while in town.

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CAROL RANDOLPH

Suite L, 1203 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.



Genial Don Wilson, *NBC* announcer, achieved gratifying success this summer with the *Jello* program, in the absence of Jack Benny. Through his expert direction Tim and Irene became highlights of this program.

All the femme songsters and would-be ones in the colony have been industriously airing their vocal chords for the past months. Reason: announcement that Lawrence Tibbett would soon make *Love Flight* for the fillums. When Mr. Tibbett arrived, he was asked what preference he might have regarding a leading lady. “No singers, please,” said Lawrence, “I want to play opposite a beautiful woman.”

Since Rudy Vallee fell heir to Frank Fay's gelatine job. Hollywood is wondering if Frank will be back in town again. Looks like that “finis” Barbara Stanwyck put on their marriage was really meant. She's being seen more and more in the company of Robert Taylor and he's being seen less and less in the company of other Hollywood gals.

There's a new wrinkle to this “dubbing” business that we have just heard about. A certain radio comedian's sponsor wasn't among his more ardent fans after the first broadcast. Among other things that didn't sound well to his ears was the weak applause from the broadcast audience. Being a man of resource as well as discrimination, the sponsor sent out for records of a famous comedian's broadcasts. And had the deafening applause dubbed in on his so-called comic's next broadcast.

There is such a thing as too much pub-

licity. Even good publicity. Sam Hearn is sick of reading and hearing of this guy Schlepperman, for instance. He'd much rather have Sam Hearn get the breaks for a change. But it looks like it's too late for any hope now. In his first picture, Florida Special, Sam was billed as Schlepperman. And in the Big Broadcast of 1937 it's simply “Schleppy.” Learning of this last billing, Sam sought out the best lawyer in town for advice. The lawyer listened sympathetically to the whole sad tale. “I don't see what can be done about the situation,” he said thoughtfully, “but I certainly understand your feelings, Mr. Schlepperman.”

Since joining up with the movies, Martha Raye is all set for television. The Klieg lights have melted some twenty-four pounds of Raye curves. But there's as much to the voice as ever and she'll be back on the air just as soon as the *Big Broadcast of 1937* is safely in the little tin box.

After his last picture assignment, Don Ameche found the *First Nighter* programs a decided snap. The movie was *Ramona* and most of it was filmed on location. It's a technicolor picture, and therein lay the difficulties. For the cast had to rise at four each morning and be on the job before five. The color camera has a liking for the “white” early morning light and a decided antipathy towards the

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!



SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific

to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible mending particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and whiteness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Cream at all drug and department stores.

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YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: half pint of water add one ounce of rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up for you. You can mix it yourself at very low cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to faded, faded or gray hair, makes hair soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be discouraged by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.



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"yellow" lights that appear around noon to sunset.

A year ago Marion Talley would have felt very glum at the news of her 1600 acres of wheat being destroyed by the Kansas drought. But now she's gone Hollywood with gusto and farming will be merely an avocation. She's spent the hardest year of her life in Hollywood, too, between picture and radio engagements. And milking a herd of cows in the morning, according to Marion, is play compared to doing the daily dozen a dozen times before breakfast—and then having to go without breakfast.

Joe Cook says he's purring all over the place since *Shell Chateau* signed him for more appearances after his debut on the program last month. Says he's crazy about California, but not crazy enough to live here the year 'round. Besides there's his country home at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. It's known as *Sleepless Hollow*—and for good reason, according to visitors. Joe maintains there a retinue of old actor friends. In the pose of very dignified old family servants, they act as the comedian's confederates in those famous Cook practical jokes.

Have you noticed the new lilt to Benny Goodman's music of late? We suspected there was more than the Camel Caravan back of this exuberance, so set our spies to work. They found the reason—and a very good one. Her name is Phyllis Ludwig. She's blonde, blue-eyed and a free-lance player for the celluloiders.

Raymond Paige, baton wielder for the *Hollywood Hotel* programs, has just been offered the position of musical director for Columbia network on the west coast. Mr. Paige knows his stuff. In fact he's just done something in the music line that Leopold Stokowski swore couldn't be done. After months of research into the technical phases of radio, Stokowski stated that radio was incapable of reproducing successfully the music of more than a sixty-piece orchestra. Raymond Paige, on hearing this ultimatum, set to work at once. He assembled a 130-piece orchestra and put on a special program for Columbia officials. Mr. Paige was deluged with telegrams following the broadcast. All the CBS moguls in New York were thrilled beyond ten words.

It never rains but it pours in California, was Frank Forrest's surprised discovery. After being in Hollywood for several weeks he was signed up for a Camel Caravan program and a moving picture on the same day. But the pay-off came when he found that he had to start both jobs on the same day. Mr. Forrest spent the first day dashing from radio rehearsals at Columbia broadcasting station to Paramount studios for scenes in *Big Broadcast of 1937*. At five the radio program went on and at six Mr. F. was back at Paramount, considerably the worse for wear. But he stuck it out until the cast was dismissed at 10.30. But that's Hollywood.



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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

**DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion**

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

RADIO LAUGHS

(Continued from page 13)

GEORGE: I thought your sister and her husband were inseparable.

GRACIE: Yeah—it takes about six people to drag them apart.

(**GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN.**)

PHIL: Bottle, please! When you sneeze, do it the other way.

BOTTLE: I'm sorry, sir, I don't know the other way.

PHIL: You don't understand, my simple sinus. When I sneeze I put my hand over my mouth.

BOTTLE: Why do you do that, sir?

BEETLE: To catch his teeth!

PHIL: Bottle, you're ruining my golf game. And to think that yesterday I got four birdies.

BOTTLE: Four birdies?

PHIL: Yes—three on the green . . .

BEETLE: Yeah . . . and one from the caddie!

(**PHIL BAKER, BOTTLE and BEETLE, Gulf Program.**)

PICK: Was you ever in the firing line?
PAT: Sure . . . only last week our boss stood us all up in line an' I was the first one what he fired.

PICK: I know, but was you ever wounded in battle?

PAT: Yes sir, in the battle of Mess o' Potatoes a bullet hit me right in the Dardanelles.

PICK: Were you thrilled?

PAT: No—bored!

(**PICK and PAT.**)

MARY: Look Jack—here's a present for you.

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: A telephone book.

JACK: But Mary, I've got three telephone books in my house now.

MARY: I know—but your table is still lopsided!

(**JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jello Program.**)

FRED: The first thing I do when I wake up is look in the morning paper.

PORTLAND: What's the point of that?

FRED: That's how I find out how I feel.

PORTLAND: But that's silly.

FRED: No it isn't . . . if my name isn't in the obituary column I assume that I'm still alive. So I get up.

PORTLAND: Well, how can you tell when you've got spring fever, Mr. Allen?

FRED: I'll tell you. If you have a sneaky feeling at noon time that your rheumatism got up that morning and left your body in bed—you've got it!

(**FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.**)

PAT: We'll go there in a 'plane.

PICK: Who's goin' where in what?

PICK: Just think . . . if you go high enough they'll call you the sky terrier.

PAT: I'd rather stay down here and be called a groundhog.

PICK: Now just how high would you like to go in a plane?

PAT: Just high enough to shake hands with Singer's Midgets!

(**PICK and PAT.**)

EDDIE: Jimmy, I've got a great feat for my paper . . . Embarrassing Moments. I pay a dollar for each one sent.

JIMMY: Do you get many?

EDDIE: Yes . . . listen to this one "Dear Editor: I came home early yesterday and found another guy kissing my wife. Please send two dollars—my wife was embarrassed, too."

JIMMY: Did you send him the two dollars?

EDDIE: No—I sent him three. I figured the fellow he caught was embarrassed, too!

(**EDDIE CANTOR and JIMMY WALLINGTON.**)

PICK: Pat, Lincoln was a great man he fought for years for freedom.

PAT: Yes . . . and then he got married. (**PICK and PAT.**)

PAT: I done told you I was a big man . . . I was a giant.

PICK: Pat, you couldn't be a giant. You is only about five feet six.

PAT: Dat's right . . . Mr. Barnum advertised me as de smallest giant in world.

PICK: But Pat, old boy, I is going to make you de toast of de world.

PAT: De toast of de world?

PICK: That's right—toast of de world.

PAT: Well . . . If I'm to be de toast of de world, I want to drop a couple of eggs on me now . . . I'm hungry.

(**PICK and PAT.**)

PICK: What paper is that you got, Pat?

PAT: The Morning Headache. Which paper you got there?

PICK: The Evening Jag. Which one has the latest news?

PAT: The Morning Headache . . . always comes after the Evening Jag.

(**PICK and PAT.**)

EDDIE: You know what a Senator is?
PARK: There's a Matador, a Picador and a Senator.

EDDIE: No, stupid . . . Matadors and Picadors fight the bull.

PARK: I see . . . and a Senator throws the bull.

(**EDDIE CANTOR and PARKY KARKUS.**)

PICK: I can't help your not likin' your soup . . . my heart wasn't in my cooking tonight.

PAT: Maybe your heart wasn't in it, but your hair was! I mean to ask you—what does your face smell so funny?

PICK: My face smells funny because I did what de cook book say . . . right before I cook dinner tonight.

PAT: What did de cook book say?

PICK: It say: "Before startin' to cook, rub a little garlic on your pan!"

(**PICK and PAT.**)

HONEY CHILE: I went to cooking school for two years.

BOB: You did, eh? And did you graduate with honors?

HONEY CHILE: I should say so! With flyin' crullers!

(**BOB HOPE and HONEY CHILE, Atlantic Program.**)



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RADIO STARS

presents a new department
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featuring her own cooking.

Kate will tell you of dishes she delights in, give you her favorite recipes—plan meals and menus for you.

Everyone who likes to eat will want to read this fascinating department—

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Look for it every month in

RADIO STARS

VIC ARDEN: Say, Willie—you say your girl friend, Penelope, is going to inherit a lot of money. Are you sure you've got the right dope?

WILLIE: She'll do until a better dope comes along.

FIFI: Willie! You are a darleeng to give me a lock of your hair! You must really love me.

WILLIE: Sure I love you, Baby... And to prove it here's my whole toupee!

(WILLIE HOWARD and FIFI D'ORSAY, Folies de Paree.)

LESTER: Where did you get the notion that Cleopatra was a flatiron?

BILL: 'Cause it says in this book: "Marc Antony pressed his suit with Cleopatra." (Whirligig, NBC.)

VACATION MEMORIES



Fifi D'Orsay and her hubby Dr. Maurice Hill (above and below) did much boating and bathing as did Fred Allen and frau Portland Hoffa, before Ole Debbil Fall came.

Blondes! and "Browns" too!



Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse—3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair—a shampoo and special rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. Called New Blondex, this amazing 2 package combination—the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse—costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get the new Blondex today. There is a new 10c size—at all stores.

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"SHOULD A HUSBAND BE TEN YEARS OLDER?"

In Our Next Issue

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Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

DIALING CALIFORNIA

Brings in many a popular radio and movie favorite

At our right, Jack Oakie with his mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield. Jack starred with Helen Twelvetrees in the *Lux Radio Theatre's* presentation of *One Sunday Afternoon*, but Mrs. O. "stole the show" in an interview with Cecil B. DeMille. Below, left, a new picture of Lawrence Tibbett, famous singer and actor, with his sons, Richard (left) and Lawrence, Jr. And right, Eleanor Powell and Sid Silvers go into their dance for *MGM's* new musical, *Born to Dance*. Lower left, Lily Pons, famous in opera, concert, radio and movies, now in Hollywood making her second *RKO-Radio* picture, enjoys California's sun. Lower right, popular favorites Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor at a *Hollywood Hotel* rehearsal.

Wide World



THEY STARRED AT SOCIETY FASHION SHOWS

-these 3 new "Smoky" Nail Shades



★ *Old Rose*

AT Society's most exclusive Fashion Benefits this Fall, the new "Smoky" Cutex nail shades made a tremendous fashion hit.

The season's newest crop of debutante models doted on these subtler, softer nail shades. "They make ordinary one-tone polishes seem harsh by comparison," they said. "They're divinely flattering, as well as smart," and "go with many more costume colors." "Smoky" nail shades are definitely in!

OLD ROSE is utterly feminine — true soft rose, but in the new smart smoky key. Irresistible with evening pastels and just made for the new wine shades!

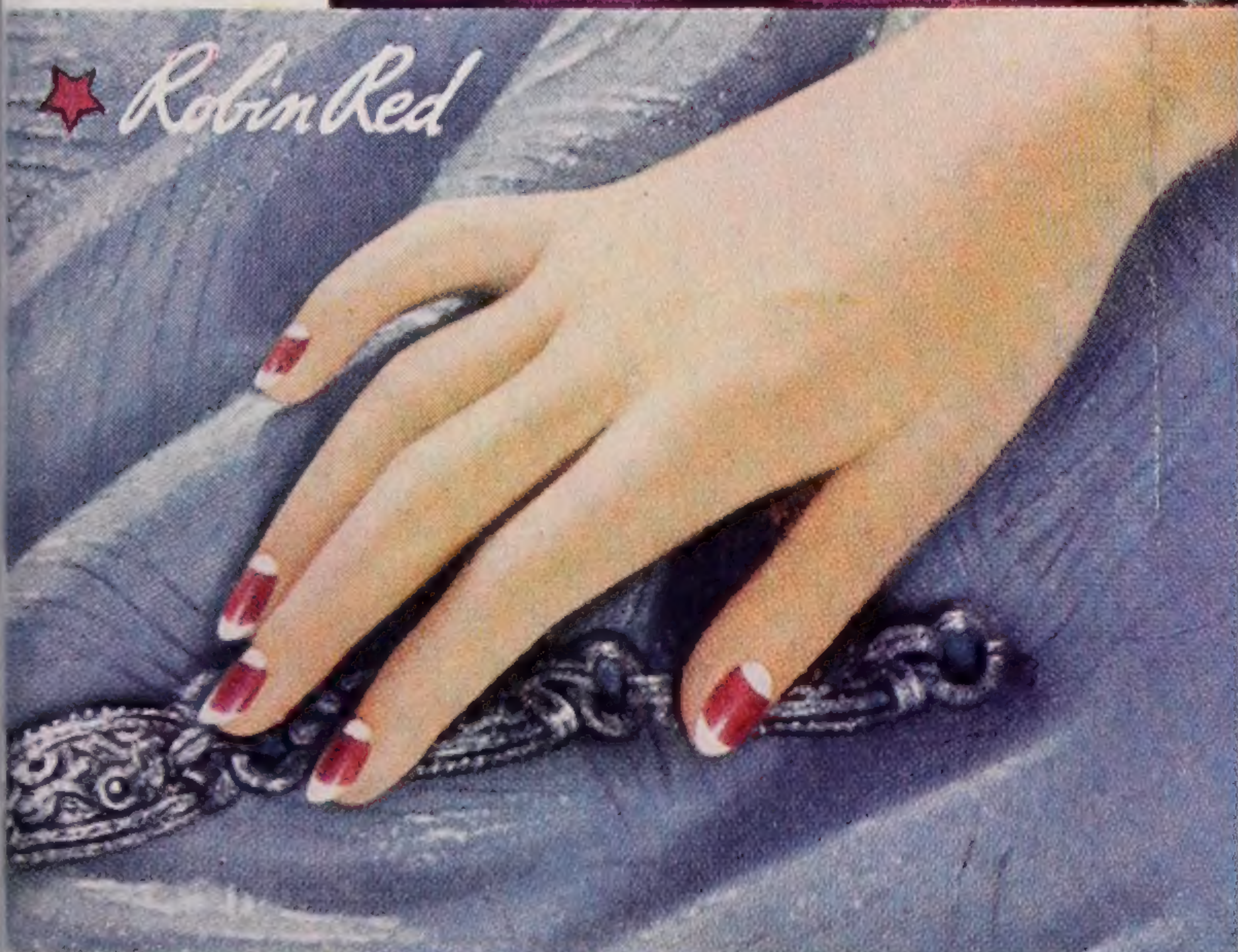
ROBIN RED is a new softer red that goes with anything and is wonderful with the new autumn browns and greens.

CUTEX RUST is a fascinating smoky pink, with a soft, brown undertone. It's equally flattering to still sun-tanned hands or the dark elegance of velvets and sable.

You're sure of brilliant lustre and long wear with *any* Cutex color. And the wonderful new formula positively refuses to fade — and never thickens — it's usable right down to the last drop!

Even if your income doesn't run to Paris frocks, these "Smoky" nail shades will make you glamorous! You can afford them all — a mere 35¢ a bottle, at your favorite shop.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



★ *Robin Red*



★ *Rust*

Costumes by
Germaine Monteil



Cutex Introductory Set containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢

★ **Mauve**
A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray, and all pale colors.

★ **Rust**
Pink with an undertone of brown — made-to-order to wear with autumn-leaf colors.

★ **Light Rust**
A paler Rust with a golden undertone. Very delicate and glamorous.

★ **Old Rose**
A pale, dusky rose. Intriguingly feminine. Especially lovely with pastels.

★ **Robin Red**
A new, softer red that everyone can wear. Goes with practically all costume colors!

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I enclose 16¢ for the Cutex Introductory Set with 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Light Rust ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

Name _____

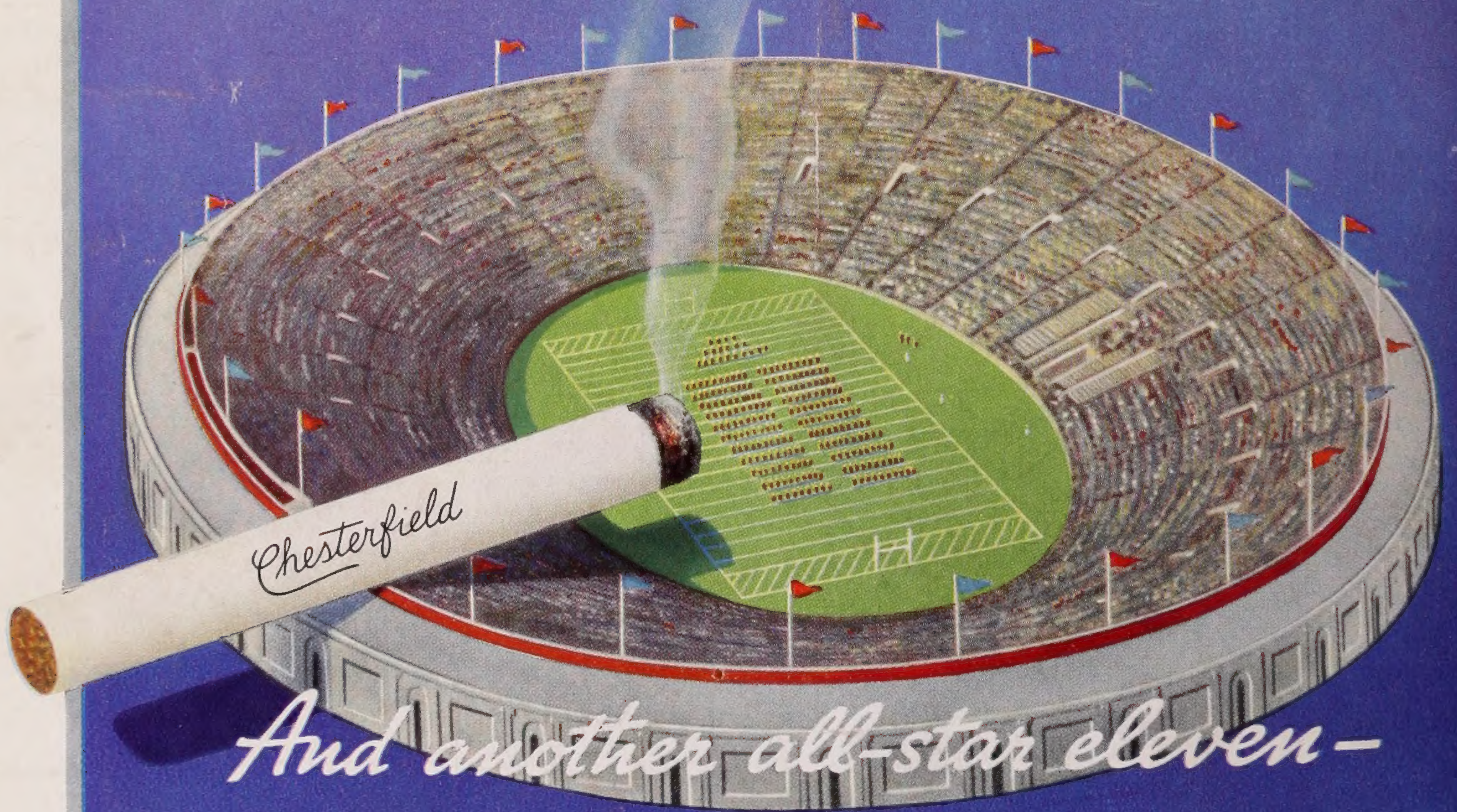
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A Tribute to Football

by Grantland Rice

Blocking backs and interference -
Fifty thousand wild adherents -
Tackle thrusts and headlong clashes,
Two yard bucks and dizzy dashes,
Head and shoulder, heart and soul,
Till you fall across the goal.



And another all-star eleven -

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